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Special supplement—**SPRING FASHIONS**

**"Please
Granny--"**



**74-year-old Adelaide Grandmother,
Mrs. N. Gyler, said she hoped we
would use her letter.**

HERE IT IS—

Often you hear the question "what moves so many people to write in about 'ASPRO'?" The answer is found in human nature, human goodness and the fact that 'ASPRO' is effective.

It is a human truth that we know nothing of others' troubles until we go through them ourselves. When pain is overcome, and anxiety and fear go, the experience and feeling of relief give to many a sense of gratitude that prompts them to be of service to other sufferers; so they write us.

This tribute is one of the finest ever paid to the effectiveness of 'ASPRO'. It is a reminder that, in this ever changing, uncertain world of today one thing remains as certain as ever — the helpful, soothing service of 'ASPRO'.

'ASPRO' Does What it Claims!

Nicholas Product

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1st March, 1952.
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Yours truly,

N. Gyler

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FIBROSITIS

SCIATICA
PERIODIC PAINS
IRRITABILITY
"MORNINGS AFTER"
ALL NERVE PAINS



Jennifer made quite a tour of the city with Jack and Jane Dorman, "I think it's charming," she said.

INSTALMENT THREE OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

The Far Country

By NEVIL SHUTE

WHEN JACK DORMAN, owner of Leonora station, near Merrijig, in Victoria, receives an exceptionally large wool cheque in the inflationary boom, he and his wife, JANE, decide to send £500 to Jane's elderly aunt, ETHEL TREHEARN, in England.

The old lady, having lost her pension, dies of starvation just as the money arrives, but she gives £400 to her grand-daughter JENNIFER MORTON, telling her to use it for a visit to Jane in Australia. Jennifer sails for Australia soon afterwards.

Meanwhile, in the Merrijig district, there is great interest in the clever work of Czech migrant CARL ZLINTER, formerly a doctor and now working in the nearby lumber camp.

Zlinter is interested to hear from a forest ranger, BILLY SLIM, that there was once a flourishing town in what is now forest land. Exploring its old cemetery with Jack Dorman, he is staggered to find a headstone bearing the name "CHARLIE ZLINTER." NOW READ ON:

JACK and Jane left Leonora on New Year's Day for a holiday in Melbourne. They drove down in the old utility, leaving Mario in charge of the station and taking Tim Archer with them, sitting all three in the front seat and with four suitcases in the truck body. Mario had had letters from Lucia; her passage was booked for April, and he was busy with the builder working on the shack extension of the stable that they were to live in. Tim Archer came to Melbourne with them to drive the old utility back to Leonora and to see his

parents; Jack Dorman had already arranged to buy another near-new utility at an inflated price in Melbourne and to drive it home.

They went with an air of festival excitement. Thinking back over their long married life, Jack and Jane had been unable to remember when they had last gone away together for a real holiday.

There had been trips to Melbourne for various business reasons, always cramped and curtailed by the need for rigorous economy and by the need to get back quickly to the station. Certainly they had

not had a genuine holiday for at least ten years.

Now with two men to help them and with what was, for them, unlimited money, they were able to relax and to enjoy the fruits of thirty years' hard, grinding work.

Jane Dorman had heard from Jennifer that she was coming to Australia and that she proposed to take a job at once in Melbourne and that she would like to come out to Merrijig to see them as soon as she could get a holiday.

Jane thought this a bad idea. Jennifer's ship was due to dock in Melbourne on January 3 and they had put forward the date of their holiday to meet it. There had been no time to write to Jennifer before she sailed, but Jane had written to her at Port Said and at Colombo, urging her to come back with them to Leonora for a short visit before taking a job in the city.

She was arriving at the hottest time of the year, Jane said, and office work in Melbourne might be trying till the end of February for anybody just arrived from England, especially if the summer was a hot one.

It was hot the day that they drove down from Merrijig; at mid-day the shade temperature in the

country was in the nineties. Before long they stopped by the roadside for Jack Dorman to take off his coat and undo his collar.

Tim Archer got out of the front seat and into the back with the luggage; the dust swirled round him there and made sweat streaks of mud upon his temples, but it was cooler so for all of them, and better travelling.

They stopped at Bonnie Doon for the cold, light Australian beer, and at Buxton for lunch. By four o'clock they were running into Melbourne, and at four-twenty they drew up in front of their hotel.

Tim took the utility away, and the Dormans went up to their bedroom; a fine, lofty room with plenty of cupboards and a bath. After the constrictions of their rather mediocre station homestead it seemed like a palace to them; the hard years fell behind them, and for the moment they were young again.

"Jack," said Jane, "don't let's see anyone to-night. Let's just have a very, very good dinner and go to a theatre. Any theatre."

"Don't you want to see Angie?"

"Angie can wait till to-morrow," said her mother.

"All right," he said. "I'll go

down and see what we can get seats for."

She said, "And I want a bottle of champagne with dinner."

"My word," he said. "What'll I order for dinner—mutton?"

"You dare! Oysters and roast duck, or as near as you can get to it."

They went out presently and walked slowly in the heat down the tree-shaded slope of Collins Street, tacking from side to side to look at the shops.

Jane said presently, "I know what I want to buy."

"What's that?"

"A picture."

He stared at her. "What sort of picture?"

"An oil painting. A very, very nice oil painting."

"What of?"

"I don't mind. I just want a very nice picture."

"You mean, in a frame, to hang on the wall?"

"That's right. We had lots of them at home when I was a girl. I didn't think anything of them then, but now I want one of my own."

He thought about it, trying to absorb this new idea, to visualise what it was that she wanted.

Please turn to page 4

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AT length Jack said, "I thought you might like a bracelet or a ring." With so much money in their pockets, after so long, she should have something really good.

Jane squeezed his arm. "That's sweet of you, but I don't want jewellery. I'd never be anywhere where I could wear it. I want a picture."

He tried to measure her desire by yardstick. "Any idea what it'll cost?"

"I don't know till I see it," she said. "It might cost a hundred pounds."

"A hundred pounds!" he said. "My word!"

"Well, what's the new utility going to cost you?"

"Aw, look," he said, "that's different. That's for the station."

"No, it's not," she said. "The old one'll do the station work for years to come. It's for you to run about in and cut a dash, and it's costing fourteen hundred pounds."

"It's for both of us," he said weakly, "and it comes off the tax."

"Not all of it," she said. "If you're having your utility, I'm going to have my picture."

He realised that she was set on having this picture; it was a strange idea to him, but he acquiesced.

"There's a shop down here somewhere," he said. "Maybe there'd be something there you like."

"I'd like to go to picture galleries," she said. "They have a lot of galleries where artists show their pictures and have them for sale. Could we see some of those to-morrow, Jack?"

"Course we can," he said. They went back to the hotel and rested for a time in the lounge with glasses of cold beer, and dined, and went out to the theatre, and laughed themselves silly. They got up late by their standards next day, and early by those of the hotel, and went down to their breakfast in the dining-room.

As country folk they were accustomed to a cooked breakfast and the hotel was accustomed to station people; half a pound of steak with two fried eggs on top of it was just far enough removed from normal to provide a pleasant commencement for the day for Jack.

Jane ate more modestly, three kidneys on toast and a quarter of a pound of bacon. Fortified for their day's work, they set out to look at pictures with a view to buying one.

However, the galleries they visited were showing only run-of-the-mill work that left Jane bewildered and Jack disgusted. They sought refuge in tea at a cafe.

Jack said tentatively, "There might be time to go down and pick up the utility before dinner."

"Let's do that," she said. "Take the taste of those foul paintings out of our mouths."

The new utility was a very lovely motor-car, a low, flowing dark green thing with more art in it than anything that they had seen that day.

Twenty minutes before lunch-time it became their property, and they got into it, thrilled by the new possession, and drove it very carefully and slowly to park it in the Treasury Gardens.

Jack Dorman locked it up, whistling softly in pleasure.

His wife caught the air and smiled a little.

"We must ring Angie," she said. "See her this afternoon." Their daughter was staying for a few days with a college friend in Toorak.

Her father said, "Maybe we could run her out into the country somewhere. She might like a drive."

She was, in fact, driving in their utility at that moment,

The Far Country

Continued from page 3

offered. "Cooler than the city."

"There's nothing to do there," she replied. "It's different for you. You've got a job to do. When I come home there's nothing to do but help Mummy with the cooking and washing-up. There's nobody to talk to."

"I know," he said patiently. "It must seem a bit slow."

She turned towards him. "Don't you ever get tired of sheep—seeing the same sheep every day?"

"There's the beef cattle," he said slowly and quite seriously. "They make a bit of a change."

"But don't you get bored up there?"

He said, "There's always something that wants doing—fences or rabbits or spreading the super. We're going to plough about eighty acres of the middle paddock in March and sow it down to rye-grass and clover."

"Will that make it better?"

"My word," he said. "If we did that all over we could carry twice the stock. Costs a lot of money, though."

She was silent. She knew that she ought to be able to take an interest in the property that had given her the University, and pretty clothes, and leisure; she knew that the fault lay in her.

"I can't stand the country," she said quietly.

He knew that what she said was true, and it was painful to hear her say it.

"What are you going to do when you leave the University?" he asked. "Get a job down here in the city?"

She said, "I want to go to England."

"What's the matter with Australia?" he asked in his slow way.

"It's so small, so petty, and so new," she said. "Everything we think about or talk about—everything that's worth while—comes from England. We're such second-raters here. I want to go home and work in London and be in the centre of things and meet some first-class people. I want to be where things really happen, things that are important in the world."

"Australia's all right," he said. "We've got some pretty good people here."

"But not like England," she said. "It's not like things are at home."

"You don't get enough to eat in England."

"That's all nonsense. The children's health at home is as good as it is here," she paused. "The trouble is we eat too much here. Be a good thing if we all ate a bit less and sent more home."

"What'd you do in London?" he asked presently.

"I'd like to get a job with a hospital," she said. "An almoner or social work of some kind with one of the big London hospitals. If I could get that, it'd be a job worth doing."

"Down in the slums?" he asked. "With very poor people?"

She nodded. "I want to get a job where one could help—help people who need helping."

"Couldn't you do that in Australia?"

"There's not the scope," she said. "There aren't any poor people here—not like there are at home."

He knew that to be true, and he thought it was a very good thing.

"Too many people in England," he said. "That's the trouble. Do you know this girl Jennifer Morton that your mother's come down to meet?"

SHAKING head, Angela said. "We don't know much about her."

"She worked in London, your mother was saying. She might be able to give you a few tips," Tim said.

"I want to meet her," the girl said. "Be somebody to talk to up at Leonora, anyway."

He lay propped on one elbow on the warm sand, staring out at the sunlit beach and the blue sea. He was trying not to keep looking at her, but it was difficult to keep his eyes under control.

"When do you suppose you'll be going?" he asked at last.

"About this time next year," she said. "I've not told the parents yet, but it's what I want to do. I think they'll let me if the wool keeps up."

"How long do you think you'll be gone for?"

She stared down at the sand and traced a little pattern on it with one finger. "I don't know," she said. "I'd rather work in London than work here. I might never come back."

"Bit hard on your dad and mum," he said.

"I know. That's what makes it difficult," she pouted. "I ought to be home by five, Tim," she said. "I must see them this evening."

"Too right. Like me to see you straight to the hotel, to do you want to go back in Tim rak first?"

"She thought for a moment. 'I'd better go back to Town. I can't go to the hotel straight from here, like this.'"

"I'll run you back and wait while you change and take you on to the hotel."

"Will you, Tim? That's awfully sweet of you."

He colored a little, and she noticed it, and knew that she had been a shade too kind.

They drove back to the city with hardly a word spoken all the way.

Jennifer's ship docked eight next morning. Jane Dorman had written to her again at Fremantle, and Jennifer had replied agreeing to go to Leonora for a few days before she came back to the city to take a job.

Now the vessel was docked, she was uncertain if she had been wise; she knew little of the Dormans and nothing of Australia; she would have preferred to go to a hotel for a few days, and find a lodging in the suburbs, and settle down in her own way.

It was impossible to refuse the evident kindness, however, and it would be interesting to see a bit of the country before starting on a city job. Moreover, it was to visit Jane Dorman that her grandmother had given her the money. But she thought she would not have been there at all.

When she met the Dormans in the tourist-class saloon, it response to a loud-speaker call, she was surprised in one or two respects. For one thing, they were far smarter than she had expected them to be.

Jack Dorman, in a new suit, was better dressed than her father, and Jane Dorman, though her hands were old and worn, looked very well turned out.

Their daughter Angela was with them, rather younger than Jennifer, but even better turned out than her parents.

As she came into the saloon Jane Dorman got up to meet her; in the crowd of passengers and friends she came straight to Jennifer.

"It's Jennifer Morton, isn't it?" she said. "I'm Jane Dorman."

Jennifer said, "How did you know me, Mrs. Dorman?"

Jane said, "You've got a look of your grandmother about you—my Aunt Ethel. I knew you right away."

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No Dogs

By OWEN CAMERON



SEVERAL times that winter I told myself I should drive up and see how old man Baker was getting on, but I put it off from day to day, and one February morning there came a letter from the county coroner asking what I wanted done with the old man's body. It was a casual letter. Package consigned to you, and where would you like it delivered? It had been obvious to the coroner that Baker was, if not a pauper, at least a mighty poor relative.

Baker lived on the mountain, in a home-made trailer. I saw him five or six times a year, and was his friend, perhaps his only friend, but he would not send for me even when he knew he was dying, and I felt mean and ashamed for not having gone to see him all winter.

The coroner, who was also an undertaker, showed me Baker in his coffin. The old man's leathery brown cheeks were tinted like a wax apple, and he was no one I had ever known, until I looked at his hands. They were Baker's hands, worn frail and delicate as an old, weathered oak leaf. The coroner was proud of his work, and I said Baker looked very natural.

Baker's heart had stopped, the coroner told me: an easy way to go. A neighbor named Mackay had found the old man dead. I knew Mackay and his wife only to speak to, but theirs was one of the small, scattered mountain farms where stubborn people grow fine apples and scrawny pigs. Only the most frugal and hard-working can make a living, and the forest is dotted with old orchards and abandoned fields, but the Mackays had been there thirty-odd years.

From their kitchen window the Mackays could see old Baker's trailer. Once or twice a month Mackay bought groceries for the old man. But, otherwise, he and his wife avoided Baker. To earn a harsh living, the two of them worked from dawn to dusk, but I believed they feared Baker might take advantage of any friendliness to beg milk or eggs or vegetables. They needn't have worried, but some people can't see things like that.

One morning Mrs. Mackay noticed that no smoke was rising from the trailer. Baker's blood was so thin that he was cold even in August, but it was afternoon before Mackay spared time to walk across the fields. Baker was on the bunk, dead, and pinned to his door was a short note addressed to me.

The coroner gave me the note, and I read: "In case of anything happening to me, would appreciate your looking after things, if not too much trouble, and oblige yr. friend, Benj. Baker."

By things, the old man meant his dog. The words were shaky but clear, and I pictured Baker writing, carefully, sure I would understand. Wasn't I his friend? Then perhaps he had fed his dog extra rations and lain down and died.

I asked the coroner, "Is the dog still up there?"

"I don't recall a dog," he said. "Perhaps the neighbors took it. Well, now, did you wish to be responsible for the interment? If it is a county case, the estate goes to the county." He smiled delicately, to show that the word estate had been used jokingly.

I said I would pay to have Baker buried, but I wanted none of his poor possessions except the dog. There was a tiny, neglected cemetery on the mountain plateau, within sight of Baker's trailer, as a matter of fact.

Trees grew all around, and if Baker could have known anything about it he'd have liked being there. At night, deer looked over the sagging wire fence, and in the timber lonely coyotes howled.

After arranging for the funeral, I walked to Main Street and bought two drinks, one for Baker and one for me. Over the whiskey I promised to give the dog a good home and enough affection to keep him happy. Not that I had any use for the animal, but—a little late—it was doing something for Baker.

Next morning I drove into the high country, stopping first

at Baker's trailer. I didn't go in, except to make sure the dog was not grieving under the bed. I searched, but didn't find the dog anywhere. I smoked a cigarette, staring across a rocky field at Mackay's house and thinking about Baker.

I knew very little about the old man's past, and I wasn't really curious. He had been married, but his wife had died a long, long time ago, and after that he had drifted around the Western States, as a soldier, rancher, miner, and, finally, as a trapper, setting his lines mainly for wolf and coyote.

Some years before, his ancient car had given up the ghost on the way across the mountain. Baker had no money, so he decided to stay where he was and make the best of things. He was too old to run much of a trap line, and, besides, the country had long ago been trapped clean by desperate farmers.

That first winter had been a tough one. Baker never spoke of his own hardships, but he told me he'd had to scratch in order to feed the dog, and by that time I knew the dog came first.

Riding after cattle the next spring, I'd stopped at the trailer. Baker's nondescript dog challenged me, but with his tail wagging. The old man was at first merely polite, but in a few minutes we were on good terms. That happens—you will dislike one man at sight, and with another be friendly after ten words.

So I became Baker's friend; so far as I know, his only friend. Not that he ever spoke of friendship, but he let me see how he felt by making me a deer-horn hunting knife, by tanning a good pelt for a bedside rug for my wife, and in other ways.

That first day I stayed for dinner—fried potatoes, biscuits, and coffee. Baker had trapped two coyotes and there was a five-dollar bounty, so he and the dog were eating real food again, for a little while. It was obvious that the old man was up against it, and next time I was in town I looked up our county supervisor and asked him to do something to keep Baker from starving to death.

A letter came to me, for Baker. I took it up to him, feeling virtuous. At first he wouldn't accept it. Must be some mistake, he said. Finally he opened the envelope and shook out the grocery order, but I had difficulty in persuading him to use it. It was the first time I'd had to beg a man to let me do him a good turn, but Baker was a proud one.

Now the toughest winter of all had come to him, and he

At first the dog seemed to be doubtful, but then he jumped up at me with a welcoming bark.

was dead. Baker had been gentler than most women, but braver than most men, and would have waited for what was to come without panic, without whimpering.

Standing there beside the trailer, I tried to think what else I might have done for him. He wouldn't take money, and I had seen to it that he had food, and what more could I have done? Nothing; and yet I felt a vague remorse, as though someone had waved from the shore of a lonely river and I had drifted on without pausing.

I stepped on the cigarette and drove to Mackay's. Mrs. Mackay was in the garden, dressed in men's overalls. She was thin, hard, flat-bodied as a board, with sharp blue eyes and a bitter mouth. Mackay was splitting firewood. He said hello without warmth. There was little warmth in either of them.

When I asked Mackay about the last time he had seen Baker alive he leaned on his axe and spat thoughtfully, glancing at his wife who had come to stand nearby.

"Might've been a week ago," he said.

"Did he complain about not feeling well?"

"Never had much to say about nothing."

"No. How did he look when you found him?" I asked.

"They always look peaceful. Well, we all got to go."

"So they say. Who's got his dog?"

Mackay stared at me. "That dog? What for?"

"I'll take him home with me. You've got him?"

Mackay spat again. "Well, I brought him over here, but he wasn't much of a dog. Wouldn't mind having a good stock dog. A good one."

Mrs. Mackay snapped, "Dirty thing!"

"Always wanting to come in the house," Mackay explained. "Spoiled. Nobody wants a dog tracking through their house."

"What did you do with him?"

"Well, I'll tell you, for all we knowed that old man might've died from some disease, and the dog had it. I wouldn't think you or nobody else would want that dog."

"What did you do with the dog?" I asked again.

The growing tightness in my chest must have changed my voice, because Mackay said "Don't get sore. How were we to know you'd want him?"

ILLUSTRATED BY KEMBLE

Please turn to page 6

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MACKAY was
definitely apologetic, but his
wife snapped, "He took him
out and killed him. What'd
you expect? You think we can
feed every worthless hound in
the country?"

She was a bitter woman,
always ready for a fight,
though it was plain to see she
had not won many, except with
Mackay. She was tougher
than her husband, as tough in
her way as Baker had been in
his. I scowled at her, hating
her as I remembered Baker,
so proud and so gentle, never
asking for anything, but only
that I'd look after his dog.

He would have shared his
last crumb with the Mackays,
or any distressed man or
beast, and she couldn't feed
his dog two days. There were
all the things I might have
done for Baker and hadn't;
and the one thing I could do,
this woman had spoiled.

And I thought of the dog,
wise and worthless, and with
a gentle dignity very like
Baker's, and dead now because
a woman was small and mean.
There was no way to hurt her
with any of that, no tender
place in her you could reach,
and no point in hating her or
growing angry.

I said, "I have to fix a grave
for the old man. They told
me you'd know how to go
about it."

"Dig," said Mrs. Mackay.

"Just anywhere?"

"I'll go over and show you,"
Mackay said.

His wife glared. "You got
that fencing to do."

He told her irritably, "He's
got to know where to dig,
don't he?"

"Well, don't spend the
whole day at it!"

Mackay moved towards my
car, muttering under his
breath, and she jabbed him
again. "Always some excuse
to waste time!" she said pre-
cisely.

As I started the car, Mac-
kay leaned back, saying en-
viously, "Pretty nice. Better
machine than I'll ever have.
When they bury the old
man?"

"To-morrow. Eleven
o'clock."

Mackay said, in a tolerant,
forgiving voice, "Well, he
wasn't bothersome, though
once I give him some turnips.
I figured he might try to cadge
off us, but he never did."

"And never would."

Mackay glanced at my face.
"Well, it's too bad about that
dog. But you should've let us
know."

I didn't answer.

At the cemetery Mackay
said he would try to pick a
soft spot, and we wandered
among the few graves, all of
them untended. They were
overgrown with weeds, and in-
stead of grass the earth was
covered with dry pine needles.
There were only five head-
stones, the largest made of tin
coated to resemble marble.

No Dogs

Continued from page 5

The other graves were indi-
cated by cards in metal
holders.

Mackay showed me the
double grave reserved for him
and his wife. Beside it was a
card with his name on it:
Thomas Mackay.

Mackay said casually,
"Ours. Born sickly, and we
never had no more. Maybe
she worked too hard."

Mackay didn't sound bitter.
Crop failed, and he was used
to that. He offered to help
me with the digging for a
while, though he had work to
do. He dug tirelessly, and
when I took my turn he walked
about, a man who had never
known how to relax, or had
forgotten how.

Once he asked, "What'd you
want that old dog for? Ain't
you got a dog?"

"A couple," I didn't want
to talk about it, but he did,
and I wondered if his con-
science hurt, a little. It
seemed unlikely—very un-
likely.

"The old lady wouldn't
stand him around. Like she
said, he wasn't worth feeding,
and they eat a lot. Cat can
rustle for itself. Drop of milk
now and then, and cats get fat.
But that dog wouldn't drink
milk, even if we could've
spared it. You know what that
old man fed him? Dog food.
Must have cost a bit."

"The dog was all he had."

"Well, a man gets old, he
gets funny. Wife's father lived
to ninety, but till just before
he died he could spit wood
and things like that. Then he
had a stroke and couldn't get
out of bed or even feed him-
self. Man must get awful tired,
just laying there. And me and
the old lady didn't have time
to tend him."

"I'll bet you didn't."

"That's right. He couldn't
hardly move, or even speak ten
words you recognise, but there
was a spider started a web in
a corner, and he got it into
his head this spider was tame,
and knew him. Cried like a
baby when the wife swept it
down, but she can't have no
spider webs in her house—any
kind of dirt."

"How long did her father
live after that?" The question
was barbed, but Mackay had
a tough hide.

"I don't remember exactly.
Week or two."

I said nothing, but neither
silence nor short answers dis-
couraged Mackay, who talked
steadily as he worked. Be-
tween us, we put the grave
down five feet, when water be-
gan seeping in, and Mackay
said that was deep enough;
no use to dig a well.

When I drove Mackay
home, he opened the car door
but did not at once get out.
There was something on his
mind and he said musingly,

"You know, the old man's dog
come right along home with
me. Took to me right off."

"He thought you were some-
one to trust," I suggested.

"That's it," said Mackay,
really pleased. "I expect you'd
taken him and fed him dog
food, too?"

"I'd have tried to keep
things the same for the poor
old brute. Not that I care
about the dog, but Baker asked
me to take him and it was the
only favor he'd ever asked
me. Or anyone else, probably."

"Uh-huh. But I was saying
about the dog—"

"Well, be seeing you."

Mackay scrambled out of
the car, in quite a hurry. His
wife was on her way from the
house.

At home I had an unopened
quart of whisky and drank a
third of it before I could
sleep. Next morning I took it
with me, to help me through
the bad, blue day.

I was first at the cemetery,
and sat in the car staring at
the ugly yellow earth beside
the new grave, feeling bad.
Not because Baker was dead:
all men come to that, and
Baker had lived a long, full
life. But he had died without
a word from me, his friend,
and the dog was dead, too,
so I couldn't even do that for
Baker.

The coroner brought a
shabby, soft-bellied man with
him to help carry the coffin.
The coroner seemed in no
hurry, and peered into the
oblong hole and dropped a
rock into the water at the
bottom, and squatted to poke
at a nest of ants.

Before I grew really im-
patient the Mackays appeared
walking along the road from
their farm. The coroner went
smiling to greet them, and I
understood that he had been
waiting for them. No doubt
Mrs. Mackay spared time for
all the rare funerals here. She
wouldn't go to a party, but
she wouldn't miss a funeral.

The coroner had been
cheerful, even frisky, but now
he turned solemn. "Appar-
ently there won't be anyone
else. Shall we proceed?"

The coffin was light. Baker
hadn't weighed much. In the
trees beyond the fence a blue
jay scolded, and I looked for
it. The coroner asked in a
low voice if I'd care to say a
few words.

"Ben Baker was a good
man," I said, looking at Mrs.
Mackay. "In the time I knew
him he never said or did a
mean thing. He didn't want
much, and got very little. He
was kind and generous and
proud, and he wasn't afraid
of dying—or living. The world
could use a lot more like him,
and they ought to be very
pleased with him up in
heaven, if they have any
sense."

Please turn to page 46

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

DANGER
in the dark or
EVEREADY
flashlights
to the rescue



"I DON'T NEED A LIGHT"



AN "EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT
WOULD HAVE MADE
ALL THE DIFFERENCE



"THERE'S SOMEONE IN
THAT SHADOW"



"EVEREADY" TO THE RESCUE
"IT'S ONLY A CAT"

AN "EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT WOULD
HAVE MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY
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Make sure you always have your
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—and make doubly sure it's always
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They give brighter light, longer life
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The Roving Spirit

By KATHARINE BRUSH

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

It had happened upon this small town on his way across the continent in his battered little car. He was alone—a carefree bachelor, travelling with all his worldly goods. Rick Taylor by name, twenty-seven years old, an itinerant newspaperman.

He was between jobs again—it was one of those happy, footloose interludes, which recurred periodically in his life.

He was an able reporter, and it wasn't that he couldn't hold the jobs he got; it was just that he had a roving spirit, and a fondness for new places, and a fear of settling down that amounted almost to a phobia.

So this was only an overnight stop, in a nameless little town. He sat in the garage proprietor, "What town is this, anyway?" and then, "Is there a hotel?"

"Three hotels," the proprietor said coldly, out of wounded civic pride. He proceeded to list them—then a girl's voice chimed in sweetly.

"I think he'd want the Lincoln, Dad... That's the best," she added, directly to Rick.

"It is, eh?" he said, in an absent tone. "Cute," he was thinking. "Mighty cute," and he felt the traveller's amazement: "What's a girl like that doing in a town like this?"

Fortuitously, he spent the evening with her. They went to the movies, and afterwards to a nearby milk-bar. He heard all about her.

Her name was Kitty Welch, and she was nineteen and just out of business school. She had a part-time job with her father, and she was "sort of" engaged to a local boy named Jimmy Corbin. Her voice sounded endless about him—probably, suddenly so.

"Let's talk about you instead," she urged Rick. "Tell me all about what you do."

So he went into it a little, and she thought it was wonderful. On their way out of the milk-bar she stopped and introduced him to a lot of local young people who were sitting around in the booths, and told them all that he was a famous newspaper reporter from the big city. The adjective was her own idea, her own trimming.

By the time the evening ended, he had agreed to stay another day in Kitty's town, for purposes of a picnic, a picnic, and a dance that night.

He didn't even leave on the day following, as it turned out, because by that time Kitty had boasted around quite widely about him and the local papers had interviewed him—Former War Correspondent "Rick Taylor in Our Midst"—and the Civic Club had asked him to speak at their luncheon to-morrow.

That was the way it went. Everybody kept making him feel like a big shot—and Kitty most of all—and somehow or other he kept putting off his departure.

At the end of a week he still hadn't gone—on the contrary, to his enormous surprise, he had agreed to work for a while on the local paper, as head of its three-man staff.

This was just for the laughs, he told himself; but the truth was not to be denied. He had fallen in love with the town, as well as with Kitty.

The double discovery alarmed him, having a vague threat of permanence about it—but there it was, and it couldn't be helped.

He, who usually fell in love only lightly, was really gone this time. He was in love only with Kitty's youth, and with her voice saying "Rick" as if it were a word in church, and with the way her violet eyes were shaped.

He couldn't leave her because it would break her heart—and his own too, for that matter—and because the local Jimmy Corbin would get her if he did, which almost from the first had been unthinkable.

His love affair with the town itself was of only slightly slower growth. He continued to be important here—big-frog-in-a-little-pond—and there was no denying that it was pleasant.

Gradually he began to decide that it might be time he settled down and stopped roving.

There was a future for him on this tiny but up-an-coming newspaper—he could buy into it, he knew that already, and maybe own the whole works some day.

Mulholland, the present owner, was getting old and he had no sons—and he thought highly of Rick Taylor, as everyone around here did.

So, after a month or two, for these various reasons, Rick asked Kitty to marry him; and Kitty at once accepted.

"We'll have a wonderful life together," she kept saying in the course of the breathless discussion that followed, and Rick kept exulting. "You bet we will!"—but without acquainting her with his business plans, because they weren't quite clinched yet.

He had a long talk with Mulholland the very next morning. It was as easy as he had anticipated. By the time the interview was over Rick's little savings fund had changed hands and he was now part owner (a fractional part, but still an owner) of the "Gazette."

Gay with this triumph, Rick repaired to his own desk, where he sat looking through the ink first run of this afternoon's paper with an eye grown suddenly possessive.

It was then that he found, among the classified ads, an item which caused him to grab the telephone and call Kitty's number, and then—when



Kitty proved to be out—the landlord's number, to say, "Look, about that house, it's not taken yet, is it? Well, listen, hang on to it for about ten minutes—I'll be right over—"

And he had dashed straight out of the office and over to the house. It was just what any young, newly-married couple could desire—not too big and with a garden that would not take too much effort to keep nicely tended.

An eventful morning indeed. By noon he had not only bought a piece of a newspaper—he had rented a house. Kitty, whom he had still been unable to reach, would be very surprised—but surely she would also be very pleased.

Kitty, however, turned out to be neither. He told her all about it that evening, and she heard him out in silence, her face whitening, if he'd noticed, and her eyes growing huge.

"You mean we're going to be stuck here?" she said incredulously at the end; and then, "Oh, no, Rick! Oh, how awful! Oh, no, please—that isn't what I'd hoped—"

"We'll have a wonderful life together," Kitty kept saying to Rick.

Then it all came out, in a tearful flood of words and wails from Kitty.

It appeared that she wanted to escape from this town—she wanted that more than anything, she craved the footloose, carefree, vagabond sort of life that Rick had always had—and that, to her, he personified. She was shocked and dismayed at the change in him.

She said, weeping, "I might as well have married Jimmy Corbin!"

A considerable quarrel ensued, mounting up to a point at which Rick said violently, "Marry him, then! If that's the way you feel!"—to which Kitty, now very angry also, retorted spiritedly, "All right, I will!"

So they parted forever, as lovers do, with Rick storming out of Kitty's house and Kitty storming upstairs, and both of them spending a sleepless night—half wrath, half heart-break—one of those.

In the morning, of course, they made it up by the usual lovers' method—the tentative phone call first, then the second phone call: "I've got to see you"—then the meeting, the apologies, the embraces, the feminine tears, the masculine huskiness: "It was all my fault." . . . "No, mine." . . . "I shouldn't have said it." . . . "Neither of us meant it." . . .

Each would have been glad to be the loser at that juncture; but, of course, somebody always has to win—and somebody won this time.

The house was cancelled that very day; and so was the agreement with Mulholland.

The betrothed pair were married before the end of the week, and when they drove off into the sunset of their wedding day it was Rick, that life-long rover, who looked back wistfully at the town; and it was Kitty, that little homebody, who faced forward eagerly—towards the big cities, towards the whole, wide, beckoning world.

(Copyright)

Eddie and Tommy had different ideals
and different ways of fighting for them...

ILLUSTRATED BY

Boothman

SAILOR'S RETURN

By Norma Mansfield

HE was a sailor on leave, and when his feet touched his home soil he could feel the pleasure of it, but he was thinking mostly of Julie. He wondered if, in three weeks, you could persuade a wife you'd walked out on, a year ago, to take you back.

Recently the captain had pinned a medal on him, on Tommy McMurty, and he'd called him a fighting man.

In the Navy they pinned a medal on you for being scrappy. At home your wife said maybe you had done some prize-fighting once, and maybe you did like to take a punch at a bigger fellow, being little yourself, but you were married now and please stop acting like a slap-happy tramp.

It was the word "tramp" he'd walked out on. In spite of his early home life he'd never done anything you could be gaoled for. With a background like his it had taken wits and courage even to be a tramp. And he hadn't stayed a tramp long. He'd gone into prize-fighting.

And then he'd met Julie, and pretty soon they were married. But a man couldn't change overnight, could he?

They had been married six months. Free and easy, Julie called him; free with his fists and easy with his money. She had a temper herself, and money went through her fingers just as quickly, but she'd accepted the responsibility for changing some things about herself when she'd married Tommy. And she'd expected him to do the same.

Well, he was changed now. Out where he'd been, he'd had enough of fighting, and money had been useless, so he was a changed man.

He headed for the flat. Julie had kept it, and it was lucky she had, with nations snarling at one another and a real war already in progress.

It was eight o'clock when he reached the flat. His healed wound was ticking like a bomb ready to go off, the way it did when he got excited, and his heart was ticking, too, faster than it should. He leaned his duffel bag against the door and knocked on the door. The knock sounded timid even to him, so he blew out his chest, threw open the door and shouted, "Hi, Julie."

She came from the kitchen with the quick steps he remembered, a slim girl with cropped hair ruffled into curls all over her head. She was prettier than he had remembered.

"Why, Tommy," she said, and he couldn't remember afterwards whether she had leaned towards him or he had leaned towards her or they had leaned towards each other.

"Hey," a man said from the kitchen door, "what's going on?"

Julie disengaged herself. She put a hand to her hair, fussing a curl into place. Her cheeks were bright red.

"This is Eddie," she said; "Eddie Waite." And to Eddie: "This is Tommy."

"Oh," Eddie said. He was a big, dark-haired fellow wearing a mechanic's uniform. Behind him, on the table, remained what was left of a meal for two.

"McMurty?" he said. "So you came back?" He pushed Julie a little to one side so that he was standing nearer Tommy than she was.

McMurty felt the stinging at the back of his eyes, the tickle in his feet, the itch in his fists.

"Easy," Tommy said to McMurty, "maybe she likes this chap."

"You should have telephoned me," Julie said, but almost at once she began to worry about him. "You're thin, Tommy. You're pale. Are you hungry?"

"No." He sat down on the arm of the davenport and looked around him. "I should have brought you some flowers," he said. Julie loved flowers.

Eddie said, "Shouldn't wait money."

Waste money? Tommy wondered if Eddie had ever seen Julie put her face down to a bunch of daffodils or a handful of roses.

"Well," Eddie said, "I've got to move along. I'm working to-night. Overtime."

"That's fine," Tommy said. And he sat right where he was while Eddie collected his cap and patted Julie's shoulder, and said he'd pick her up in the morning to go to work.

"You work where he does?" Tommy said when the door closed on Eddie.

"Yes," Julie said. "You going to marry him, Julie?"

"I'm married to a sailor. Didn't you know? You've been away so long, Tommy," Julie said. "Why didn't you stay away?"

"I've changed, that's why. When I walked out on you I walked right back into the Navy. I thought you'd be better off without me. I went where I couldn't bother you, and for a while. But I've learned a lot—an awful lot. Don't cry, Julie."

He went over to her and put his arms around her, and he thought, "That Eddie, he's no man for Julie."



"So you're Julie's sailor husband?" said Eddie, as he stood at the kitchen door. Tommy looked at him in astonishment.

"Come on over here and sit down," he said.

She shook her head, dabbing at her eyes.

"Maybe you want a divorce," he said. "This chap, he's everything I want, and you're in love with him. Is that it?"

"Love? I should be so stupid twice!" Fury was still becoming to her. "Eddie doesn't pick fights and get himself laughed at. He's saving his money and I'm saving my money, and some day we're going to go into business together; hardware. Probably I'll marry him."

He stood up. She was crying again now, and he couldn't stand it. He was in love with her all over again.

"I've got to find a place to sleep," he said.

She let him get half-way down the stairs before she called to him. There was the davenport. He'd bought it. He could sleep on it if he wanted to.

Alone with her here, he thought he might be able to lift the sad, fixed look from her face. He thought maybe he could explain about that tickle in his feet, that itch in his fists, about having to be called a tramp, about living her.

But, no, he told himself. He had three weeks. This was no time for apologies and explanations. What he'd do, he'd show her. He'd prove to her he'd changed.

"I'll get you something to eat,"

she said. Later, he washed the dishes and Julie wiped them.

"Eddie help you with the dishes?" he said.

"He keeps the accounts. I do the dishes. That's my share."

"As a matter of fact," Tommy said, "I'm glad to meet Eddie. A chap like that has got the values figured. I didn't go to school long enough to learn to add. Maybe it wouldn't have helped much if I had. I liked buying things for you."

"Tommy," Julie said, "we ought to forget all about when you and I—when you and I— Anyway, it's all over and past. You're getting along all right, and so am I."

He turned and caught her by the elbows.

"You happy, Julie? Happy like you used to be?"

"It's time for bed," Julie said.

She brought sheets and made the davenport into a bed for him.

"I could sleep out here," she said, "and you could have the bed. I'm not as long as you are."

"Julie," Tommy said, "I love you."

"Good-night, Tommy." She closed the door firmly, going into the bedroom.

They were at breakfast the next morning when Eddie arrived. He was surprised to find McMurty in residence, but, after Julie had explained, he was nice about it.

"A chap who's been where you've been deserves some home comforts,"

he said to Tommy. Look out, Tommy said to McMurty, don't start to like him. "I got up early to go over the accounts this morning. I suppose Julie told you I eat here; we share the cost, and that way we both save money?"

"That so?" Tommy said. "Who buys the soap?"

"Tommy!" Julie's eyes flashed.

"I'm just asking."

"Why, sure," Eddie said, "that's all right. It's all down here. It's all figured in the total cost." And darned if it wasn't! "What I wanted to tell you, we made out on less money than it cost us last week."

And in another month, Tommy thought, he'll have funeral expenses for Julie. There were dark shadows under her eyes, and her skin was too pale.

"How about a show on me to-night?" Tommy said. "Save you a bit of money, anyway," he said to Eddie.

Julie said, "No," sharply.

But Eddie said, "Why not? We haven't been to a show in a month. A sailor's got to spend his money somewhere."

"It's been three months, and he can save his money just like you and me."

Eddie wanted to go. "Tommy's lonely," he said.

Julie wore a hat that covered half her head that night, and a suit Tommy thought must be new the

way she looked at herself in every window they passed. Her spirit brightened with every glance and she was almost the Julie he remembered.

Tommy bought lounge seats for the movies. Julie looked at him but didn't say anything.

The picture, a submarine action film and a good one, arrived at its final, explosive climax. With the enemy torpedo a mere movie miracle away, a man and a woman came in and groped their way to separate seats in the row ahead.

The woman found a place in front of Julie. She sat down. She got up and took off her hat and coat. She folded the coat neatly two or three times, adjusted her corset, and leaned across two seats, with people in them, to say something to the man. He was eating peanuts.

"Sit tight," Eddie said. "It won't last."

"What do you mean? Look at the size of it!" But Tommy brought his two hands together in his lap and eased the itch in his fists by moving his palms against each other.

The man with the peanuts offered the woman a handful and she decided maybe she'd better take two handfuls.

"Sit down, you big ox," Julie said. She cried about it later. "I don't know what came over me. Why didn't you do something, Tommy?"

"Who, me?" Tommy said. "Make trouble?"

"That's right," Eddie said. "You want to go easy, Julie, talking up like that. First thing you know you're paying damages, or something that'll cost you money."

When they reached the flat, after Eddie had left them, Tommy added a few words to corroborate the mechanic. Julie grew calm at last.

In the morning she made further apology.

"I've been working pretty hard. I'm glad Eddie was with us. He's always right."

He was still right the next morning when he came to take Julie to work. Tommy, Eddie said, should be paying room rent.

"That's a fact," Tommy said.

Julie looked from one man to the other.

"I never heard anything so crazy in my life. Tommy bought the davenport. Why shouldn't he sleep on it?"

"It's the wear and tear," Tommy said gravely. "I toss around in my sleep."

"There's the extra light and water, too," Eddie said.

"And the soap," Tommy added. "I'm going to wash out some socks this morning. The way I see it, with Eddie paying his share of the light bill for when he's having dinner here, and water for washing the dishes, and the nap he wears off the rugs, I ought to pay my share."

Please turn to page 10

Australian Housewives buy

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EDDIE said quickly, "I don't exactly pay for all those little things, but we've kind of worked out the difference. We drive to work in my car, and I pay the upkeep on that. Julie shares in the petrol, of course, but the depreciation here—she waved his hand—that's Julie's."

"Well, but wait a minute," Tommy said. "There's a lot more space here than there is in a car, a lot more surface to wear down. You got a pencil, Eddie? You know the dimensions of your car, say the floor space and the seat space?"

Eddie pushed back his chair. "And a thing like that," Tommy said, "pushing back your chair, wearing down the varnish."

"The management takes care of that," Eddie said. "Sure, but it's in the rent. How much of the rent do you pay?"

Suddenly Eddie was angry. "What are you trying to do?" he shouted. "Make out I'm cheating?"

"Tut, tut," Tommy said. "Don't lose your temper, Eddie. It could cost you—"

"Come on, Eddie," Julie said. "We'll be late for work."

When she came home that night Tommy was waiting. He'd had a busy day, thinking that Eddie might be saving Julie's money, but he was wasting her down to ghost size.

The sailor had thought up a few judicious remarks to make about Julie's set-up as it appeared to him, but when she walked in alone she spoke first.

"You can pack up your things and sleep on a billiard-table if you can't find a room."

"Now, wait a minute. I didn't do a thing I don't have the right to do. If you want to go hungry and work too hard for Eddie, that's your business. If he's pulling a gyp, that's mine. I'm still your husband."

"He isn't pulling a gyp. He works harder than I do, and he never buys anything for himself."

Maybe, Tommy told McMurtry, she'd rather have a chap like Eddie than happiness.

"All right," he said, and started collecting his things. "I've had a couple of breakfasts here. I owe you something on them."

"I guess you have changed, Tommy," Julie said slowly. "Money never meant anything to you before, and now you're as bad as Eddie. I mean," she corrected herself, "you're as careful about money as he is."

Tommy reached out for her hands. He sat down on the arm of the sofa and held her near him while he explained.

"When we were married," he said, "I had someone besides myself to spend money on for the first time in my life. Where you got me wrong, you thought money didn't mean anything to me. But I was trying to show you that it didn't matter how hard it was to come by, it was there for you to work on."

Talking, the self-assurance went out of Tommy. He looked back and saw the show he'd arranged for Julie, throwing his money away, coming back after a year to pick Eddie to pieces. He saw he hadn't changed a bit.

"You're right," he said. "I'm a tramp."

Sailor's Return

Continued from page 9

Without warning Julie changed tack. "I hate to have you go like this," she said. "It isn't right, after what you've been through. We're wrong for each other, you can see that yourself now, can't you? But it isn't right, turning you out at night like this. You haven't had your dinner."

"I'm not hungry."

"Tommy, look! To-night I'm going to take you and Eddie to dinner." For the first time since he'd returned, Julie looked really happy. "He's downstairs in the garage getting the car greased. You go down and tell him while I change."

Eddie wasn't happy when McMurtry found him. He was exchanging words with the mechanic, and the mechanic wasn't happy, either.

"Listen, mister," he was saying, "I get paid a flat rate for a grease job and I know how long it's supposed to take, and I know if you keep on standing around here talking about how I'm doing it it's going to cost you overtime."

It was a big garage, a drive-in, under the block of flats, and by the time Tommy arrived some of the other mechanics had stopped work to listen, too.

"You forgot the differential last time, too," Eddie was determined, not mad. "I pay for it. I'm just asking you to make sure."

"I've already done it." The mechanic picked up a wrench and went to work under the car, standing in the oil-pit.

"It doesn't look to me like it's been touched," Eddie insisted. "You work on so many cars it's no wonder you make some mistakes. Take me, in my work I like to have someone check on me. A man gets careless."

"Who gets careless?" the mechanic said. He started out from under the car.

Julie joined the party. She was wearing the new suit and her eyes were still star-bright. "Who gets careless?" the mechanic said again.

"Well, take a look," Eddie said.

"I tell you I done the differential."

Tommy joined Eddie at the back of the car. He reached out a finger and touched the plug. His finger came away smeared with dust.

"You got a way of greasing differentials by remote control?" he said. By this time the mechanic was at the back of the car looking at Tommy.

"Who's this tramp?" he said, his temper rising fast. Tommy had that tickling in his feet, that itch in his fists, and for a second he was blind, but only for a second. When he could see again, Julie was standing in front of the mechanic, shoving her small chin up towards his face.

"What did you call him?" she said.

"I called him a tramp. And who are you?"

"Now, Julie," Eddie said. "He can't call Tommy a tramp," Julie said. "I don't like it."

The mechanic gave her a little shove, not hard at all, trying to move her out of his way so he could get back to his work.

Julie misunderstood him. She came up with her right fist clenched and caught him

square on the nose. Tommy misunderstood him, too. He moved in for a brisk one-two. The mechanic, reaching for Tommy past Julie, brushed her cheek with his greasy hand.

Tommy capsize him. "Hey!" One of the other men came running. "Listen, sailor—"

Tommy let fly at that voice too. By the time three men closed in and got his arms pinioned two other men were stretched out on the garage floor. Julie was still standing. Her hat was on one side of her head. Her face was smudged. "Who's next?" she said.

The fight was over. Tommy dusted his hands and looked around for Eddie. Eddie was gone.

Climbing upstairs to the flat with Julie, Tommy explained about Eddie. He wasn't a fighter, and it wasn't fair to expect him to fight.

"Eddie'll be up here waiting for us," he said. And Eddie was. He took one look at Julie and his mouth fell open, so Julie had the first word.

"What happened to you?"

Eddie was honestly puzzled. "Did I start the fight? I did not. You think I'm going to stand around till I get pulled into a fracas like that, and maybe get my teeth knocked out and lose a couple of weeks' pay because of it? I hope I've got more sense."

JULIE'S voice was tight and small. "Maybe I'm confused," she said, "but I thought you were doing the complaining."

"Complaining, yes. I didn't like the job the fellow was doing, and I said so. Anybody's got a right to complain, but you have to look at values. If he misses the differential and gets sore when I point it out to him, I can drive on somewhere else and pay to have that done. It wouldn't cost me as much as a couple of weeks off from work. Listen," he said earnestly, "there are some things you fight for and some things you don't."

"Name three," said Julie sharply.

"Now, wait a minute, Julie," Tommy said. "Eddie's right." And he saw that he was. Some fellows fought for one thing, some for another. It depended on what you held dear.

"Money means a lot to Eddie," Eddie agreed. "It certainly does. Look at you," he went on, to Julie. "Look at that suit. Do you know how much it costs to have a suit cleaned in this town? And it's torn." He went closer to her. "Is that a new suit?"

Julie took a slow breath. When she answered, her voice was quiet again, natural.

"Yes, it's a new suit, Eddie. I bought it yesterday. I took two hours off from work and went to the bank and drew out some money and bought this suit. It cost twelve guineas."

"Twelve guineas!" Tommy knew what made Eddie want to fight. That was it. "You took money out of your savings account to buy clothes?"

He appealed to Tommy. "I never knew a girl to throw her money around the way Julie did when I first met her. It was awful. So I've been working on her,

And she's been coming along fine. I've been proud of her. He wasn't proud of her now. He was appalled. "What came over you? Why did you do it?"

"Why?" Julie said. All the bright color left her face. "I guess I just wanted to, Eddie. Tommy came home, and I just felt like it."

Eddie appealed again to Tommy. "You see what you've done, coming back here? I was getting her straightened around, but now she's slipped right back to spending money like she did when she was married to a tramp, and—"

Julie landed one that started from the floor.

Tommy grabbed her.

Eddie put a slow hand to his cheek, felt it all over, tried his teeth and looked at his hand, but there was no blood.

"She didn't mean anything, Eddie," Tommy said. "She's impulsive sometimes."

"Yes," Eddie said, dazed. "Yes, I can see that. But how often does she get that way? What I'm saying, when a fellow goes into business he has to be able to trust his associates, you know what I mean? It's commonsense. Money's involved."

"Money, money, money!" Julie screamed.

"See what I mean?" Eddie backed towards the door. "She's nuts." He came forward abruptly to shake hands with McMurtry. "There's some things a man can't repay." He left quickly.

Tommy gathered Julie into his arms and sat down. She was hysterical by this time, and he soothed her.

He told her everything was all right, she hadn't hurt Eddie, and to-morrow he'd be around again and Tommy would be gone.

Julie sat up and pushed back her hair. "He's wonderful, Tommy, really he is, patient and sensible." Her eyes were still pouring tears. "But I hate him. I didn't know it till this minute. I hate him."

"Now, Julie." But if she called Eddie wonderful and hated him, didn't that indicate she'd called Tommy a tramp, meaning she loved him?

"And there's something else," Julie said, sobbing. "About my hitting that man downstairs, and then Eddie—I got this itch in my fists, and my feet began to move around the way yours used to, Tommy, when you got mad. Tommy, I couldn't help myself. Now what am I going to do?"

She expected him to answer, and that meant he had to think. Right now he didn't want to think, it was a pastime he'd never enjoyed, and his mind was still poised on that earlier question of whether calling him a tramp meant she loved McMurtry.

"Well, this is how it looks to me," he said, but her lips were very close, and he hadn't held her like this for a year. It seemed a shame to waste time thinking. He kissed her.

Julie stopped crying. She lay very still in his arms.

"That's funny," she said presently. "All of a sudden I feel better."

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patrolled the park,
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'Kape ah! th' grass! ye coople there;
Yure dith av cowl'd ye'll get, fr shure!
Come! hurry home, ye love-sick pair,
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13/6 From all Booksellers 13/6

A SHAKESPEARE HEAD PUBLICATION

Editorial

Vol. 20, No. 11

August 13, 1952

SPRING HAT TRICK

IT'S spring, the sweet spring when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love...

And—although the voice of the Federal Treasurer is heard in the land—a young woman's fancy seriously turns to a new spring hat.

Spring, the poets' season, is also the fashion industry's.

Each year the first dimity of spring is spied a little earlier in the stores, peeping forth shyly among the women's all-wool vests and long-sleeved cardigans.

The tendency of the retail trade to regard July as the beginning of spring may not be sound meteorologically, but in a way it works out well psychologically.

It's when you are battling with an umbrella on a windy corner and your nose and eyes are streaming that you most need a spring fashion tonic.

And an early preview of pretty prints and flower-heavy hats gives women plenty of time for what many think is the most satisfying part of shopping, planning what to wear.

Australians are spendthrifts of sunshine, and warm days have an almost miraculous effect in dissipating discontent and trouble.

Any day from now nearly every woman will discover that the cost of living is not so bad that she can't afford to run up a printed cotton hat home.

And the best thing to do when your head is full of taxation figures and budget calculations is to put a new hat on it.

OUR COVER

Jacques Fath designed the yellow coat worn by our cover girl. The bonnet has the new spring tilt and is matched to the streamer bow and long gloves.

This week:

● From this week Betty Keep's fashion feature, "Dress Sense," will be presented in a slightly different way. "I enjoy answering individual letters in my column, but I feel that to some extent it limits the fashion coverage," Betty Keep said. "The new 'Dress Sense' will deal more broadly with fashion problems than before, and I'll be able to release the latest clothes news from overseas." This week's "Dress Sense," on page 34, is in the form of a spring questionnaire, in which answers are given to many queries which have arisen about the new season's fashions. And in future a B. Keep paper pattern designed and chosen from current trends will be available weekly.

Next week:

● With Book 2 of "Blandings' Way," which occupies 160 pages of this issue, we publish the last of the eight special fireside novels which we announced at the beginning of the winter. This extra fiction has proved so popular that we have decided to extend the idea, and next week you will be able to read the first long instalment of Edson Marshall's "Gypsy Sixpence," which will be published in three parts. Edson Marshall is an author who has won a tremendous following in the United States. "Gypsy Sixpence," which is an exciting romance, is about the swashbuckling adventures of a British Army officer, son of an English father and a gypsy mother, in India and North Africa.

● This month the Sara Quads celebrate their second birthday, and, to mark the event, in our next issue we are publishing two pages of delightful color pictures of them, and a Quads cover, as well. Another important birthday, which falls on August 21, is Princess Margaret's. Next week we will have some color pictures of the Princess taken at her recent engagements, which Anne Matheson writes about in the cabled story published in this issue.

● Next week's fashion feature consists of sketches by Rene of Paris-inspired reversible dresses which give you two outfits in one.

BOOK REVIEW

By JESSIE BOYD

HUMORIST Ludwig Bemelmans tells his readers how to travel first-class on French railways without a ticket in his new book "How to Travel Incognito."

He is unable, however, to solve the problem of travelling incognito as well as free without the cooing of an impoverished French nobleman, le Comte St. Cucuface, who subsists by nibbling olives and trifling with truffles at cocktail parties.

It seems strange that with all his talents for invention Mr. Bemelmans cannot do better than this.

But once the shock of disillusionment is suffered compensations emerge.

St. Cucuface tells him he must adopt a royal title if he wants service in France, since the French are Royalists at heart.

So Bemelmans becomes the Prince de Baviere.

As usual in his books, Mr. Bemelmans' caperings and excursions into fantasy do not descend into farce, but retain a salutary salting of realism, due to a pungency of expression of which he is master and

to the authentic nonsense of his own illustrations.

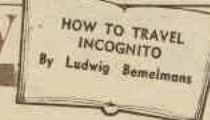
A new reader who is a stern realist might not get past the first few chapters.

Those who do persevere, even when the St. Cucuface family becomes a little tiresome, are rewarded.

The rewards include the story of the postponed wedding of St. Cucuface's aunt, the Princess Eulalia.

Describing Eulalia's transition from youth to age, Bemelmans says it was "the metamorphosis of the young grape to the rare brandy in a well-cared-for bottle."

The curious circumstances in which "the brandy" acquired "the well-cared-for bottle" are well worth the



HOW TO TRAVEL
INCIGNITO
By Ludwig Bemelmans

effort of pushing through a forest of Cucufaces in their ancestral territory.

As for the trade costume-party at the Chateau Rosay—you've seen that many times in technicolor or in the fashion magazines, but in nothing like the splendid detail.

Having got thus far you will finish the journey which takes you to Cannes (of course), and on to a train (considerably off course) which finally arrives in Switzerland, where there are complications.

These consist chiefly of a Hungarian gypsy band which has to be turned into a United Nations delegation in the twinkling of an eye.

The story begins in a train and nearly ends in one, but carries on for another six pages so that Bemelmans, alias the Prince de Baviere, can be unmasked.

Most readers will wish that the unmasking had been postponed a little longer.

"How to Travel Incognito," by Ludwig Bemelmans. Published by Hamish Hamilton Ltd. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.



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A SHAKESPEARE HEAD
PRODUCTION



"SOUTH PACIFIC" stars who will appear in the Australian production (left). They are Mary La Roche (at the piano), Virginia Paris, Richard Collett, with producer Charles Atkin. At right is the famous "Shower Scene" from the play, when Nurse Nellie Forbush sings "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair." She has a shampoo nightly on stage.

Tennis star who became opera singer

Handsome Swede will play lead here in "South Pacific"

From ROBERT FELDMAN, in New York

Former Swedish tennis star Richard Collett, who is one of the five overseas principals of the Australian production of the spectacular musical "South Pacific," which begins in Melbourne early next month, was started on his singing career by the late King Gustav of Sweden.

COLLETT, who was born in Sweden 35 years ago, will play Emile de Becque, a middle-aged French planter, in "South Pacific"—the role made famous in New York by Italian baritone Ezio Pinza. Like Pinza, Richard Collett was an opera singer before being attracted to musical comedy. The patronage and encouragement of King Gustav had led him to a position with the Stockholm Opera, which he relinquished last February in order to come to Australia.

The four players accompanying Collett to Australia are Mary La Roche, who will be the leading lady, Nellie Forbush, created originally by Mary Martin; negro singer Virginia Paris, British tenor David Welch, and comedian Leonard Stone.

With them is producer Charles Atkin, who has just left the New York production, in which he was general stage manager.

Richard Collett's real Christian name in Swedish is Ake, pronounced "Okey." He decided to change it as a concession to inelastic Australian palates.

The handsome young singer told me, in the measured lilt of a Scandinavian speaking English, how he turned defeat in a tennis match with King

Gustav in 1943 into victory as a singer.

Collett was then known as "The Singing Tennis Player." He was one of the Swedish champion doubles pair who met the late King Gustav and a partner in a game at the palace near Stockholm.

The King was out of position. Collett was net player and was going to slam a weak lob from the Royal racquet at the feet of the 85-year-old monarch.

Instead, he lobbed the ball gently within reach of the Royal forehand. The King and his partner went on to win.

"Winning at tennis always put the crusty old king in a mellow mood," said Collett.

"Everyone in Sweden knew that. So after the match, when the King called me over, I told him that I sang, too, and he invited me to try out my 'pipes' at a palace ball that evening.

"After I had sung a few pieces I knew at the ball," Collett went on, "Gustav called me over and, in his gruff manner, said:

"Young man, you had better see to your singing. You are a much better singer than a tennis player."

With the Royal favor thus gained, Collett enrolled in Stockholm's Royal Music

Academy. He made his debut at the Stockholm Opera three years later and went on to achieve an eminent position in European music circles.

Collett received no fewer than four bids to play Emile de Becque in "South Pacific" before he finally decided to accept one. The first offer was for an audition as a possible replacement of Ezio Pinza, who was retiring in 1950 after more than a year as the star. The cablegram to Stockholm missed Collett, who was on tour in Italy.

Later, offers came to star in companies of "South Pacific" in Sweden and in Britain, and J. C. Williamson asked Collett to join the projected Australian tour last year.

The singer turned down all three offers because he had commitments in Europe.

But when Collett arrived in



RICHARD COLLETT, handsome young Swedish singer, who has the leading male role in J. C. Williamson's production of Richard Rodgers' musical play "South Pacific."

"Frankly," Collett added, "I rather hope the experience I will gain in Australia will serve as a jumping board to a career in American musical comedy."

The young Swede groped for a word.

"I hope you do not think I am an opportunist," he said. "Well, I suppose I am, in a way. But I understand that the Australians are one of the most tolerant theatrical audiences in the world. And this is what I need to adapt myself to the new medium and the unfamiliar language."

The make-up artists won't have an easy task transforming Collett into middle-aged Emile de Becque.

Clean-cut and a strapping 5ft. 11n. tall, the Scandinavian looks not a day older than his 35 years. His straight, black hair will have to be liberally greyned for the part, and perhaps some padding added to his waistline.

As the feminine lead, Mary La Roche promises to be, in the words of producer Charles Atkin, "the best Nellie Forbush since Mary Martin." That statement takes in three other actresses who stepped into the breach left in the New York production when Mary Martin left to play Nellie at the Drury Lane Theatre, where she is still performing.

Miss La Roche sings "I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy," "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair," and other songs which rank along with the star song sung by Emile de Becque, "Some Enchanted Evening," as the hits of the show.

Virginia Paris, playing Bloody Mary, was "discovered" by film star Loretta Young, whom she served as personal maid for four years.

After rigorous training sponsored by Miss Young, Virginia won the acclaim of critics.

She made a concert tour of Europe and America, specialising in German lieder. She understudied "South Pacific's" original Bloody Mary, Juanita Hall, for six months, and audiences raved over her haunting renditions of "Bali Ha'i" and "Happy Talk."

"South Pacific" is still drawing packed houses in New York, where it has made more money than any show since "Oklahoma!," music for which was also composed by Richard Rodgers, who is known as "Mr. Musical Comedy."

His other successes include "The King and I" and "Annie Get Your Gun."

The story, adapted by Oscar Hammerstein II and Joshua Logan from the book "Tales of the South Pacific," by James A. Michener, is a fast-moving account of what happens on an island in the backwash of the Pacific war.

Marines, sailors, Seabees, and Navy nurses romp zanily across the stage.

A betel-chewing Tonkinese

named Bloody Mary specialises in calling officers shocking names taught her by the Marines, while making a fortune from selling grass skirts and occasional dried-up human heads to newly arrived G.I.'s. The skirts are manufactured by the Seabees in their spare time.

The planter in the show cannot return to his native France because he has "killed a man." His romance with a corn-fed Arkansas nurse teeters when she discovers he's the father of two chocolate-colored urchins.

A sub-plot concerns one Lieut. Cable, a tenor teamed up with Bloody Mary's exquisite daughter, a 17-year-old island maiden named Liat.

Here the play even gets in a social message. In a song, "You've Got to Be Taught," Cable, shattered by the hopelessness of bringing beautiful but slant-eyed Liat home to the seeds of race hate are implanted early in the young American mind.

The Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. R. G. Menzies, who saw the play during his recent visit to New York, assured the producers that it would be enthusiastically received in Australia.

In short, there's no escape for Australian theatregoers: They're doomed to become the happy, whistling victims of "South Pacific" fever.

The mother production is playing to packed audiences more than three years after its opening. The show, one of the latter-day goldmines of show business, has made over £1,000,000 profit so far—more than any other show except "Oklahoma!" It has, in addition, spawned a growing family of subsidiary companies touring the United States and Europe. The best known of these is at Drury Lane Theatre in London.

On one of Sydney's sunniest days Miss Lois Marrant became Mrs. John Olson of Ocean Beach, Manly. It was in Manly's blue surf that Lois first met John—the surf that showed her lovely clear complexion in all its natural beauty, and played cupid to this lovely Pears Bride.

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YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by KAY MELAU

Boys give some honest opinions of fashions and the way girls dress



MEN are notoriously inarticulate about women's fashions, although, like the people who "know nothing about art but know what they like," they have plenty to say on the subject once they get going.

The six boys who gave their opinions this week on the way girls dress are no exception. Even though stumped sometimes for the correct fashion terms, they expressed strong likes and dislikes.

The boys were chosen from the wide age group of 15-23. Jim, the first of them, is 18, and he'd "rather a girl go without a hat any time."

His idea of fun would be to have a hat shop for a week so that he could sell women hats which don't suit them.

He explained: "I'd sell them something with a very large, wide brim with big feathers sticking up at the top and plenty of fruit and a veil somewhere—and all colors, of course."

"Or I'd put a big, tall woman with a big face into a hat the size of a peanut. I think that girls should aim at simplicity and what suits them rather than just going with the style, regardless."

"Low heels are all right for comfort round the house, but they often look sloppy," he said.

"I can't stand these ballet shoes all the girls are wearing, and a lot of boys have said they don't like them either."

"A suit looks very smart on a girl old enough to wear one. By old enough I don't mean in years alone, but if she looks old enough and is mature in herself."

"For colors I like green and other bright colors."

"There definitely should be hair styles. But women seem to go for any fashion no matter how it looks, and even if it spoils their appearance. This poodle cut, for instance, looks terrible."

Jim endorses the feminine fashion idea of "my good black and pearls."

"I specially like pearls," he said. "They seem to set off a woman's appearance and look very well on a black dress."

Vince, aged 19:

"I like the way girls dress these days. I think girls should dress smartly and plainly with nothing overdone."

"No mad hats—but something in a nice color with a bit of a veil like one of these skull caps sort of thing with flowers, too."

"A girl would be well dressed for summer if she wore a big white hat with a nice blue gabardine suit."

"I like checks—not big ones, but little ones that look like a donegal sort of thing."

"For colors—junior-navy and fawn,

especially made simply in gabardine.

"I'm sold on gabardine. It's about the best material ever."

Tom is 15.

"The fashions are pretty good lately," he said. "But I hate these silly hats."

Tom's definition of a mad hat involved screwing up his face in disgust and gesturing towards the crown of his head.

"It's when they put a bunch of fruit on their heads here," he explained.

"A big hat is sensible in summer. It shields a girl's face from the sun."

"I like jewellery—not too much, but."

When they wear jewellery from the wrist up to the elbow they look over-dressed.

"Still, I suppose women think the same thing about us with our big drape coats and that," he reflected.

"My idea of a girl looking nice is if she wore a yellow suit and a tiny little yellow hat on the back of her head."

He considered whether the hat should have any decoration.

"Yes," he decided, "it would look nice with a flower on it—a red flower, say, or some other color that suited yellow."

"I like my mother best in a flowered dress with a lot of yellow in it."

Norman, another 15-year-old, thinks girls "dress too elderly for their age."

"The put on too much make-up and wear black and feathers and high-heeled shoes because they want to be older than they are," he said.

"These evening dresses with great big skirts sticking out frighten me. When I'm dancing I'm scared I'll walk on them."

"These flowered hats are all right for girls to wear when they go to church."

"Just the same, I wouldn't know what to tell a girl to wear and I wouldn't go shopping with her because I might get embarrassed."

"Half the time I don't know what to buy for myself."

Rex, aged 19:

"Most girls have dress sense. They get magazines and study them and go in for everything, which is only right."

"The average girl dresses pretty sensibly, but really it all depends on the fashions."

"With fashion, it's mostly a matter of time. When the widgeos came out first I thought they were pretty wicked, but after seeing a lot of them I got used to the fashion and accepted it."

"It's like when you first hear Johnny Ray you think, 'crook, crook, crook,'

but later you take it as a matter of course."

Rex's personal preference in colors is pastels.

"I rather like that sort of material that has flowers on it—prints, don't you call them?"

When I asked Rex whether he liked full skirts he said: "You mean the flared type? They look nice in summer, but something plain like a suit looks better in the winter."

He added: "A woman in high heels looks much more classy—more lady-like—and in nine cases out of ten her legs look better."

"Of course, low heels are all right when they're at work—but who cares what they look like at work?"

Darrell is 23, older than any of the other boys asked to give their opinions on this question.

"The kids you see in the age group from 16 to 19 are not quite widgeos and not quite anything else."

"They dress too much to a formula. This week it's bonnets, according to what the shops are selling, and next week it's something else."

"Another thing: They take the current hair-do and try to make a go of it with the current uniform. Often the two don't go together."

"I like colors—black, of course. But you can't lay down rules about which colors are best. I have seen some very attractively dressed women in colors that would annihilate other girls."

"There's one color combination I can't stand on any woman. No matter what her age and how beautiful she is, a woman can't wear red and green—unless she's that odd woman in ten million."

Darrell wouldn't allow there was anything romantic about bouffant gowns for evening.

"Romantic has nothing to do with the clothes. It's what goes behind the choice of the clothes," he said.

"I prefer clinging evening dresses, but not these things the fashion artists try to shove down women's throats. And these bags they hang round their heads, snoods or something, they're the end."

"Ultra-smart hats are wonderful if a woman can get away with them, but so few can."

Darrell likes big chunky jewellery and high heels for all occasions except a hike.

Because he believes that women follow fashion like sheep without considering whether a particular style suits them, he is doubtful about the incoming fashion of cummerbunds.

"Some women look as if they don't know their waists from their hips," he growled.

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ARRID

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE. BE ARRID-SAFE. USE ARRID—TO BE SURE!

● A letter to this page came from Peter Hansard, of the Law School at Sydney University. That's not his real name, which he also gave, adding "never let it be said." Writing for himself and his fellow-student legal eagles aged 19-20, Peter had quite a lot to say about girls. Here he is on how girls should dress:

FOR just parties there's nothing nicer than a pretty ballerina frock, something with style in it and something that looks as if it's being worn for the first time.

When it's a day out—the beach, a trip to the beach, or

a hike—it ought to be something bright but serviceable.

And not too many slacks. We want our women to look like women.

If it's the pictures, it ought to be something dainty and sweet, but something striking,

something that makes her stand out when you introduce her to a friend at interval, for it's then that you compare his girl with yours.

For formal shows we all seem to have a passion for white frocks and for blue

frocks. But the color, of course, depends on the girl.

We love to see flowing white skirts in an old-time waltz; and they look just as charming in a fox-trot.

Flowers are always a necessity—we'll see to them.

PASTELS AND PRINTS FOR SPRING



● The most important news in fashion is femininity, with colors softening into flower shades. These color pictures from overseas show the very latest for the new season. Spring's most lovely evening skirts are full and diaphanous. Prints are definitely in season, and some of the prettiest daytime frocks are made in flowery-patterned silks. The full fashion picture is given in our Spring Supplement on page 25.



● Maggy Rouff chooses the palest shade of apricot tulle for the diaphanous ballgown, left. The model, embroidered in silver and diamante, is worn with a stole.

● Christian Dior uses forest-green for his fine wool coat-and-dress ensemble, above. The dress has slim lines. The headline-length coat is lined with a flower print.



● White flowers merge into a honeysuckle-beige background in the printed one-piece, above. Folds form fullness in the skirt. By Dior.



● Rose-pink flower design for the slim one-piece dress, above. A wide panel of narrow pleats is a graceful skirt addition. Dior model.

● Crinoline ballgown of delicate carnation-pink tulle by Norman Hartnell. The model is bespattered with rose petals. Pink roses cover one shoulder and the bodice-top.



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MOTHER



"Now here's a REALLY economical cake. No eggs, no fruit, no butter, and very little sugar!"

BUTCH



"It's my girl friend. She wants to know if you got any real expensive perfume."

It seems to me

WIFE of an engine-driver of Swansea, Wales, left him because he used three alarm clocks to get up in the morning.

Granting the husband a divorce for desertion, the judge criticised the wife. "She is the daughter of an engine-driver and married one," he said. "She should know that punctuality is essential."

At this distance one should refrain, perhaps, from taking one side or the other. He may have eaten toast noisily too, for all we know. But, as one who regularly sets the alarm for seven and rises at 7.45 (flurry), or 8.10 (frantic-simo), or even 8.30 (furious hysteria), I am interested in the three-alarm plan.

There are two other methods I can recommend for special occasions. One is the placing of a piece of paper loosely on top of the clock. You put your hand to silence it as usual, touch the paper, and realise that to-day has some particular significance.

For catching planes or trains, a wake-up telephone call is best, as the human voice is more compelling than any mechanical noise. It is, however, advisable to set the alarm for five minutes after the time of the telephone call.

Unfortunately these methods are useless if adopted daily. One gets accustomed to anything. Though, eventually, the engine-driver's wife didn't.

FIFTY-FOUR per cent. of Australian women are five feet four inches and under in height.

This comforting piece of information was announced at a press show given by a dress manufacturer. I say "comforting" because it means you are either in the majority, which is cosy, or in the 46 per cent. group, which is not small enough to be an oppressed minority.

The show was given to launch the manufacturer's half-size range.

For the benefit of any men readers who may be like the man sitting near me (he couldn't understand a word of what went on), standard sizes don't fit very short women, especially short plump women.

The mannequins weren't professional, but were chosen because they represented what a spokesman called "a cross-section of the mass market." They paraded to show how a half-size would fit where a standard size wouldn't.

What I liked best about the whole affair was a statement in the roneed press release.

It said, "Perhaps the most practical, down-to-earth condemnation of standard sizes is made by the simple statement that most women are not models."

Have to be frank sometimes, don't you, boys?

THERE'S nothing like knowing the latest catch phrases while they're new.

A mother whose son is just back from National Service Training says he now counters every statement he considers exaggerated with: "YOU'VE got yourself well fooled."

He said it five times in the first evening home, and she has consequently adopted it in self-defence.

By



Dorothy Drain

TURNING over the pages of an American magazine the other day I was attracted by an advertisement showing a beautiful girl, arms outstretched, saying, "Whee! Now I can be free!"

She proved to be praising a refrigerator which defrosts automatically.

Thousands of women who still rely on wire meat-safes and canvas water-bags would smile wryly at this, regarding any refrigerator as a step to freedom. I showed it, expecting a laugh, to another woman, who said, "But how marvelous! Defrosting is such a bore."

True enough, it is a bore. So is emptying a vacuum-cleaner bag. Some people say that labor-saving devices haven't actually saved labor. They have simply increased the efficiency of the methods by which jobs are done. It's as much trouble to vacuum-clean a room as it is to sweep it. But the machine does the work better.

Freedom is a mirage. There are only different kinds of slavery. If that pretty girl frees herself from the housework, she will have more time to worry about her complexion and what her husband is up to.

Dreary to-day, aren't I? Must be the weather.

A WOMAN whose husband is not at his best before breakfast (who is?) reports the following:

He was shaving when he heard a radio commercial advertising toys for children. "You will be delighted with this play-aid for your child," came the voice over the air.

He let out a loud cry, nearly cut himself, and began to mutter madly, "Play-aids, play-aids, what are we coming to? Play-aids, rodent operatives, fruitologists..."

It took three cups of coffee to restore him.

NEW YORK photographers' model

Billie Darling, 28, who has been a cover girl for five years, told reporters when she arrived in London that she wanted to know whether Englishmen made better husbands than Americans. She was devoting one week to a search for the ideal husband before flying to Paris.

Efficiency, that's the watchword, whatever may be your fate;

It isn't the time that matters, it's the way that you concentrate.

And whether it's shopping for saucepans, or choosing a frock to wear,

Or selecting a suitable husband, don't wait for one to appear.

You need to look over the market, allowing the time to spare,

And it's wise, whatever you're buying, to study the values, compare.

Be careful; men are like dresses, you may fancy a striking style,

But the point is you have to remember, will you tire of it after a while?

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Don't let anything, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis, poison your system and your energy ruin your health and weaken your heart. Medicate. A new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to eliminate through the blood, germs, running the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Medicate from your chemist or store, 10-15c under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

The Australian Women's Weekly

Betty Barclay

So much fashion...at such *little* prices!



Betty Barclay fashions have revolutionised the dressmaking industry in more ways than one. Coming in sizes 9, 11, 13 and 15—the handy "in between" sizes that no one else seemed to think of—they give every Betty Barclay garment a snug "tailored" fit that makes all the difference! See them...at your favourite store...soon!

You'll love them...you'll live in them...these beautiful little cottons that have come straight from the American scene! Intriguingly 'different'...with the unmistakable Betty Barclay touch in every cunning line...and simply wonderful buying at their tiny budget prices! In multi coloured woven chambray checks, woven graduated coloured chambray stripes, iridescent chambray stripes, rib and waffle cotton piques, plain dyed poplins and printed cottons, and those handy 'in between' sizes that fit you like a dream. At selected stores and frock salons throughout city and country.



CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS LIMITED



NEWLYWEDS Professor Lambert Rogers and his bride (formerly Mrs. Barbara Ainsley) at a reception in London before leaving for Australia. They are making a honeymoon of their visit for the Medical Congress.



SCULPTOR Dr. Clive Stephen with an example of his work in black marble. Dr. Stephen and his wife, a painter, are members of the George Bell Group and the Contemporary Artists' Society.



MODEL CAR built by Dr. Peter Crooke for the exhibition interests his baby son, Jonathan, and Mrs. Crooke. The scale model skeleton, hand-carved and polished by Dr. Crooke, in white pine, will also be exhibited.

Doctors' hobbies on show at Congress

An exhibition of some of the absorbing hobbies which provide medical men with an escape from the tension of their professional lives will be an interesting feature of the Australian Medical Congress, which opens in Melbourne on August 25.

More than 60 doctors will contribute to the Doctors' Hobbies Exhibition, which will be on view for a week in the Junior Geology School at Melbourne University.

ART patrons will enjoy seeing some of the paintings of Dr. Douglas Thomas.

Painting would have been his full-time career if his family had not moved from Ballarat to Melbourne on the very day he won a scholarship to study at the Ballarat School of Arts.

The Thomas' home at Olinda, in the Dandenong Ranges, is a treasure-house of works by noted Australian and overseas artists and sculptors.

Housewives particularly will covet Dr. Harry Shannon's contribution—a domestic treasure he has made named "Epicene" (the silent woman) after a play by Ben Jonson. "Epicene" is a meal-wagon.

Dr. Shannon became interested in furniture-making after the war. He bought £10 worth of tools, taught himself carpentry, and made a bedroom suite.

He has been a handyman-raftsman ever since.

Dr. Mark Ashkanasy is among the Melbourne doctors who will be exhibiting samples of their ingenuity as engineers and precision-tool makers.

Dr. Ashkanasy began making instruments during the war, when an instrument he needed for antrum operations was unobtainable.

Going to the Munitions Department, he found out the

at present is a plaster-cutting machine for removing plaster casts in a matter of minutes.

Dr. R. C. Willis is kept so busy making toys for his two children and small nephews and nieces that he has little time to spend on miniature shipbuilding, in which he is skilled.

However, at the Hobbies Exhibition he will show the 2ft.-long scale model of Captain Cook's Endeavour which won for him the John Masefield Prize during the Melbourne Centenary in his student days.

He will also exhibit a replica of Drake's Golden Hind and an American privateer.

Dr. Clive Stephen is an outstanding contemporary sculptor whose work is represented in the Melbourne National Gallery.

At the Hobbies Exhibition he will exhibit drawings, medical illustrations, water-colors, and gouache paintings.

Dr. Stephen became interested in modern art when he lived in Paris for a time before beginning his medical studies.

Dr. Cyril Crooke's miscellaneous hobbies include fly-

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

fishing (he has his own trout stream), shipbuilding, and painting. He also makes and dyes carpets from scrap materials.

He is entering a 6ft. square Indian-type rug made from old silk stockings.

His son, Dr. Peter Crooke, is equally versatile. He paints, and has made most of the furniture for his home.

Dr. H. Boyd Graham is an authority on first editions, particularly works dealing with Australia.

At the Hobbies Exhibition Dr. Graham will show some of the first schoolbooks printed in Victoria.

Other treasures lent for the exhibition include pieces from Dr. and Mrs. Ian Wood's collection of early English china, and from Professor W. A. Osborne's noted documents collection.

The latter will include the signature of Dr. Guillotin, inventor of the guillotine, and some of Napoleon's letters.

Dr. Frank Tate's contribution to the Medical Congress will be a screening of some of his documentary films in the private studio theatre at his home at Kew.

The films dealing with Australian life will be of particular interest to overseas medical men visiting here for the Congress.

Anne Matheson cables from London that most English medical men hope to make their visit a working holiday.

All the doctors are leading specialists whose contributions to the Congress will be of the utmost importance. But away from their work they are as happy as schoolboys setting out on an adventure.

Professor Lambert Charles Rogers married war widow Mrs. Barbara Ainsley at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on July 30.

"And the trip will be our honeymoon," she said.

"We are sailing on the



AMATEUR CARPENTER Dr. Harry Shannon and his wife set up the eggshell-finished meal wagon which he made and christened "Epicene" (the silent woman). It will be on view at the Doctors' Hobbies Exhibition.

Caronia to New York, flying to Australia from San Francisco, and having our wedding reception after we return."

Professor Rogers, Professor of Surgery at the University of Wales, is an Australian, educated in Melbourne.

He had been in hospital with a duodenal ulcer, and left only in time for the marriage.

Sir Gordon Gordon-Taylor, a widower and great friend of Professor Lambert Rogers, made many friends in Australia, "mostly medical people," during the war, when he was in the Navy.

"It's a grand country," he said. "I'm looking forward to getting back."

Sir Gordon wants to dance at a Sydney nightclub again—"one of the nicest places to dance in the whole world."

Sir Gordon should know, for dancing has been his hobby for twenty years. He enters and often wins competitions. He has very strict tastes in dancing.

"The atmosphere must be just right," he explained. "The partner must be well dressed, must be an excellent dancer and a good conversationalist."

He likes dancing with professional dancers rather than "with one's friends."

"A professional dancer can

make an evening's dancing something memorable," he said. "A friend, no matter how charming, if she can't dance and isn't interested, can ruin an evening. Better just dine with such a woman."

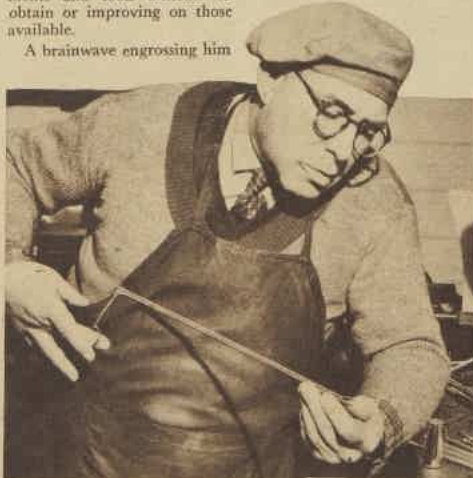
Sir Gordon watches competition dances and saw the Australian team at the recent world championships.

A cricket fan, Sir Gordon hopes to see some cricket in Australia. He is a well-known figure at Lord's, where he watches the cricket and writes his books on medical subjects at the same time.

Bachelor Mr. John Foster, who is infirmity lecturer in ophthalmology at Leeds University, has prepared lecture papers that are peppered with amusing anecdotes on eyes and eye surgery.

A linguist (he speaks French, Spanish, and German), Mr. Foster has made travelling his hobby.

Among the other important British medics attending the Medical Congress in Melbourne are Dr. Francis Avery Jones, Mr. George Frederick Gibberd, senior obstetric surgeon at Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, and Professor Edward Charles Dodds, Professor of Bio-chemistry at the University of London.



IN WORKING OUTFIT of leather apron and cap as protection against steel filings dust, self-taught instrument-maker Dr. Mark Ashkanasy, of North Carlton, examines his silver-plated oesophaguscope.

HAS MARGARET GIVEN HER HEART?

Romance with Dalkeith said to be reason for added poise

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Princess Margaret, 22 on August 21, is making an increasing number of public appearances with poise and serenity. The romantically inclined say this new serenity in the bearing of the Queen's sister is because she now knows where her heart lies.

That her choice rests on the Earl of Dalkeith is generally accepted. Her adoring public, smiling knowingly, is content to wait until the coronation for the announcement of her wedding date.

OBSERVERS of the Royal romance note with special interest the Earl's visit as the only guest to the Queen Mother and Margaret at Sandringham.

Several times the Princess and the Earl were seen strolling together in the gardens in the evenings.

There is little speculation regarding the announcement of Margaret's engagement, though the open season for such rumors reaches its peak around her birthday.

To celebrate the birthday, the Queen has arranged the customary picnic to the hills around Balmoral, followed by a dance at night.

This will be the first Balmoral dance of her reign. It will follow traditional lines, with the skirl of pipes for highland reels alternating with a dance band. Royal ladies wear tartan sashes crosswise, Scotsmen their kilts.

The most of the evening will be drunk in champagne to the young Princess, who has fulfilled all the promise of her childhood and grown to be an acknowledged beauty and fashion leader.

Big change

WHEN the Court emerged from mourning the change in Princess Margaret's demeanor was first noticed.

It gave credence to a story that the King, a few weeks before his death, had a long talk to Margaret about the state of bad publicity which she had been getting.

It died down when the Princess visits to London nightingales became fewer, but it flared again after her visit to Paris last November.

The King is said to have asked the Princess to be more moderate of the position of the Monarchy.

When the King died it was Princess Margaret of all the Royal Family who was utterly penetrated.

Inconceivable, she turned in her grief to the Church, became an even more regular worshipper, attending, in addition to early morning services, Lenten lectures by the Bishop of Kensington at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Then in the short season following Court mourning the young Princess had a busy official and social life. Her visits to hospitals, housing schemes, and youth organizations which filled her diary were all over the country from Wiltshire to Portsmouth, from Folkestone to Norwich.

She sometimes travelled the long distances by plane, and at other times went by car.

Smiles the camera caught showed millions that she was not bored, though many of the functions she attended must have been tiring.

Intelligent Princess Margaret, once she put her mind to the job, did it well.

She planned each public appearance in advance, re-writing supplied speeches, using her own turn of phrase, saying: "That doesn't sound like me!"

She followed the practice of the late King by reading up the background material on every place she was to visit. She went thoroughly into the history of all events, to the delight of those on the receiving end.

Margaret's "settling down" has in no way dimmed her ready wit or spoiled the gaiety that is so infectious.

Still gay

THE irrepressible Margaret is always there, and the old talent for mimicry is just as sharp.

At the second garden party of the season it rained, and when the Royal family withdrew to the tea enclosure, spirits and clothes dampened by the rain, Princess Margaret had them laughing with an imitation (from behind the bamboo screen) of everyone running for shelter.

No Court official can suppress her spontaneous greeting of old friends, though this may

hold up presentations under way.

Margaret will still have a long talk to an actor or a film star, apparently unaware of the delay.

As well, she smokes out of doors in public, using a long cigarette holder, though the whole Court from the Queen and the Queen Mother to the last official thoroughly disapproves.

The Princess was photographed, smoking, seated in Billy Wallace's red sports car at Goodwood, her feet in the boot.

In the tea enclosure at the garden parties this year she had a cigarette in her long holder, looking impish and delighted.

Princess Margaret has been living at Buckingham Palace with the Queen Mother, but they lived separate lives from the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Nevertheless, the Princess' movements could throw arrangements out of gear if Margaret took one of the two lifts between floors without advising the footman.

Servants have to make sure that the lift is in readiness for official visitors to the Sovereign.

Margaret has said that she would love a home of her own. Her taste is Regency, and a small house is all she wants.

"How can I entertain in a palace?" she has been quoted as saying.

"The rooms are so big I would have to have a banquet at least."

When she and her mother



PRINCESS MARGARET, wearing a pink feather cap and five rows of pearls and a black taffeta coat, arriving at Royal Ascot. Though her clothes have been subdued in color and line since the Court emerged from mourning, the Princess has remained an acknowledged leader of fashion in England.

move to Clarence House after their summer holiday is over, Margaret will find some of her problems solved.

Inspecting a dinette at the Ideal Homes Exhibition, Margaret said: "I suppose you eat here when not feeling strong enough to get to the dining-room."

Margaret's social life has revolved round coming-out dances this season rather than the postage-stamp dance floors of nightgeries.

This gave a fillip to the season, and as many as 2000 spectators packed the pavements watching for the Princess' arrival at big functions.

Even when she stayed for bacon-and-egg breakfast there were always a handful still left to see her leave.

Court orders forbid the taking of pictures at these dances.

In London there are never snaps to set people talking as there were when the Princess went to a Paris nightclub with Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia, who appeared in a photograph with his arm draped over her chair.

By sheer bad luck the Princess has sometimes had a bad press on official visits, too, such as when she went to Canterbury Cathedral and naturally shook hands with Dean Hewlett Johnson, who greeted on that occasion.

The Russians enlarged the photo and captioned it to

read as if she were favoring a "peace" campaign.

When the Princess was 21 she inherited money as well as jewellery from the Honorable Mrs. Ronald Greville and received £26000 annually on the Civil List.

After her personal expenses were paid, she found she was able to indulge herself with a more extensive wardrobe than formerly.

Mink jacket

SHE had always wanted a mink coat, so she highlighted her wardrobe with a white mink jacket and wore it with black at Ascot, where she carried off fashion honors at the smartest function of the year.

One day on which the Princess stole the fashion show in the Royal enclosure was when she wore a grey lace dress over pink, with a horseshoe neckline and a tiny grey and pink hat.

She wore it later to the theatre as a short-length evening dress, without its jacket. She wore it again to the first garden party.

It appeared again when she attended the wedding of her cousin, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, and Miss Angela Dowling at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Fashion writers tried to guess whose model it was, but most home dressmakers could have told them it was identical with

a couture pattern to be seen by anyone looking through fashion books in a department store.

The Princess had it made from the pattern by a little dressmaker, becoming surely the first Princess in history to buy a paper pattern.

A columnist who predicted this year's crop of debts would outshine the Princess was proved wrong every time she made a private or public appearance.

The Princess subtly changed her hair style to chunkier curls dressed high up at the back, thus filling in the rather bleak gap which most girls show.

She is using eye-shadow to enhance her beautiful eyes, and darker lipstick.

She wears only the daintiest pieces of jewellery, and never, when appearing at the same function as the Queen, attempts to outshine her sister with more gorgeous jewels.

Princess Margaret's circle has dwindled since she first headed the "Clan Margaret," who went to theatres and nightclubs several times weekly, as several of the boys her lady-in-waiting, and one or two girls have married.

The Princess has not sought to enlarge the circle, and the Queen Mother has had a lot of her younger daughter's company since the death of the King.



AN INFORMAL PICTURE of Princess Margaret and the Earl of Dalkeith at a meet of the Duke of Buccleuch fox hounds at Hume Castle. There have been many rumors of the engagement of the Princess and the Earl.

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COUNTRY INTEREST. Bill Middleton, of "The Lagoons," Binalong, and his bride, formerly Rosemary MacPhillamy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. MacPhillamy, "Nerremman," Forbes, at St. Philip's.



BANK HOLIDAY MEETING. Mr. and Mrs. Clive Carney sheltered under umbrellas when they arrived in a downpour of rain at Randwick to watch the running of the Corinthian Handicap. Mrs. Carney wore a fox collar on her navy coat and long rain boots over her shoes.



AT THE RACES. Mrs. Gordon Brady arrived at Randwick with her son, Denis Carvan, for the Bank Holiday Meeting. Mrs. Brady wore a mustard felt cloche and beige raincoat over her navy checked suit.

Social Gittings

AUGUST 12 is the big day for the Campbell clan in Canberra, when Roslyn Campbell, elder daughter of the Arthur Campbells, of "Woden," marries Nick Parkinson, younger son of the Rev. and Mrs. C. T. Parkinson, of Bathurst and Sydney.

The wedding at St. John's, Canberra, will be the first Campbell

wedding for three generations at that church, which was originally built for the pioneer Campbells over 100 years ago.

Roslyn is keeping her frock a secret, but it will include some lovely old heirloom lace which belonged to her great-grandmother. Nick's father will perform the ceremony, assisted by Archdeacon Robertson, who was formerly of St. John's, and Archdeacon Davies. Roslyn's younger sister, Robin, and Heather Menzies will be bridesmaids.

Peter Henderson will be best man and Ivor Bowden, groomsman. Three hundred guests from Sydney, Melbourne, and many country districts will attend the wedding and the reception at the lovely old Campbell home, "Woden."

Roslyn has just returned from two years abroad. After the wedding she and Nick, who is in the Diplomatic Service, will go to England and Lebanon, and then spend two years in Cairo.



ROMPERS' REVEL. Mrs. Geoffrey Low (left) and Mrs. Eric West at the annual Rompers' Revel at the Pickwick Club to aid the Redfern Day Nursery. Guests were welcomed by the president, Mrs. Sam Jones, assisted by the Day Nursery Committee.

SMARTLY dressed mother and daughter who lunched at Prince's were Mrs. Charles Anderson, wife of Col. Charles Anderson, V.C., of "Springfields," Young, and their daughter Elizabeth. They were down to see Elizabeth's two brothers, at King's, and her sister Virginia at Ascham, when they had a "free" school week-end. Elizabeth, who is doing a business course in Young, wore a grey suit, and her mother a slim grey wool jersey frock.

EXCITED six-year-old Michael Dangar was waiting to see his grandparents, famous British naval man Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Lane-Poole and Lady Lane-Poole, when they arrived in Armidale last week to stay with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dangar, of "Palmerston," Armidale. They arrived in the Orontes from England for a year's stay. Many Australians will remember Sir Richard when he commanded His Majesty's Australian Squadron in 1936 in Australia.

WHILE the Olympic Games have been on, the Mervyn Finlays have had their ears glued to the wireless for news from Helsinki of their son, Mervyn, jun., who rowed for Australia. In a letter to his mother, Mervyn gave a thrilling account of when the Australian crew members each received a bronze medal for obtaining third place in the Games.

Mervyn and fellow-barrister Ted Pain, who is also in the crew, are now hitch-hiking across Europe, and will spend two months in England "looking round the British courts" before returning home.

PRETTY hats . . . Fleur Turner's "Greta Garbo" model of winter white felt swathed in banana-yellow jersey and trimmed with two bunches of purple grapes . . . Mrs. Gordon Johnston's tiny cocktail shell of a hat in deep lilac worn with a tailored cocktail frock of lilac brocade . . . Del McKerihan's curvette of tightly curled white organdie chrysanthemum petals.

"KISS ME KATE." Rosemary Miller, who starred in the comedy "To Dorothy a Son," and actor Kevin Brennan at the first night at the Theatre Royal.

LOTS of Sydney doctors and their wives will go to Melbourne for the Australasian Medical Congress on August 22. Plenty of social activity has been planned with formal dinners, parties, and a ball at the end of the week at the Royale Ball room.

Sydney people will include the president of the N.S.W. branch of the British Medical Association, Dr. R. H. MacDonald, and his wife, Dr. V. M. Copleston and Mr. Copleston, Dr. J. Steigrad and his wife, Dr. H. R. Scar, Dr. J. K. Maddox, and Dr. Ben Edye and his daughter, Benonie. Adelaide visitors will include recently married Dr. Keith Pavy and his wife, who was formerly Mrs. F. Penfold Hyland.

UNIVERSITY holidays begin this week, and two of the first students to head for the snow country will be Judy Crossing and Ann Livingston, who will spend a fortnight at Kosciusko. Barbara Potter, who is president of the women's section of the Sydney University Ski Club, Rosslyn Grieve, Toni Wilson, Barraba, and Helen Sutherland will be among members of the University team to compete in the inter-varsity championships at Mt. Hotham, beginning on August 21. They will stay at the University lodge for a fortnight.



LONDON WEDDING. Englishman Alan Peck and his bride, formerly Beryl Orr, only child of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Orr, of Vancouver, at Chelsea Old Church.



HAPPY COUPLE. Ron Tulloch, of Roseville, and his bride, who was Maria Foldi, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Foldi, of Drummoyne, leave St. Philip's, Church Hill.



SEA CADETS' DANCE. Rear-Admiral H. A. Showers, who, with Mrs. Showers, received guests at the Sea Cadets' dance at Prince's, with his daughter, Barbara. Barbara attended with her fiance, Graham Crouch.



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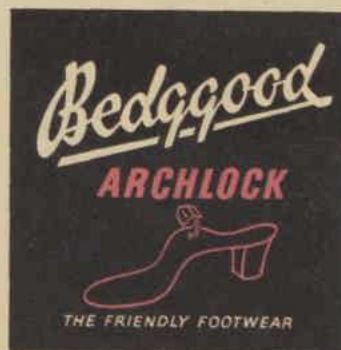
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SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

Spring Fashions

• The most exciting event in the fashion year is spring, the time for new ideas and fresh plans and —

IT'S the season of the suit cut on middy-blouse lines, the suit with a shorter-than-short jacket or with a full jacket and the tight-fitting slim skirt. This is the year to become midriff and waist conscious. A waist can be noticeably high or low. In Paris and New York the cummerbund is the rage. It is a useful item because it makes a separate skirt and top look all of a piece.

It's the spring of great romanticism by night. Wide-skirted ball gowns in superb sheers, often flower-trimmed, will be seen after dark.

Now is the time of year when great drifts of white look superb. It's the moment for black and white, now almost a summer classic, for every shade of pink, for green, and for yellow.

It's the season of the bolero jacket, real or simulated. A bolero effect is often constructed right into a dress.

As spring moves into summer it becomes the season for cotton. Cottons are in the hands of the world's great designers, who use them elegantly or casually.

It's the year for prints, flowered and feminine or determined and definite.

Lastly, it's once again a new season for hats. A season when a hat can be worn straight on the head or inclined to one side. The hat? A brimless white bonnet, a striped cartwheel, a plaid cloche, or a brilliant arrangement of flowers to wear when the man in your life takes you to dine. — BETTY KEEP.

● Balenciaga designed the newer-than-new middy-blouse suit, right. The suit is palest pink, the scarf primrose-yellow. The wide-brimmed hat is straw.



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Sketched in Paris
by our fashion
artist Rene



● Small soft-rounded pillbox, left, is made in black velvet with large black taffeta bows. The model by Jean Dessès is designed for afternoon and the cocktail hour.



● Large-brimmed sailor, below, is made in finely striped organdie. Note high-swathed, flower-pot crown and stand-up cuff edging the brim. Model by Marie-Christine.

● Puffy-crowned cloche, below, is made in plaid taffeta, banded with gros-grain ribbon, and trimmed with an artificial apple posed on one side. Model by Maud et Nano.



Rene

New ideas in hats



● Rose Valois' romantic black paille straw model, right, is sharply curved up at centre-front and has a wide, high trim of spotted velvet.



● Three-cornered toque, below, made in striped organdie with clusters of tiny yellow field flowers falling from under the brim. By Marie-Christiane.



● New flower-pot model by Maud et Nano, above, is made in black picot straw. The high crown is swathed in cherry crepe, with a cluster of black cherries posed on one side.



● Rounded pillbox in green velvet, top, has a horse tail of floating ostrich feathers. The model is by Jean Dessès, who created it for his spring collection in different colors.

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• FERGUSON FABRICS •

Fashion pointers

● The new soft dress and the slick little bolero suit both belong in spring fashions. Below and on the opposite page are photographs of models illustrating important new lines and fashion detail for the coming season.



● Short-cut bolero, shaped waistline, and moderate skirt fullness are combined in the suit, above. The silhouette is new for spring. Dan Millstein model.



● Feminine one-piece dress, above, in white cotton organdie printed with stripes of black pin-spots. Collar, cuffs, belt, and gloves are made in velvet.



● A floral print and a pin-spot print are used for the two afternoon dresses, above. Note the unusual neckline on the dress with the wide black fringed stole and matching cummerbund belt. The second model has a moulded hipline and pleats in the skirt. Note hats worn straight on the head.

F5-H.P.

ERGUSON BROTHERS LTD., Carlisle, England. Manufacturers of Textiles since 1824



● Slim black frock with a wide black pleated cummerbund, above, is worn under a short white bolero jacket. The length is all important this season. The bolero has long tailored sleeves. A narrow black velvet ribbon and bow finish the neckline.



● Striped flowered cotton seersucker dress, left, is made with a wide crinoline-lined skirt and fitted bodice. A flat bow centres the bodice, the dress is belted in red.



● Flowered organdie for the model, above, which is made with a moulded bodice and sweeping skirt. The wide velvet bodice bands may be worn on or off the shoulders.

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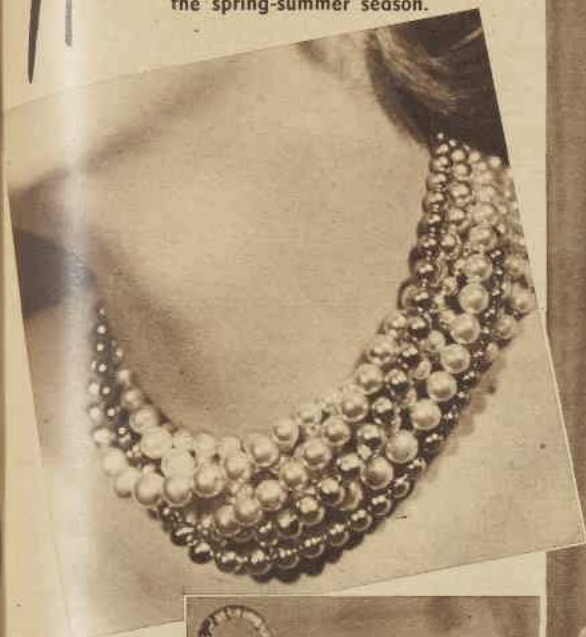
You wouldn't wear a cocktail dress while shopping
or playing golf ... *why wear ultra sheer nylons?*
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usually casualties.

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Accents ARE FEMININE

● Flowers, ribbons, pastel pearls, and hot-weather sunshades are among the new eye-taking "extras" listed as high style for the spring-summer season.



● Pearls in pastel tints are used for the twisted choker, above. Colors include cream through to pink and pale grey to amoke.



● Dior has revived parasols for summer afternoons. The model, right, is white cotton and lace and has a long, slim handle.



● For late-day or evening wear the circlet of small flowers, above, is designed to be pinned on the back of the coiffure and fitted like a cap.



● New ribbon decor for the evening, above, is a large fancy ribbon bow worn straight on the head and enhanced with a diamond pin. The bow could be any pretty ribbon.



● New feminine beguilement, a flower-covered, plateau-type hat with a matching mufi sprinkled with rhinestones. Chanda model, New York.



● Two giant pink cabbage roses, above, to accent a strapless decolletage and the top of a luxurious shoulder-length black satin glove.

Fary Ardern's Paris Notes

FOREADOR cummerbunds, a long-torso line, delicious coarse lace suits, miles of pleating, bolero and boxy jackets are all forerunners of spring fashion. Pink in every shade is the number one glamor color. White, black and white, and violet are chic, with green becoming an important color.



● One-piece, above, illustrates the new long-torso line. The dress has a simulated bolero constructed into the bodice top. A printed organza scarf provides contrast. Model by Schiaparelli.



● Suit with foreador influence, above left, designed by Jacques Fath. The short-in-front bolero, joined to the skirt at the back, achieves a slim waist.



● Rose-pink for Jacques Griffe's boxy jacket and pencil-slim skirt, right. The jacket is cut to show a wide expanse of white blouse. Note small white hat worn straight on the head.



● Violet shantung shirtmaker frock, above right, is conservative in flavor but very chic with its white cuffs and flower and contrasting black tailored buttons. Model by Jean Dessès.

On The Spring Silhouette



● Slim black suit with a long-torso line, right, has a crossed white fichu fastened by a spray of brilliants. By Jacques Fath.

● Dior's fine sunray-pleated one-piece, above, is extravagant in yardage and divinely smart. The model looks equally lovely in white or pink.

● A tailored line for the white coarse lace suit, above left, designed by Jean Dessès. The lace suit is very popular in Paris spring dress collections.

● Enchanting one-piece, above right, is white lace over black tulle. The lace is sewn to the underskirt. Note the new curved line of the straight-set hat.

Dorothea Johnston



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DRESS SENSE: Spring Questionnaire

By Betty Keep

● Here is a report of the new season's fashion—fresh and stimulating ideas on trends, color, and fabrics.

MANY of the season's debutantes are now making their first bow. What type of ballgown should the debutante wear?

A romantic concoction in white tulle or any of the superb new white Swiss organdies made over the palest shade of apricot or pink. The dress is made with a full-blown full-length skirt (no short-cut skirts for debs.). The bodice top is practically all cummerbund and there is a pair of blown-up sleeves.

MOST women nowadays have to be budget-wise. What is the best buy for spring and summer?

Cotton for the small wardrobe. A cotton suit pays its way more than any other garment. This year's suit can be a little jacket worn above a cummerbund—bound wide skirt, a middy-blouse type jacket and slim skirt, a jacket with a collar and revers cut well away from the neckline and worn with a narrow pleated skirt—and, as ever, the immaculately tailored suit with pretty set-in sleeves and a moderate hemline.

WHAT is the newest thing about the spring silhouette?

The waistline. The waist is

an area of enormous new interest, no longer just nipped, but widely marked by a band that exploits every inch of the waist and diaphragm. This belt or band is called a cummerbund or, if you want to be more fancy, a fascia. The fascia can be worn at all hours of the day and night, looks just as right for a ballgown as it does with shorts or a skirt. It can make separates look like a one-piece and it is a marvellous way to bring last year's dresses right up to the moment. It is strongly endorsed by Paris and New York.

WILL there be anything very new in hats this season?

The hat that should be most talked about is the one that does the most for the woman who wears it. The most talked-about shapes are the brimless white bonnet, the wide-brimmed hat with a curve in the centre-front, the forward-tilted straw cartwheel, the all-to-one-side bicorne, the shell hat, the hair-covering hat, and the flower arrangement. What finally counts is what the hat is worn with. The wise hat-buyer will study her whole silhouette—not just from the waist up.

LATE-DAY wear is a re-

curring fashion problem. What is newest for late in the afternoon and through to evening?

The newest late-day dress is made in two or three pieces. It must be pretty—a white organdie blouse, black net skirt, and a pink and black rose. The two should be joined by a widely shaped cummerbund.

WHAT will be the most popular color for spring and summer?

Pink, without any doubt, in frail and strong tonings. This is good color news for all, because pink is a flatterer and everyone's color. The blond, brown, black, grey, and the redheads can all wear it to advantage.

Think about it for a pink-and-white striped shirt to wear with a chocolate-brown suit. In the palest pastel for sum-

LATE-DAY dress, three-part suit, black tulle skirt, matching cummerbund, and white organdie blouse.



mer evening, and pink is a color removed from red for accessories to wear with all hats or all white.

WILL fashions be festive this season?

Yes, they will. Fashion is leaning more and more towards gentle femininity expressed by softened, flowery chiffon and soft dresses, which are a spiritual echo from the "twenties." With all this femininity, the new frothy petticoats, ruffled or tiered and made of cotton, and the new bare-up day sandals.

APART from white, what is a new accent to the throat line?

This season the neckline due for special attention. The newest way to accent is by way of a cord. A cord of 10 strands of colored beads, 20 of seed pearls, or half a dozen of fake jewels.

The occasion and the time dictate the formal.

New, too, for this season, the scarf-accented blouse. The newest scarf shape is a circle worn tucked into a high neckline or on a bare shoulder top as a boa or lei.

One in white silk with deep rose-sequin stripes would look very nice. It would probably cost as much as a dress, but could be a means of giving half a dozen garments the 1932 dattling.

WHAT material will be for summer coats?

Numbers of sheer coats drift across the summer, some sophisticated, some simply simple.

Silk print is also a fashionable solution to the summer coat problem. Some are with a plain fabric lining and are completely reversible.



SHORT-CUT jacket with a square-cut shape. The material is check cotton gingham (above).



MIDDY blouse-jacket is moulded to the figure and has a low-cut neckline (right).

Lightweight wool coats herald Spring

Your best investment this Spring —

A fine wool coat for the well-dressed look any day, most nights.

The fabrics to look for — lightweight wools with texture — such as ribbed wool, fleece, tweed, poodle cloth.

The colours to choose — those that tone or contrast with most of your wardrobe. A pink coat, for instance, may point up a red printed dress, or contrast with navy.

The style should be your style — A small waist is flattered by the fitted, full skirted "Princesse" coat (right). Tall women look well in the new back-belted short coat.

Narrow straight coats help to camouflage a not-so-good figure.



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F2057.—Bare-shoulder dress and a short bolero jacket, both new and extremely flattering. Sizes 24in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material for dress and 2½ yds. 36in. material for bolero. Price, 3/6.

F2058.—Cool for summer, long-trimmed one-piece dress with a wide skirt. Sizes 24in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. 36in. material for bolero. Price, 3/6.

F2059.—The hit of the season, the one-piece dress with a summer belt. Sizes 24in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. 36in. material for bolero. Price, 3/6.

F2060.—The dress with a high blouse line, a top skirt in spring fashion. Sizes 24in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2061.—One-piece with an elegant pleated skirt. A series of the new season's fashions. Sizes 32in. to 42in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

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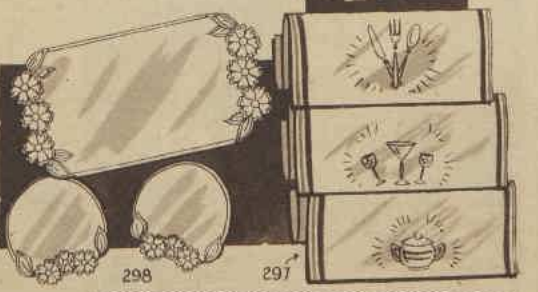
An attractive skirt, obtainable cut out ready to make in British cotton. The color choice includes red, navy, yellow, sage-blue, green, pink, and sky-blue, all printed with a white spot. Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist measurement. Price, 21/3. Postage, 1/8 extra.

No. 296.—DIRNDL SKIRT

A full dirndl skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes pale grey printed with brown and white; penny-brown with nigger-brown and white; and blue with navy and white. Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist measurement. Price, 23/11. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

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1 FASHIONABLE young man about London Tom Ramsay (Nigel Patrick) is idle, worthless, and dissolute in the eyes of his industrious brother George, from whom he has wormed money for many years past.



2 BARMAN'S job is Tom's typically embarrassing answer to ultimatum from George Ramsay (Bobby Culver), left, that Tom will get no more funds from him but must find a job and begin to support himself.

Episode from "ENCORE"



THREE of W. Somerset Maugham's short stories — "The Ant and The Grasshopper," "Winter Cruise," and "Gigolo and Gigolette" — come to the screen under the film title "Encore" (J. A. Rank).

The pictures on this page tell the story of "The Ant and The Grasshopper," which features irrepressible playboy character Tom Ramsay; this is Maugham in ironic mood.

Australian Margaret Vyner (who is the wife of English actor Hugh Williams) plays a main feature role.

As with his earlier omnibus films, "Quartet" and "Trio," Somerset Maugham introduces "Encore" in person. On this occasion he was photographed at his Mediterranean villa at St. Jean-Cap Ferrat.

3 INCENSED when his unscrupulous brother turns up as doorman at his favorite city club, conservative George finds that he cannot cope and is forced to dip into his pockets once more.



5 DEAL with Mr. Bateman (Charles Victor), left, to purchase Ramsay home is interrupted by window-cleaner Tom. For once George refuses to be intimidated; Tom swindles him of £200 and goes to France.

6 COURTSHIP by Tom of American Gertrude mott (Margaret Vyner), the third richest woman in the world, follows a disastrous session at the tables in France, in which the latest windfall disappears.



7 TRANSFIXED with surprise, George Ramsay reads in "The Times" that worthless Tom has married the American millionaire. George's wife, Freda (Alison Legatt), wonders what has hit him.

8 PAYING his debts with a flourish, Tom, now back in England as the indulged husband of a rich woman, puts up money to save the old family home and leave brother George a broken and completely bewildered man.

Island film costumes designed by Fijian

By NAN GOREY, in Suva

The rooms and grounds of a lovely home called "the house on the hill," at Samabula, Suva, Fiji, have become one of the most unusual "factories" in the Pacific.

In charge is Fiji-born Elizabeth Hennings — or just Liz — whose cousin is Fijian chief Ratu Sir Lala Sukuna, the first and only Fijian knight.

MISS HENNINGS is costume designer for "His Majesty O'Keefe," which Warner Brothers Studio is making at Suva and nearby locations.

Her unusual factory employs mostly unusual workers. Instead from the direct glare of a tropical sun by a hand-woven reed blind, Fijian women sit every day weaving hundreds of fibre belts and sarongs to be worn by native women in the picture.

Location for the film, in which Burt Lancaster plays the leading role of the auto-erotic Irish-American O'Keefe, Ndeumba (pronounced Numbha), a coastal resort 25 miles from Suva.



ELIZABETH HENNINGS has the job of designing native costumes for "His Majesty O'Keefe." Here she supervises the dyeing of kuanis (pulu fibre) for native sarongs.

Director Byron Haskin, who directed "Treasure Island," began shooting the film on Sunday, July 20, after painters and carpenters had turned Suva's main street Customs House into a Hongkong bank for the day.

Miss Hennings has returned from Europe to Fiji for the first time in 16 years to work on the film. But she has not yet gone home. Home is Naitauba Island, 18 hours by sea, owned by her father, Gustavus Hennings, or "Old Gus" as he is affectionately called by his friends.

"Mr. Haskin chose Miss Hennings for the big job because of her work in London," Mr. Norman Deming, associate producer, told me in Suva. From the true story of the same title, the film action takes place on the island of Yap in the Carolines — the "land of grass skirts and stone money" — about the year 1870, before Europe became interested in the south Pacific.

It is a tale of the subjugation of happy islanders by Captain O'Keefe, who dreamt of himself as emperor of a Pacific empire. In the film, O'Keefe and his imperialism are eventually overthrown by the native population, which then returns to its happy, unambitious existence under the coconut palms.

For "His Majesty O'Keefe" Miss Hennings' "factory" will produce 500 skirts of satiny-like fibre specially dyed for the technicolor camera. Only raffia dyes that do not require boiling may be used.

Thousands of feathers will decorate eleven chiefs' head-dresses. Shells in their thousands of strings have been or-

dered from Fijian and Samoan dealers. They must be dyed soft pinks and reds. Another order was 50 pounds of bulk shells. Near the main film location at Ndeumba, where 80 Americans, English, and Australians have taken over the recently modernised Beachcomber Hotel, half-unpacked film machinery is stored in a large sound stage, new and strange among the palms.

Only the Warner Brothers' employees walk quickly in the noon-day heat. All except the producer, Harold Hecht, scriptwriters Borden Chase and Jim Hill, and Burt Lancaster, who share a villa, live at the hotel. Around meal times a tall figure with bleached hair tumbling about his face comes puffing to the hotel verandah.

Family man

"Did you see Burt?" everyone asks. "He's crazy, runs everywhere in this heat."

Originally an acrobat who started out for the Tivoli circuit in Australia in 1939, to find his plans changed by war, Lancaster is hoping to make a long-deferred visit after the film is finished this year.

"My wife, Norma, is coming out from Hollywood," he told me, "but she won't be able to bring our two boys and two girls."

They are aged from one to six years.



BURT LANCASTER, husky star of the island adventure "His Majesty O'Keefe," now being shot in Fiji, hopes to visit Australia when the film is finished.

The target for rolling brown — and blue — eyes wherever he walks in Suva, Lancaster is a noticeable figure. Tall and slimly built, he has not had a haircut for months, and there is always at least ten days' stubble on his chin.

He blushed with horror when I asked if his hair were peroxidized.

"Not even for the role," he protested. "No, it's sun-bleached. I'm supposed to look like this in the picture."

Art director Ted Haworth and scenic artist Simpson Robinson, an Englishman, have supervised the building of an authentic Chinese junk from a barge at the Government slips. Two streets of Suva will be transformed by a false front to resemble streets in Hongkong.

At least six male actors will be Australians. Well-known Sydney personalities Dorothy Dunckley, who is assisting with make-up, and Mrs. Mona Workman, whose province is wigs and fearsome mustachios, had been at Ndeumba a week when I visited the location.

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CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "The Unfaithful," mystery drama, starring Ann Sheridan, Lew Ayres, Zachary Scott. Plus "Shadow of a Woman," mystery. (Both re-releases.)
CENTURY.—★ "Phone Call From a Stranger," drama, starring Elette Davis, Gary Merrill, Shelley Winters, Keram Wynne. Plus featurettes.
CIVIC.—★ "Where the Sidewalk Ends," drama, starring Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney. Plus "Buffalo Bill," Western, starring Joel McCrea. (Both re-releases.)
EMBASSY.—★ "Mr. Denning Drives North," drama, starring John Mills, Phyllis Calvert. Plus ★ "Honey-moon Deferred," comedy, starring Kieron Moore.
ESQUIRE.—★ "The Glass Menagerie," social drama, starring Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy. Plus featurettes.
LIBERTY.—★ "Singin' in the Rain," technicolor musical comedy, starring Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen. Plus featurettes.
LYCEUM.—★ "The Magic Box," technicolor romantic drama, starring Robert Donat, Laurence Olivier, Margaret Johnston, and an all-star cast. Plus featurettes.
LYRIC.—★ "Enlighten My Daughter," social drama, starring Herbert Rawlinson, Beth Barton. Plus "The Gangster," thriller, starring Barry Sullivan, Belita. (Both re-releases.)
MAYFAIR.—★ "The Las Vegas Story," mystery drama, starring Jane Russell, Victor Mature. Plus ★ "Eye Witness," mystery, starring Robert Montgomery.
PALACE.—★ "A Girl in Every Port," comedy-farce, star-

ring Groucho Marx, Marie Wilson. Plus "The Big Night," mystery, starring John Barrymore, Jun. PARK.—★ "Along the Great Divide," Western, starring Kirk Douglas, Virginia Mayo, John Agar. Plus "Embraceable You," romantic drama, starring Dane Clark, Geraldine Brooks. (Re-release.)
PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Sailor Beware," comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Corinne Calvet, Marion Marshall. Plus featurettes.
REGENT.—★ "A Streetcar Named Desire," social drama, starring Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, Karl Malden. Plus featurettes.
SAVOY.—★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.
STATE.—★ "Where No Vultures Fly," technicolor African adventure, starring Anthony Steel, Dinah Sheridan, Harold Warrender. Plus featurettes.
ST. JAMES.—★ "Gaslight," drama, starring Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.
VARIETY.—★ "The Third Man," drama, starring Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Vali. (Re-release.) Plus "Girl in a Million," starring Hugh Williams.

Films not yet reviewed

PLAZA.—★ "Viva Zapata," drama of Mexican revolution starring Marlon Brando, Jean Peters. Plus featurettes.
VICTORY.—★ "Strange Door," drama, starring Charles Laughton, Sally Forrest. Plus "The Cimarron Kid," technicolor Western, starring Audie Murphy.

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INTRODUCTIONS

followed, and inquiries about the passage, and the business of the luggage. The Dormans had brought both utilities to the pier-head, and Tim Archer was sitting in the old one below.

Presently Jennifer was passing through the Customs, and then her suitcase and trunk were down in the new utility, and she was free into Australia. The Dormans had engaged a room for her at their hotel for a couple of nights; she found herself whisked up into this, and then they all had lunch together, except for Tim Archer, who had started back for Merrig in the old utility.

Jennifer decided that it was easier to submit until the hospitality of these kind strangers had exhausted its first impetus; she felt that it would be rude and ungenerous to battle against it now.

Angela disappeared after lunch upon her own affairs, and Jane and Jack Dorman took Jennifer out to the new utility. They all sat together in the wide seat and started out on the long drive up into the Dandenong Mountains, clothed in trees finer and taller than any that Jennifer had seen in England.

By the time they got back to Melbourne, Jennifer was dazed with new impressions. By common consent, they spent the evening quietly in the hotel. Jennifer was tired, and at Leonora the Dormans were in the habit of getting up at six in the morning and going to bed soon after nine each night.

So for a while after dinner Jennifer sat talking quietly with Jane Dorman in a corner of the lounge of the hotel, while Jack smoked a cigar and read an evening paper.

The girl said presently, "I'd like to take a little time to-morrow looking for a room or a small flat to live in here. It's terribly nice of you to ask me up to Leonora, and I'd love to go back with you for a week, but after that I'll have to come back here and take a job. I thought I'd better see about that to-morrow."

Jane said, "I know just how you feel. We'll get you fixed up with somewhere nice to live before we go back home. I don't think you ought to be in too much of a hurry to start work, though. You'd be much more comfortable if you stay with us at Leonora for a month and start work in the autumn. It's much cooler out there."

The girl said awkwardly, "I think I ought to start earning something sooner than that, even if it is a bit hot." The aspidochelone of England were still strong in her; to relax and rest was somehow vaguely disgraceful. "I'm living on your money as it is," she said.

The older woman said evenly, "You're doing nothing of the sort, my dear. When we sent that money to Aunt Ethel we gave it to her. That was the end of it, so far as we were concerned."

The girl said, "I'm sorry—I oughtn't to have said that. But I would rather start earning my own living fairly soon."

"I know," said Jane. "So long as you know that we should love to have you for as long as you can stay with us. None of our children are home

now; Angie will be coming up at the end of the week, but she won't stay longer than ten days. It's dull for young people up at Merrig, of course—nothing ever happens there."

Jennifer said, "I think I'd find Merrig rather interesting. If I stayed up there too long with you I might not want to come back to the city at all."

Jane glanced at her curiously. "Have you ever lived in the country at home?"

The girl laughed. "I've always lived in towns—in Leicester, and then in London. I don't really know what living in the country's like. I suppose that's why I'm interested in it."

"It can be very dull in the country," Jane said. "Long periods of doing nothing but the daily work of a woman has to do, cooking and washing and cleaning the house. No one but your husband and the men to talk to, and only the radio to listen to. But—I don't know. I wouldn't like to live anywhere else."

Jennifer thought about this for a minute. Then she asked, "How many sheep have you got?"

Jane looked up in surprise. "I don't quite know—about three thousand, I think. Jack, how many sheep are there on Leonora?"

He looked up from his paper. "Three thousand five hundred and sixty, unless someone's been along and pinched some of 'em."

"About there's the beef cattle," Jane Dorman said. "About two hundred. Hereford."

"Two hundred and six," said Mr. Dorman, and returned to his paper.

"I suppose you sell a lot of them for meat," said Jennifer.

"Sell about six or seven hundred fat lambs every year," Jane replied, "and a good few ewes. But most of the money comes from the wool clip, of course."

"I wasn't thinking so much about the money," the girl replied. "It must be rather fun raising so much food."

"Fun?"

"Don't you feel pleased at being able to turn out such a lot of meat?"

Jane smiled. "I never thought about it. Send them to market and that's the end, so far as we're concerned, except to bank the cheque when it comes in."

"It seems such a good thing to be doing," said the girl.

Again Jane glanced at her curiously. It was the first time that she had heard it suggested that there was any ethical value in the work that she and Jack had spent their lives in.

In the early years they had been looked down upon as country hicks, unable to make a living in the city and so compelled to live upon the land; in those hard days between the wars when wool was one and six a pound nobody had cared whether they lived or starved.

In recent years, with wool ten times the price, they had been abused as profiteers. In neither time had anyone suggested in her hearing that their

The Far Country

Continued from page 4

work had any social value. Jennifer, she thought, came to Australia with a fresh outlook; it would be interesting to find out what it was.

She asked, "How are things at home now in regard to food? What's it really like for ordinary people?"

Jennifer said, "It's quite all right—there's really heaps of food. Of course, it's not like it is here or on the ship. But there's heaps to eat in England."

"Not meat, is there?"

"No. Meat is a bit scarce."

"When you say scarce, Jennifer, what does that mean? One hears such different stories. One day you see a picture of a week's ration of meat in England about the size of a matchbox, and then someone like you comes along and says it's quite all right. Can you get a steak?"

"Oh, no—not what you'd call a steak. I'd never tasted a grilled steak till I got on the ship."

"Never tasted a grilled steak?"

"No. Even if you could get the steak, I don't think you'd cook it that way, because of wasting the fat."

"You eat a lot of fish, don't you?"

JENNIFER nodded. "A lot. Do you get much fish here?"

"Not much fresh fish. I don't think we've got the fishing fleets that you've got at home. We get a lot of kippers and things like that."

"Like the English kippers? Herrings?"

"They are the English kippers," Jane said. "Scotch, rather. They all seem to come from Aberdeen."

"Do you get those out here?"

"Why, yes. You can buy kippers all over Australia."

There was a silence, and then Jennifer said, "Have you been doing a lot of shopping since you came down here?"

"Oh, my dear. Do you know anything about pictures?"

Jennifer knew absolutely nothing about pictures, but she listened with interest to the results of the picture hunt to date. She went to bed early, as did the Dormans, thinking that these were simple and unaffected people that she was beginning to like rather well.

Next day, Jennifer went shopping with Jack and Jane, making quite a tour of the city. She was very impressed with Melbourne, and the Dormans beamed when she said, "I think it's charming."

Jane wanted to buy a wrist-watch for Jack to commemorate their holiday, and they all went into a shop that Jennifer alone would never have dreamed of entering, and looked at watches.

Finally Jane bought a gold self-winding wrist-watch for her husband for ninety-two guineas, and never turned a hair. Clothes did not appear to appeal to Jane very much—"I so seldom go anywhere, Jenny," but shoes were another matter, and she bought

thirty-eight pounds worth half an hour.

Jack left them while she was going on, and they went to buy a new refrigerator, a hundred and twenty guineas, and a mass of miscellaneous kitchen gadgets and things for fifty-three pounds and six shillings and sixpence.

"We get down in Melbourne so seldom," Jane said to Jennifer.

Jennifer wondered what relation in a state she had never spent a morning in before. Jack caught sight of them as they were buying a new coffee and said he'd sometimes thought Jane should have a car of her own and not see the utilities.

He'd found a little car had only done a thousand miles and was a bargain at a hundred quid above his price. He would Jane like to see it? They went to look at it. They were looked at it and bought it, then they had lunch and then on certain material and pets.

"The husband is a bit by," Jane remarked. "I know what you'll think coming from England. It brightens it up a little."

By bedtime they were dead tired, and they lay about thirteen hundred and sixty pounds.

Jennifer felt with all the instincts that the Dormans be crazy, and then she minded herself of the Aunt Ethel and the money that the wool cheque had brought her twenty-two thousand and thought perhaps this was normal to Australia.

Later that evening she showed Jennifer a picture of a blue enamel dressing-table that Jack had bought for all by himself and had had to her rather cheap.

Jennifer felt that there must be something in spending so much on her upbringing in the streets of England. The money must be so. The question was that here it all seemed natural and right.

The Dormans had been for thirty years without recompense and now had through to their money in spite of the valuation of a traditions Jennifer was for them, and placed in a country that allowed people like that.

She had been brought the belief that money was the rich came out of the keys of the poor, and it never seriously questioned. But in Australia, if there were very few people, it was

In her two days in the try she had seen great things at the railway station and for boys of money work as railway porters twelve pounds a week, and had seen sufficient of the in the cheaper shops to see that such boys would be better off than she had been when working for the Pensions in England.

It was all very difficult very puzzling, and she was asleep that night with a feeling of guilty enjoyment.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



FOR THE CHILDREN

The Far Country

Continued from page 40

ran across the road in front of them; she learned that this was a possum.

She saw a good many rabbits, exactly like the English rabbit, and was told about their depredations and the methods that were used to keep their numbers down.

The style of the small towns and villages through which they passed reminded her of movie pictures of the Middle West of the United States; the same wooden houses with wide verandahs and tin roofs, the same wide streets, at one time cattle tracks.

It was a gracious, pleasant country that they passed through on that drive, the grass becoming yellow in the mid-summer sun, but a well-watered and a friendly country, all the same.

In the evening they came to Leonora homestead on the slopes of the Buller range above the bridge and school and hotel that was Merrig.

Jennifer was driving with Jane for the last part of the journey; she closed the last paddock gate and got back into the car, and Jane drove into the yard behind the homestead, where the new utility was already parked, with Mario and Tim admiring it. They got out and stretched after the long journey.

"Well, this is it," said Jane. "Is it like what you thought it was going to be?"

Jennifer looked around her. All the buildings were severely practical, the walls of white-painted weatherboard, the roofs of corrugated iron painted with red oxide.

OF special interest to the English girl were the numbers of great corrugated-iron water tanks, disposed to catch the rain that fell upon the roofs, and there was another such tank high up on a wooden stand, from which the house was supplied. The house itself had deep verandahs on two sides, and flywire doors, and screens on all the windows.

Standing in the yard she had a wide view out over the basin of the Delatite, pastures and occasional woods, and behind that again the sun was setting behind a wooded mountain. It was very quiet and secure and peaceful in the evening light.

"I think it's simply lovely," said the girl from London. "I don't think I've ever been in such a beautiful place."

They turned to the homestead and started on the business of getting themselves and the luggage indoors, and the refrigerator and the grandfather clock, and began the business of preparing supper.

Mario had killed a sheep and butchered it, and there was cold roast mutton in the larder; salad and tinned peaches with cream and plum cake completed the impromptu meal, which they ate in the big kitchen.

Leonora homestead had several bedrooms, but, with Tim Archer and Mario both living in, Angela Dorman and Jennifer shared a room. Jennifer soon found that Angela was frankly curious about England; the barrage of questions began as soon as they went to bed.

"Have you ever seen Westminster Abbey?" Angela asked. Jennifer was taken by surprise. "Why—yes—"

"It's very beautiful, isn't it?" The girl from London had to think a bit. "It's all right," she said at last. "I don't know that I ever noticed it particularly."

"It's where they have the

Coronation, isn't it? Where the King and Queen get crowned?"

Jennifer wasn't quite sure if the Coronation took place there or at St. Paul's.

"I think it is," she said, and laughed. "You know, it must sound awfully silly, but I'm not quite sure."

"I'm sure it's Westminster Abbey," said the Australian girl. "I was reading a book about the Coronation of the King and Queen, in 1937. It had a lot of pictures taken in the Abbey. It must be marvellous to see a thing like that."

"I should think it would be," Jennifer agreed. "I haven't seen it, of course. I was a kid at school in Leicester. I remember that we got a whole holiday."

"We got a holiday here, of course," said Angela. "I was only little, but I remember Banbury was all decorated with flags and bunting everywhere."

Jennifer tried to visualise the little country town that they had passed through all decorated and rejoicing over an event that happened twelve thousand miles away, and failed. "Really?"

"Why, of course. And then when the film came to the picture house Daddy and Mummy took me to it. It was the first film I ever saw; I think I was about five. It came back during the war, and I saw it again then. I've seen it three times altogether."

"I remember it was a good film," said Jennifer. "I saw it in England." She reflected as she brushed her hair that Angela Dorman, then a little country schoolgirl at Merrig, probably knew a good deal more about the Coronation ceremonies and Westminster Abbey than she did.

Angela had a great deal more to ask. "Have you ever seen the King and Queen?"

"I saw them in the procession when Princess Elizabeth got married," Jennifer said.

"Did you see Princess Elizabeth, too?"

Jennifer nodded. "And the Duke of Edinburgh?"

"Yes. I've seen them several times."

"Tell me—do they look like their pictures?"

"Yes, I think so—as much as any people look like their pictures. They look very good sorts."

"It must be wonderful to see them close to like that," Angela said. "I suppose you've seen everything there is to see in London?"

"I don't know about that," said Jennifer. "I lived in London for two years, but I was outside in one of the suburbs at a place called Blackheath. I worked in an office there. I didn't see an awful lot of London, really."

"I'm going to London next year, if the wool holds up," said Angela. "I want to get a job in one of the big hospitals. Have you ever seen Winston Churchill?"

Please turn to page 43

Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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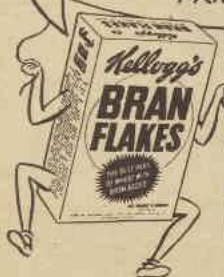


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A doctor writes about...

Some of my patients

Glandular fever has become more common
Injury caused to the cartilage of the knee

GWEN BROWN rang last week and asked me to call to see Harold. "He has been off color with a sore throat and a temperature for a few days," she said. "I think he has measles. He has a slight rash and is too ill to go to work to-day."

When I saw Harold he had a rash on his chest and on the upper part of his arms, and his spleen was a little enlarged. He told me too that his nose had been bleeding.

"I think you have glandular fever," I said, "although your glands are not much involved. A few in your neck which I can feel are swollen, and that is all."

"Glandular fever?" he said, "I always thought the glands were very swollen with that. One of the men in our office has his son ill with it now."

"Really, the disease is better called 'infectious mononucleosis,' as quite often in the case of adults the glands may be only slightly swollen, if at all," I replied. "Children are more prone to have the type in which the glands are enlarged."

"However, we'll have a blood count done and a blood test and between them we should get the whole picture."

"In the meantime, could I have some sulphur drugs or penicillin, doctor—just to hurry up my cure?" asked Harold.

"I'm sorry, but those drugs have no effect on this disease," I said. "I'll give you something to make you comfortable and then you must be patient."

The blood count revealed an alteration in the white cells of the blood which was very suggestive, but the blood test was not conclusive.

This does not alter my opinion, as the blood test (which consists of an interaction between the patient's blood and the blood cells of a sheep) may not be definite until the disease has been present for a couple of weeks.

It is, however, a very important diagnostic aid in distinguishing this from other more serious blood conditions.

Swelling of the glands—even though not always obvious—has given it the name of glandular fever. But, even when present, the swollen glands are merely the outward and visible sign of a general disease.

Every tissue in the body may be affected, and a case has been reported where a man who was accidentally killed and who was known to have had glandular fever a few weeks before was found, at post-mortem, to have areas of it in his heart, brain, and liver.

The cause of the complaint is unknown, but it is thought to be due to a virus. In recent years many more cases have been seen than formerly; perhaps it is that many more cases have been diagnosed. So

far, there is no specific treatment.

Sometimes it clears in a few weeks, sometimes it lasts much longer. It has been suggested that serum from a convalescent patient may cut short the attack, but this treatment in itself may be fraught with danger should the donor be in the incubation period of any disease.

JUST as I was leaving home this morning Peter James was carried into the surgery by two athletic young men.

"I think I've done my cartilage in while running for the tram," said Peter.

"Can you remember how you did it, Peter?" I inquired.

"My word I can!" he said.

"I put my foot into a pot-hole and my leg doubled up sideways. I got this pain on the inside of my knee where I got it last year when I was playing football. I can't straighten my leg; it's my cartilage, all right, doctor."

When I had examined him I said, "Your diagnosis is correct; and of course I remember now. You had a very swollen knee for a couple of weeks last time, and you went back

to work and walked as

fore I allowed you to see me. While heading and his knee in the approach, we heard a distant and he was able to straighten his leg again."

Of course, he wanted to work at once. "I'm going home to rest it," I said.

"In view of all the trouble you play, this may rest, if so, I think you should have your cartilage removed. The hands of an expert surgeon should be excellent."

The first time this knee is torn the patient should be put to bed with his knee completely at rest until all swelling has subsided.

There is generally a large amount of fluid present because of the associated vititis, and it takes some time to go.

If the patient has an accident again, while swelling is not so great, second time, rest does not produce the same good effect.

If, as in Peter's case, patient is an athlete, his knee liable to injury, should submit to treatment before permanent changes appear in the joint.

All names are fictitious do not refer to any person. We regret that we cannot answer inquiries.

ASTRO - PHYSICIST Dr. Jim Dungey, one of the scientists who will lecture at the forthcoming conference.



Science lectures - eightpence a time

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

Citizens who pay £1 may attend any of 400 lectures to be given at the 29th annual conference of the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science, at Sydney University from August 20 to 27.

NEARLY 2000 of the most brilliant scientists of the two countries, as well as overseas visitors, will deliver the lectures in 16 departments of science.

The lectures—from 20 minutes to one hour—will be given concurrently for five days. Enthusiasts could attend 30, at a cost of eightpence a lecture.

A visit to continuous film shows with features such as "The blood circulation of a frog," and "How a spider spins its web" could provide a special treat between lectures.

I went to see some of the scientists to ask about their lectures.

First I saw Dr. John Cynerman-Craig, who is small, dark, has large horn-rimmed spectacles and lots of

letters after his name, including Ph.D. and B.Sc.

When I tapped gently on the door of his laboratory in Sydney University's highly scented Chemistry School, he was putting liquid air into a thermos to freeze a tube to a temperature of minus 190deg. Centigrade.

"That's pretty cold," he said, his serious round face breaking into a smile. "Feel it. If you put your finger in there for five seconds it would drop off."

I didn't put my finger in there.

Dr. Craig told me that at the conference he would give a paper on the development of drugs for the treatment of tuberculosis.

"We are trying to synthesise a compound which will kill the T.B. bacillus before it kills the patient," he said.

"So far we have tested about 170 combinations in the past three years."

"T.B. bacilli contain more wax and fat than any other bacilli, so we must try to find a drug which will penetrate this fat."

Dr. Craig, who is from London, said that among the other things he was working on is anthelmintic drugs for use against worms in sheep.

Mathematical astro-physicist Dr. Jim Dungey will read a paper on "The theory of radio noise storms on the sun."

With a far-away look in his big brown eyes, Dr. Dungey, who is a Cambridge graduate, told me that this type of research was merely academic curiosity.

"I doubt whether storms can affect our life here on earth, but it is an interesting study," he said.

He explained that radio astronomers pick up variations of the sun's noise by pointing a radio arrow at the sun. This is connected to a telescope through which is recorded noise made at the sun's face.

"They give their findings to a fellow like me, and I do all these calculations," he said, waving sheets of figures.

"Sydney scientists know a lot about this business, but at this moment most sorts of observations are up with anyone in the world in this field of research."

JENNIFER

The Far Country

Continued from page 41

Jennifer went out presently into the yard in the fresh morning, and found Tim Archer lifting a couple of dogs into the back of the old utility. They were nondescript dogs, one a sort of mongrel collie and the other a blue roan, a kind of dog that Jennifer had never seen before.

She asked Tim what it was, and he said it was a "heeler," but when she pressed him to say if it was a breed or not he could not tell her. It was a heeler because it went for the heels of the cattle and not their heads, apparently.

"Do you use them for the sheep as well?" she asked.

"My word," he said. "Tim going down to get the mob out of the river paddock 'n put them down the road. Want to come along?"

She got into the utility with him, and they started off across country in it, driving over the short pastures. They went about a mile, passing through three gates, and drove round behind the sheep; here Tim stopped the utility and put the dogs out.

SHOOUTING orders to the dogs, Tim got one out on one flank and one the other and got the sheep moving, seven or eight hundred of them, in the direction of the gate.

They got back into the utility and drove about the paddock for a time, rounding up the stragglers with the dogs; then, when the mob was compact in one bunch, they drove along behind them in the centre, one dog at each side. They went very slowly, at the walking pace of a sheep.

Jennifer stretched in the warm sun. "I suppose this is the modern way of herding sheep," she said. "By motor-car."

"Too right," he said. "It's a sight quicker and easier than mousing about with a horse. The boss, he likes a horse and he'd ride if he was on this job. But to my way of thinking, by the time you've caught the horse and saddled up, you could have done the job in a utility."

He turned to her. "Don't they use utilities in the paddocks in England?"

She was nonplussed. "I don't think so," she said. "They don't have utilities at all. Most of the farms in England are quite small, much smaller than these. It's all different here."

"I know," he said. "The properties are bigger here, but you've got better land. Or else, perhaps, you improve it more than we do. How do you like it here, after England?"

"I like it so far," she said. "It's a very, very pretty bit of country, this."

He stared at her in surprise. "Prettier than England?"

"It's different," she said. "You'd have to go a long way to find such unspoilt country in England. England might have been like this once."

He digested this in silence for a time. Then he said, "Angie doesn't like it here. She wants to go to England."

"I know," she said. "Do you think she'll like it there?"

"She'll like it all right," said Jennifer. "She's determined to. She's expecting an awful lot, and she'll have some disappointments, I should think. But—yes, she'll like it."

They drove on for a time in silence while he digested this unpalatable opinion. The sheep bawled and scuffled in front of them, the dogs whimpering on either side.

"What I can't make out," he said at last, "is why anybody leaves England, if it's such a bonza place as that. Is it because they don't get enough to eat?"

"I don't think it's that," said Jennifer. "England can be difficult at times." She paused. "I think Angie may find that, when the glamor wears off. I shouldn't think she'd want to spend her life in England after living here."

"You think she'll come back here?" he asked quickly.

She laughed. "I don't know. She might marry somebody in England and settle down there."

"Too right," he said quietly. "She might do that."

It seemed to be a difficult conversation, and Jennifer changed it, and asked him what sort of sheep they were. He told her that they were Corriedales, and described to her the points that made them so.

From that they passed to discussing the Hereford cattle in an adjacent paddock, and the difference between those and Shorthorns.

"I wish I knew more about all this," she said presently. "About the land, and how to make it grow more grass. That's important, isn't it?"

He said, "Well, stands to reason if you grow more grass you can feed more beasts. There's a lot to be done in this part of the country to improve the pastures."

Please turn to page 44



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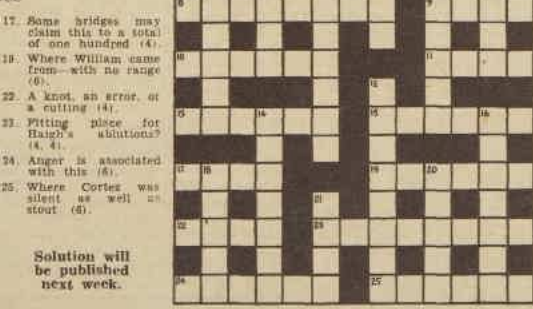
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Age with a snail (10).
2. Water girl finds a (6).
3. Name conclusion of (6).
4. Any may an open (4).
5. A round lady (4).
6. Weathered day and a (4).
7. A way for beer (4).
8. A word for perhaps (4).
9. A word for a director (4).
10. A word for a director (4).
11. A word for a director (4).
12. A word for a director (4).
13. A word for a director (4).
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15. A word for a director (4).
16. A word for a director (4).
17. A word for a director (4).
18. A word for a director (4).
19. A word for a director (4).
20. A word for a director (4).
21. A word for a director (4).
22. A word for a director (4).
23. A word for a director (4).
24. A word for a director (4).
25. A word for a director (4).



DOWN

1. Descended from a common ancestor (4).
2. A hindquarter may make a century (4).
3. A day that continues rusty Adh (4).
4. The three most famous couldn't (4).
5. Place often preceded by a railway (4).
6. A reverse narrative begins to up- (4).
7. Can none describe a Piper covered (4).
8. Shearings in case can be the cause (4).
9. Hair (7).
10. Hoarse edge of a flower (5).
11. Shattered fish found in fossil resin (4).
12. Pop on a reversed direction headed (4).

Solution will be published next week.

JENNIFER said,

"It's terribly important to turn out more meat," and Tim shrugged.

"It's just a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence," he said.

"It's a good thing to do as well," she retorted. "That ought to count for something."

He stared at her. "How do you mean?"

"The food's so badly needed," she said. "It's important to turn out as much as possible, isn't it?"

"Well, I dunno." All his life Tim Archer had lived in communities that had a surfeit of food: it was a condition of his employment on a sheep station in Victoria that he should be entitled to buy as much mutton as he wanted at three pence a pound, and this for a family meant half a sheep a week. It was hard for him to realise what this English girl was getting at.

"We don't need any more food here," he said. "You mean because of people at home?"

She nodded. "It would make a difference at home if people could live like you live here. It isn't till one comes away that one realises how bad things have got in England. If people here want to do something for England they can just set to and grow a bit more food."

"I wish you'd tell Angie that," he said ruefully.

"I don't mind, but it won't cut any ice. She wants to see England. But it's true, all the same. If there was a bit more food we mightn't want so many hospitals."

Jennifer spent the morning in housework with Jane; Angela did a little bit about the house and then borrowed her mother's car and disappeared for the day to look up old school friends in the district and to bring back a few vegetables and stores from Banbury.

Jennifer refused an invitation to go with her, preferring on this first day to stay around the homestead and help Jane to get the lunch. It was hot in the kitchen and they let the wood stove go out at about ten

o'clock and served a cold saddle of lamb for dinner with a great dish of potatoes and a cold jam tart.

They sat out, after washing-up, in deck-chairs on the verandah. Jack and the two men were away in one of the paddocks cutting up a dead tree for firewood.

There was a little breeze from off the mountain, cool and refreshing; they sat drowsing and gossiping, looking out over the wide valley in the blazing sunshine.

Presently Jane said, "Tell me about Aunt Ethel. What did she die of? I didn't gather that from your letters."

It was an awkward question, and one that Jennifer was not prepared to answer directly. Ealing and the suburban house in the dark November rain seemed very far away.

"She was an old dear," she said at last, "but in some ways she was rather stupid. She ran out of money, and she wouldn't tell anybody about it. You see, her pension came to an end."

She explained the matter of the pension, Jane listening quietly and thoughtfully.

Jennifer said, "We had no idea what was going on. I went to see Granny one Sunday only a month before she died, and she gave me a marvellous lunch—roast duck with all the trimmings, and a mince pie made out of some of the dried fruit parcels that you sent her."

It was incredible, sitting here on the verandah in the warm breeze, that those cartons had come from here.

"She had buttered scones for tea, and a great big cake. She never let on for a moment that there was anything wrong. And all the time she was—well, starving. That's what it amounted to. When she got ill, it came out that she hadn't eaten anything for days, except a few of your dried fruits."

"My dear, I am so very, very sorry."

"I know," the girl said. "She was very proud, and she

The Far Country

Continued from page 43

wouldn't tell a soul. She needn't have let things get to such a pitch. There's an official called the relieving officer to deal with cases like that and help with money. She could have gone to him. But she wouldn't do that."

They talked about the details of what had happened in Ealing for a time. Presently Jane asked, "Tell me, Jenny—is this sort of thing common now? Do old people, people of Aunt Ethel's sort—do many of them die in poverty?"

The girl said cautiously, "I think a good many of them have a pretty bad time. It's difficult to tell, because one doesn't hear a lot about them. Aunt Ethel didn't have to die like that. She was too proud to let anyone know that she was hard up. It wasn't anything to do with England. It could have happened in Australia."

"It could, but it doesn't," said Jane.

"Why not?"

"I think this country's too prosperous for that to happen. An old lady who was an old-fashioned and as proud as that would almost certainly have some relation to help out."

"She had some odd ideas," Jennifer went on. "She was thinking of the time when she was young, and how easy and how prosperous everything was then in England. I think she thought that if I came out here to see you I'd be getting back into the world she knew when she was young. But people don't live like that out here, do they?"

AFTER a short pause, Jane said slowly, "No only a very, very few—big station owners in the western district. They have big homes and play a lot of polo, and they hunt and give dances. But the majority of graziers are people like ourselves, people who've always been hard up until the past few years. Since the beginning of the war the price we get for meat and wool has gone up steadily, and now we've got so much money that we don't know what to do with it."

Jennifer asked, "But will these high prices go on?"

"I don't know," said Jane. "We'll still be well off if they fell to half what they are now."

"They're bound to fall, aren't they?"

"Wool's bound to fall," she said. "Wool will go down when the rearmament stops, but meat has been going up steadily for years. The world seems to want more and more food, and each year more and more is eaten in Australia as our population rises, and so there's less each year to export. That seems to mean higher and higher prices for meat."

She laid her damning in the basket and got out her cigarette-case, and gave Jennifer one; they sat smoking in silence for a little.

"I don't know what's going to be the end of it," she said. "This property would fetch about ninety thousand pounds at present-day prices, and it's all free of debt. That's heaps to leave the children when we die. We want them to work, not live on money that we leave them."

She paused, then added, "We want to go on working here ourselves; it's what we like doing. And these enormous sums of money keep coming in. I don't know what we'll do with it, I'm sure."

"Make a trip home," suggested Jennifer.

"We've thought of that," said Jane. "I don't know that I really want to go to England now."

She sat smoking in silence for a minute. "If Angie goes next year, we might go home the year after to see her. But that wouldn't take much money, not compared with what we're making."

Jennifer smiled. "You'll have to buy another grandfather clock."

Jane laughed. "I know it was stupid, Jenny, but I did like buying it. Made in Chester in 1806, before this country was even explored. It's a lovely thing to have." She spoke more seriously. "No, if things go on like this, some day I'd like to rebuild the homestead."

"Rebuild this house?"

Jane shook her head. "I'd like to build another house down by the river and turn this over to a foreman. I'll show you where I want to have it. A new brick house designed by an architect. Leave the stables and the stockyards all up here, and let the men have their meals up here with the foreman's family."

She gave a little sigh. "I want a gracious sort of house, where Jack and I can slack off as we get older and not have to cook for the men. A house where one can have good furniture and good pictures and good china and glass, like we used to have at home when I was a girl."

Jennifer settled down at Leonora's very happily.

It was no burden to her to take some of the cooking and cleaning off Jane for a few days; she rather enjoyed it.

She went out in the paddocks and the stockyards with Jack Dorman and the men whenever she was asked, and she found the management and care of stock and pastures interesting after her office life.

She would have found it even pleasanter if the weather had been cooler, and she came to realise the value of Jane's insistence that she should avoid the city at the height of the hot weather till she was acclimatised.

It was an exceptionally hot January. Each day the sun rose in a cloudless sky at dawn and set in a cloudless evening sky at dusk; each night Angela and Jennifer lay with few coverings in the somewhat stuffy little bedroom of the homestead, unable to sleep till midnight for the heat.

Each day this wreaths of smoke behind the mountains told of forest fires in the high country to the south of them, each day Jack Dorman listened to the wireless weather forecasts, worried, for some news of rain.

"Don't like the look of it at all," he said more than once.

He was too worried and preoccupied for Jennifer to bother him with questions, and Angela knew little about the station and cared less. She asked Tim Archer to tell her what the trouble was, and he said that the boss was worried over the condition of the top paddock, bordering on the forest.

If a fire should run through the forest to the Leonora boundary it would sweep across that paddock in a flash. The homestead would probably be safe enough, but fences would be destroyed; the dry wood of the posts would burn like tinder.

"The trouble is with these fires you don't know where they'll stop," said Tim.

It was on one of these cloudless days that Jane went into town with Angela; to make a break for her, Jennifer had volunteered to get the dinner so that Jane could dine at the hotel with Angela. She served the inevitable hot roast mutton with potatoes and vegetables competently, though she was dripping with sweat.

Beauty in brief:

Bleach treatment

By CAROLYN EARLE

- Where superfluous hair on the legs or arms is fine and downy in texture but noticeable mainly because it is dark in color, bleaching will very often help to camouflage the growth.

BLEACHING—or lightening hair color—sometimes tends to discourage the hair growth as well.

An effective bleach can be made by mixing three drops of ammonia water with three teaspoonfuls of 10-volume hydrogen peroxide.

Wash the skin thoroughly with soap and water, rinse several times in clear water, then moisten a pad of cotton-wool in the bleach mixture and bathe the area you want to lighten.

The treatment is quite harmless, and the bathing can be repeated as often as necessary—within reason, of course—until the color pigment is removed from the hair.

Hydrogen peroxide is best bought in small quantities and kept tightly corked in a cool place. Mix a fresh lot of bleach for each use.

Tim and Mario finished the meal and helped her with the washing-up. Then they went out to their work and Jack Dorman stood with her on the verandah looking at the wreaths of smoke rising almost straight up into the sky behind Buller.

He said anxiously, "I believe that's nearer. Think I'll run up the road a bit 'n see if I can find out where she's burning. Like to come?"

She got into the car with him and they started up the road towards the mountain. They passed the Merrijig Hotel and went on towards Lamirra and the timber camps.

At Lamirra Jack Dorman stopped the car and went with Jennifer into the store, kept by an English couple who had recently come out from Portsmouth, but they knew little of the local conditions and were ignorant about the fires; they did not think that they were very near.

"Run up the road a bit to where they're cutting," Jack said when they got outside. "We'll get a view over the ridge up there, and see for ourselves." They drove on up a broad, smooth, well-engineered road winding up the mountain-side.

Jack told Jennifer that this was a timber road made for the passage of the timber lorries getting the wood out; it was designed eventually for use as a main highway. They went on winding up the hillside, and it was cool in the forest; the great trees met high over their heads and practically the whole road was in shade.

From time to time they passed a trailer truck loaded with tree-trunks coming down, sighing with air brakes; from time to time they passed a track leading off into the forest on one side or the other, and saw groups of men handling the fallen timber, who paused in their work to stare curiously at the new utility.

They stopped to ask the ganger of a group of road-makers what the fire position was. He was reassuring; he said that it had not crossed the King River and he did not think it would; the forest fire patrol was there, and had cleared a fire break three miles long to save the forest timber.

Jennifer sat in the car while the men gossiped, understanding only about half of what they said; the names of mountains, rivers, people, and official bodies meant nothing to her, and she did not fully understand what it was all about.

It was lovely sitting there in the car. They were at an altitude of about four thousand feet and in the speckled shade of the forest; for the first time

that day she was cool. It stretched luxuriously. It was quiet in the forest, or it was have been but for the drum and rhythmic rumbling of a bulldozer at work.

She sat listening to the bulldozer as the men talked. The noises repeated in a cycle; a roaring acceleration of the motor followed by a few seconds of steady running, a period of idling, and then a few seconds of light rumbling, the thing reversed, and the idling period, and the cycle began again.

It varied very little; even listening to it dreamily, she fell asleep in the coolness of the forest.

The cycle was disturbed when she woke her from her doze. A rumbling of heavy timber into the air and the roaring of the engine mounted suddenly to a climax and then stopped dead.

There was a noise of tumbling machinery and a continued rumbling of rollers as a few men shouted in the distance, their voices puny and lost among the greater ones. Then everything was quiet again.

The men broke off their discussion of the fire and looked in the direction of the new sound.

"What's going on over there?" asked Jack.

"Bulldozer at work, with logs," the ganger said. "Said like he's got into more trouble. Those things are always getting into trouble. We had one bogged up to the wall last winter; took a week and a day's work to pull him out."

They went on with their work down in the forest everything was quiet. Presently the ganger went on and Jack Dorman let the clutch in and the car moved on up-hill.

"Sounds a bit better," he said to the girl beside him. "Go up to the top of the ridge and have a look. He won't see the fire from there."

A quarter of a mile later on a track led down the hill to the right. As they approached they saw a man running in this track towards the road, a man in a lumber-jacket and dirty canvas trousers, a man, running clumsily up the half-flooded. He was waving the car when he saw it.

Jack stopped and waved him to come up the road.

"Give us a run down the road to Lamirra," he said. "There's been an accident there, and two blokes are hurt. I got to telephone the doctor and the ambulance to Banbury, 'n find a bloke to Splinter."

To be continued

As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Plans for August 9 should be elastic. Allow for last-minute changes, but do try to make the best of what's offered. On August 12 wait till the clouds roll by.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Mrs. Taurus should find August 11 wonderful for artistic efforts round the home. August 13 could provide a couple of somersaults—nice work, but expensive.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Exploring Gemini will find adventure beckoning on August 10, especially in company with congenial people. Not much use kicking against a stone wall on August 12.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Don't invest recklessly on August 12. Steer clear of enthusiastic sales people. Don't sign on the dotted line before August 15, when you could strike pay-dirt.

LEO (July 23-August 23): Take your turn at entertaining that attractive young man on August 10. If older, give Friend Husband a pleasant surprise. Keep out of arguments on August 12.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Mr. and Mrs. Virgo may find August 9 depressing. Regard it as a challenge and formulate new ideas with detailed plans certain to take shape on August 14.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Hang a rainbow round August 11, when almost anything might happen from an offer of marriage to the presidency of the bowling club.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Figure it all out on August 10. Weigh advantages and drawbacks. Leap into action for the week, even if August 12 makes you grit your teeth; the prize is yours.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): The pace speeds up, with August 11 significant of future developments. Should August 12 block your plans, watchful waiting is the answer.

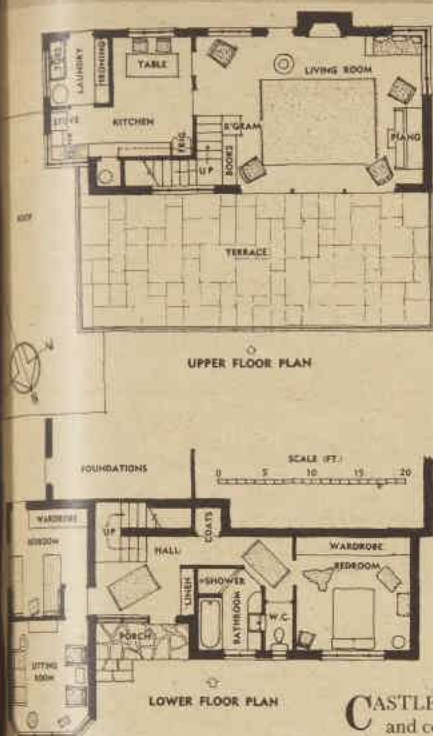
CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Don't let anybody make a "Goat" of you on August 9, particularly a scapegoat. August 14 will show that your judgment was sound.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): For many of you August 10 may prove disappointing, partly through your own fault. August 12 is the highlight for social doings.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): The unexpected could gild August 10—a bright thread in a dull weave. On August 14 Pices will really go to battle and rejoice in victory.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

Architect's home on a two-level site



EXTERIOR (above) and floor plans (above left) of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sutherland's home at Castlecrag, N.S.W. Apart from minor terracing, the house, which is grey-blue trimmed with white and yellow, was built in the natural formation of the land.

CASTLECRAG, a fast-developing and comparatively young northern suburb of Sydney, is noted for its well-planned home sites, lovely bush-land, and for the stimulating and individual design of its modern homes.

Young Sydney architect Duncan Sutherland built his home there in Sugarloaf Crescent on a fan-shaped block that rises steeply from the street and goes back to a sheer wall of rock.

The design and some of the construction of the house were done by Mr. Sutherland three years ago as part of his final examination in architecture.

The steep rise in the land made an unusual layout possible.

The home was built on two levels. On the lower level are the three bedrooms, one of which is used as a small winter sitting-room, bathroom, toilet, entrance hall, and stairs that lead to the living-room, kitchen, and laundry on the upper level. The roof of the main bedroom and bathroom on the lower level forms the terrace that opens off the living-room in the top level.

All the rooms have a north-eastern view of wooded hillside. The cliff at the back gives protection against westerly winds and hot late-afternoon sun.



LIVING-ROOM, kitchen, and laundry open at the back to this protected courtyard between the house and cliff.



GLASS DOORS open on the north-eastern side of the living-room to the sun terrace, which is the roof of the main bedroom and bathroom on the lower level. Built-in bookshelves with radiogram are used in place of a banister at the top of the stairs.



WINDOWS of the small sitting-room on the lower level have patent stays so that the windows can be opened at the bottom, even in heavy rain. The lighting fittings, squares of frosted glass set flush with the ceiling, cost only five shillings each.



FIREPLACE in the living-room, set in the wall and raised about 18in. from floor level, is designed to throw out heat at seating level. Built without an outer hearth, the inside hearth is sloped backwards so that logs won't roll out.

An iron, a toaster,
a jug, would be
wonderful!

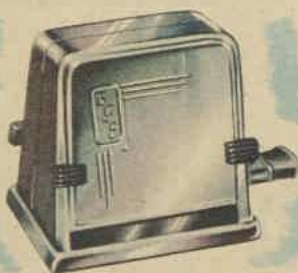
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Fashion FROCKS



Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"KIM."—A smart button-up coat-dress designed with a pintucked yoke and slit skirt pockets. The model is suitable for all daytime activities. The material is lightweight British melange, the color choice includes grey, blue, green, and brick-red.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 81/2 and 38in. bust, 89/3.

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• **NOTE:** Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 37.

Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Stodarts Building, 21 Pier St., Sydney.



THE

coroner nodded, poker-faced, but Mrs. Mackay was scandalised. What I had said sounded mighty like sacrilege to her. A man should be humble, not proud, and what did a homeless vagabond like Baker have to be proud of? And I had said nothing about man's burden of sin or this vale of tears.

I was tempted to tell her Baker and I had invented a religion of our own and did things differently. Baker would have enjoyed the joke if he could, but I let it pass. Neither levity nor anger could get through her armor. She was all armor, grown from the inside out, and even her heart was of hard metal.

We lowered the coffin. Mackay and I began filling the grave, and the coroner and Mrs. Mackay talked. This morning Mackay had little to say, and I was glad of it. I was tired of being polite to him.

Mrs. Mackay said she had work to do, and went away after nodding at her husband as though to say: Don't waste all day on that. The coroner shook hands and drove off with his helper.

We worked in silence until the earth was heaped high above old man Baker. Then Mackay said abruptly, "Come out in the timber a minute. I'll show you something."

I wanted nothing more to do with him, but he insisted, and I followed him out of the cemetery and through the tall brush to an old, windowless log shack. With his hand on the door Mackay looked at me. "Hardly ever howled, like he knew enough to keep still.

No Dogs

Continued from page 6

Heard him a couple of times late at night. That was all."

He opened the door and Baker's black dog ran out, to dance around me. Perhaps he thought I had come to take him to Baker. Mackay stared uneasily in the direction of his own house.

"You better take him. Sooner or later she'd find out if I kept him. And it's pretty hard to sneak out the food. She already noticed I was eating more."

"Man, you're all right," I said, meaning it. "I'll get you a stock dog, the best — the best I can find."

"No — she won't stand for no dog."

"Then something else. I owe you something, on Baker's account."

"That's all right. I never knew you wanted him, and I kind of thought . . . But it wouldn't never work out. Let's get him in your car."

The dog led the way through the trees with its head up, sniffing the breeze.

"Might be a good hunter," Mackay said, watching the dog. He kicked at a root and muttered, "Well, I wouldn't get time to hunt, anyhow. Kind of smart dog, though, and I just thought maybe I could figure out how to keep him."

Mackay was nervous until the dog was in my car. I wanted to do something for him, but if I offered money either he'd spit in my face and I'd feel mean, or he'd take

it and we'd both feel mean.

He looked over his shoulder. "Well, guess I better go. I remembered the whisky and brought it. Watching his face. I can't have thought of anything better if I'd tried for a week. We each had a drink, he was watching with sad, gentle eyes."

Mackay, turning the car over and over in his head spoke without looking at me. "The old lady ain't mean. But she's always been hard row."

"Afraid of being old and poor and friendless," I said and he nodded, but I thought of Baker, who had never been kindless. Baker had been kind, she grasped, but if she had grasped the whole of it she wouldn't have had anything; she would have had what counted. And I thought, "Baker was poor and old."

"That's it." There was more, but Mackay couldn't find the words, and at last he bewilderment. "Why, she's the prettiest, laughingest I don't see how —"

He gave it up, shaking his head. I refused another drink and drove off. Mackay drank the whisky dry, at a time. I wished he'd done it all at once and start a revolution, but it had been too long for that a long time ago.

Baker's dog seems content with me and doesn't appear to grieve, but perhaps he is the old man in that way and knows whimpering is help matters.

(Copyright)

TO MAKE FOR SPRING

The crocheted cotton blouse and knitted waistcoat shown here are the first of spring designs. Both styles are trimly made and frosty white.

CROCHET BLOUSE

Materials: 13 balls selected white chain mercerized No. 20 (20 gram.); 1 steel crochet hook No. 3; and tight workers.

Measurements: 7 sps. and 7 rows to pattern to 1 in.

Measurements—to fit 36 in. length of back, 20 in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; slip-stitch, sl. st.; double st., tr.; sp., space.

BACK

Commence with 295 ch.

Row 1: 1 tr. into 5th ch.

Row 2: * 1 ch., miss 1 ch.,

into next ch., repeat from

beginning 4 ch., turn.

Row 3: Miss first sp., 1

tr. into next sp., * 1 ch., 1 tr.

into next sp., repeat from

* 4 times more, 1 ch., 1 tr.

into 4th ch., 4 ch., turn.

Row 4: 1 tr. into first sp.,

1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp.,

repeat from * 14 times more,

1 tr. into 3rd of 4 ch.,

turn.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows

until piece measures 12 in.

Row 5: 1 tr. into each

into each tr., 1 tr.

into 4th ch., turn.

YOKE

Row 6: Ss. into each of

all tr., 4 ch., * miss 2 tr.,

into next tr., 1 tr. into

next tr. (cross tr. made),

1 tr. into next tr.,

repeat from * (another

* 4 times more, miss 1

tr. into next tr., 4 ch.,

turn.

Row 7: * 1 cross tr. on

next 2 cross tr., 1 ch.,

repeat from * to end of row,

turn. 3rd of 4 ch., 4 ch.,

turn.

Repeat 2nd row until yoke

measures 5 in., omitting turn-

ing on last row.

Shoulder Shaping — Next

Row 8: Ss. along to second

cross tr., 4 ch., work in pat-

tern to within last two cross

tr., turn. Repeat this row 9

times more.

Row 9: Ss. along to

second cross tr., 4 ch., work

in pattern to within last four

tr., turn. Repeat this

row 4 times more. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Commence with 162 ch.

Row 1: 1 tr. into 5th ch.

Row 2: * 1 ch., miss 1 ch.,

into next ch., repeat from

beginning 4 ch., turn.

Row 3: Miss first sp., 1

tr. into next sp., * 1 ch., 1 tr.

into next sp., repeat from

* 64 times more, 1 ch., 1 tr.

into 4th of

4 ch., 4 ch., turn.

Continue working as for

back, using 22 tr., 1 ch. sp.,

1 tr. on top of tr. up

from until yoke mea-

sures 5 in., ending at armhole

with 4 ch., turn.

NECK

Row 1: Work in pattern,

beginning with 1 tr. into last

tr., turn.

Row 2: Ss. along to sec-

ond cross tr., 4 ch., work in

pattern to end of row, 4 ch.,

turn.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: Ss. to first cross

tr., 4 ch., work in pattern

to end of row, 4 ch., turn.

5th Row: As 1st row.

6th Row: Ss. along to sec-

ond cross tr., 4 ch., work in

pattern to within the last two

cross tr., turn.

7th Row: Ss. along to sec-

ond cross tr., 4 ch., work in

pattern, ending with 1 tr. into

last cross tr., turn.

8th Row: Ss. to first cross

tr., 4 ch., work in pattern to

within the last two cross tr.,

turn.

Repeat 7th and 8th rows

twice more.

13th Row: As 7th row, turn-

ing with 4 ch.

14th Row: Work in pat-

tern to within last two cross

tr., turn.

15th Row: Ss. along to 4th

cross tr., 4 ch., work in pat-

tern, ending with 1 ch., 1 tr.

into 3rd of 4 ch., 4 ch., turn.

16th Row: Work in pattern

to within last two cross tr.,

turn.

17th Row: Ss. along to sec-

ond cross tr., 4 ch., work in

pattern, ending with 1 ch., 1

tr. into 3rd of 4 ch., Fasten

off.

Work right front to corre-

spond with left front, making

buttonholes as required. To

make buttonholes, work 7 tr.,

8 ch., miss 8 tr., 7 tr., and

on next row work 1 tr. into

each tr. and into each ch.

COLLAR

Make a chain long enough

to fit neck, omitting centre

bands.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 4th ch.

from hook, 1 tr. into each ch.

to end of foundation ch., 3

ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss first tr., 1

tr. into each tr. to end of row,

1 tr. into 3rd of turning ch.,

3 ch., turn.

Repeat 2nd row 13 times

more, omitting 3 ch. at end

of last row.

Fasten off.

ARMHOLE BAND

Commence with 18 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 4th ch.

from hook, 1 tr. into each of

next 14 ch., 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss first tr., 1

tr. into each of next 14 tr.,

1 tr. into 3rd of 3 ch., 3 ch.,

turn.

Repeat 2nd row for length

required to go round armhole.

Fasten off.

Make another piece in same

manner.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side and shoulder

seams. Make two darts in

at back of neck. Sew on col-

lar and armhole bands. Join

thread at bottom of left front

Knitted waistcoat

Materials: 9oz. shade 51,

white, and small quantity

shade 52, black, of Patons

"Beehive" fingering 4-ply,

Patonised (this is the only wool

which should be used); 1 pair

No. 10 knitting needles; 7 but-

tons; hooks and eyes.

Measurements (to fit 34 in.

bust): Length from top of

shoulder to point, 21 in.

Tension: 9 sts. to 1 in.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 3 sts.

1st Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1.

2nd Row: ** Increase once

on 1st st., purl to last st., in-

crease once in last st.

3rd Row: Increase in 1st st.,

* sl. 1, k 1, rep. from * to end

of row.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: Increase in 1st st.,

* k 1, sl. 1, rep. to last st.,

k 1 **.

Repeat from ** to ** 12

times. (81 sts.)

Work 7 rows without shap-

ing.

Dec. once at beg. of next and

every fol. 4th row until 76 sts.

remain.

Work 11 rows without shap-

ing.

Inc. once at beg. of next and

every fol. 6th row 13 times (14

increasings).

Work 25 rows without shap-

ing.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next

row.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of fol-

lowing three alt. rows.

Cont. in patt., inc. once at

beg. of every 4th row 14 times.

Work 6 more rows, inc. once

at beg. of 6th row.

Neck Shaping: Cast off 12

sts. at beg. of next row. Dec.

once at neck edge in each of

the

Make Housekeeping Money Stretch

by using Oven Magic.

Meat goes twice as far!

BEEFSTEAK PIE

- 1 LB. STEWING STEAK (ROUND OR CHUCK)
- 1 LEVEL TABLESPOON DRIPPING
- 1 LEVEL TEASPOON SALT
- 1 PINCH OF NUTMEG
- 1/4 TEASPOON PEPPER
- 3 MEDIUM SLICED ONIONS
- 2 LEVEL TEASPOONS MEAT EXTRACT
- 2 CUPS HOT WATER
- 2 LEVEL TABLESPOONS FLOUR
- 1 TABLESPOON AUNT MARY'S TOMATO SAUCE

Cut steak into 2" pieces and brown well in hot dripping in a saucepan. Drain off any surplus fat. Add salt, nutmeg, pepper, sliced onions and meat extract blended with the hot water. Cover and simmer for 2 hours. Remove meat to a pie dish. To thicken remaining meat to a pie dish. To blend flour with a little cold water, and boil 1 minute. Add tomato sauce, and this gravy over the meat in the pie dish and allow the mixture to cool whilst making the pastry.

PASTRY

- 6 OZS. PLAIN FLOUR
- 3 LEVEL TEASPOONS AUNT MARY'S CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER
- 1 PINCH SALT
- 3 OZS. CLARIFIED FAT
- 1 LITTLE WATER

Sift dry ingredients and rub in the clarified fat. Mix to a dry dough with water, and knead into a smooth shape. Roll out and cover the pie with pastry, and use the scraps to decorate with a rose and leaves. Glaze and bake in hot oven 20 minutes.

Save money by making your own SPONGE SANDWICH

- 4 EGGS
- 5 OZS. PLAIN FLOUR
- 1 OZ. CORNFLOUR
- 6 OZS. SUGAR
- 1 PINCH SALT
- 3 LEVEL TEASPOONS AUNT MARY'S CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER
- 3 TABLESPOONS WATER (HOT)
- 1 DESERTSPOON BUTTER

Beat egg whites stiffly and add sugar. Beat until grains are dissolved and add yolks. Sift dry ingredients. Lastly add and fold into creamy mixture. Pour into the butter dissolved in the hot water and fold into mixture thoroughly. Pour into two 8" greased sandwich tins, and bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes. When cool, join together with jam and fresh whipped cream, and sprinkle the top with sifted icing sugar.

POINTERS TO SUCCESS—

Choose fresh eggs.
WEIGH and MEASURE all ingredients carefully using scales, or STANDARD glass measuring cup.
Level spoons are levelled using a knife and NOT your finger.
Do not overheat when the yolks of the eggs are added—this will make the sponge tough.

Do beat the whites thoroughly until they are stiff enough to stand in peaks, and when adding the sugar beat until every grain of sugar has been dissolved.

See that the oven temperature is correct. If you haven't an oven thermometer, test your oven to find out how to heat a MODERATE OVEN.

Do not keep opening the oven door. PEEP as this allows the temperature to escape, and retards the cooking of the sponge.

FOLLOW THESE HINTS AND YOUR CAKE MUST BE SUCCESSFUL.

How thousands of women are solving one of to-day's biggest problems.

Every woman knows what a job it is to-day to maintain the same table her family's been used to. Many are meeting high prices by home baking—and providing more appetising, more satisfying, more praise-winning meals in doing so.

Aunt Mary's Baking Powder is an economy itself. With it you use any good, plain flour. (That's economy, too.) A 1 lb. can of Aunt Mary's—the best way to buy—lasts for months, keeps full strength to the last grain in its air-tight can. With it you never risk the expense of failure because you add just the right amount at the right strength at the right time. Aunt Mary's never fails you because it never deteriorates. It improves colour and flavour, gives a finer texture. All this and it saves money for you, too! Put Aunt Mary's Baking Powder on your next grocery list.

Aunt Mary's CREAM OF TARTAR
BAKING POWDER

"The Magic Power behind the Flour"

TILLOCK & CO. PTY. LTD., BOX 189, G.P.O., SYDNEY



Saturday night

By our food and
cooking experts



SLICED VIENNA LOAF, stuffed bread rolls, and Long Island rolls are three interesting savory dishes for Saturday night tea. Cheese, pickled onions, tomato slices, and spaghetti separate the slices of the Vienna loaf. Round bread rolls are scooped in the centre and filled with piping-hot curried sausages, and the long finger rolls are split and a hot frankfurter and a few shallots added.

Keen homemakers will welcome this collection of tempting recipes suitable for family teas, and at the week-end they are satisfying to appetites sharpened by fresh air and outdoor sport.

THE dishes are quickly prepared and they are easy to stretch for the unexpected guest. The main ingredients are everyday ones usually found in every home, and the few extra things that are needed can be included on the week-end shopping list.

All spoon measurements are level.

SLICED VIENNA LOAF

(A Saturday "special," most delicious when there's a nip in the air or when the teen-age group comes in from sport with hearty appetites).

One loaf Vienna bread, processed cheese, sliced tomatoes, large pickled onions, 1 medium-sized tin spaghetti, melted butter or substitute, parsley.

Cut bread nearly through at $\frac{1}{2}$ in. intervals. Carefully remove every second slice. Brush both sides of remaining slices with melted butter or substitute. Place on greased tray in moderate oven and bake until bread starts to become crisp. Pack spaces between slices with sliced cheese, sliced tomato, sliced pickled onions, and return to oven for 15 minutes. Spoon hot spaghetti between slices and serve garnished with parsley.

STUFFED BREAD ROLLS

(Any type of curry may be used to fill these rolls instead of the curried sausages suggested here.)

Six round bread rolls, 6 sausages, 1 dessertspoon fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ medium-sized apple, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon salt, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon curry powder (or less according to taste), 1 pint stock or water, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 teaspoons flour.

Cut a slice from the top of each bread roll, scoop out most of the centre crumb. Place in oven to heat slowly. Prick sausages well, cover with cold water, bring slowly to the boil and simmer 6 to 10 minutes. Drain, cool, and cut into thick slices; skin may be removed if desired. Cook diced apple and onion in hot fat for 2 or 3 minutes. Add salt, pepper, lemon juice, curry powder, stock, and sugar. Stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes. Thicken with blended flour, fold in sliced sausages. Fill into heated bread rolls, serve any extra curry in a separate bowl.

LONG ISLAND ROLLS

(These look very appetising, and they are so quick and easy to prepare that they will soon be a family favorite.)

Six long finger rolls, 6 long thin frankfurts, 1 tablespoon softened butter, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard,

1 tablespoon or more sweet fruit chutney, young fresh shallots.

Split rolls lengthwise, spread with softened butter mixed with mustard. Place a hot frankfurter in each roll, add a spoonful of chutney and one or two prepared shallots. These are meant to be eaten in the fingers.

POTATO CHICKEN CHOWDER

(This is so satisfying that if it is followed by a hearty sweet it may be served in place of a main dish.)

Two cups finely diced raw potato, 1 small onion, 1 clove of garlic, 3 dessertspoons bacon fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 1 package chicken soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped peeled tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup milk, chopped parsley.

Cook potato, finely chopped onion, and garlic in bacon fat for 5 to 8 minutes, stirring occasionally and not allowing to brown. Add water, chicken soup, tomatoes, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer until potatoes are very soft. Stir in milk, correct seasoning, allow to come again to boiling point. Serve hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

CABBAGE WITH GOLDEN SAUCE

(There is cheese in the sauce and hard-boiled egg-yolk sprinkled over the top.)

One medium-sized cabbage, 3 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1 cup milk, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs, crisp Melba toast.

Cut cabbage into 8 wedges. Place in the largest saucepan available so that wedges keep their shape during cooking. Add sufficient boiling water to cover bottom of pan, sprinkle lightly with salt. Cover with tightly fitting lid and cook over very low heat until cabbage is just crisply tender. Make golden sauce: melt butter or substitute, add flour, and cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk and grated cheese, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in chopped egg-white, season with salt and cayenne pepper. Lift drained cabbage wedges carefully on to serving-dish, pour sauce over, sprinkle with sieved egg-yolk and a little extra grated cheese. Serve with Melba toast.

HAMBURGER POTATO PIE

(Easy, economical, and appetising.)

One onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 lb. minced steak, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup chopped skinned tomatoes, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup meat or vegetable stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked peas, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 cups hot mashed potato, milk, butter, grated cheese.

Peel and chop onion, brown lightly in hot fat. Add meat, salt and pepper; cook until meat is lightly browned, stirring occasionally. Add tomatoes, sauce, stock, meat or vegetable extract, and parsley. Mix well. Lightly fold in cooked peas, turn into greased casserole. Cream

hot potato with milk and butter until soft and fluffy. Spoon in mounds on top of meat mixture, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot.

QUICK APPLE SCONES

(Delicious eaten fresh from the oven or allowed to cool, then split and buttered.)

Six ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, little milk if necessary, 1 large apple, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, honey, extra cinnamon, coconut.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a firm scone dough with egg and a little milk if necessary. Knead lightly on floured board, press or roll to oblong shape. Peel apple, grate over half the scone dough, sprinkle with brown sugar mixed with cinnamon. Fold over, cut into squares with sharp, floured knife. Pack closely together on greased tray, bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. While still hot, brush with warmed honey and sprinkle with coconut and extra cinnamon.

PUFTALOONS

(An old-fashioned favorite well-worth reviving.)

Half pound self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, good clean short-

ening for frying, syrup, mock maple syrup, honey, or jam.

Sift flour and salt, add fruit rind and sugar. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, and press or roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cut with floured cutter. Fry gently in small quantity of hot shortening in shallow frying-pan, turning carefully with a knife when browned on one side. Allow to cook gently about 3 to 4 minutes on each side. Drain on clean kitchen paper. Serve piping hot with syrup, mock maple syrup, honey, or jam.

COCONUT SLICE

(If preferred, the biscuit pastry portion may be made into small tartlets and filled with the coconut mixture before cooking.)

Biscuit Pastry: Four ounces plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. good shortening, 2 or 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 or 4 tablespoons milk, jam.

Coconut Mixture: One egg, 11 cups coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk.

Biscuit Pastry: Sift flours with salt, rub in shortening until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add sugar, mix to a firm dough with milk. Spread thickly over base of greased slab-tin, cover top with a thin layer of jam. Prepare coconut mixture.

Coconut Mixture: Beat egg lightly, add coconut, sugar, and milk, mix well. Spread lightly over jam-topped pastry. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Allow to cool in tin, cut into fingers when nearly cold.

Easy menu variations

• This week's prizewinning recipes are all clever variations of favorite dishes.

THEY are a lemon curd tart topped with grated apple and cinnamon, bacon rolls stuffed with meat, fish rissoles made with herrings in tomato sauce, and capsicum chutney.

Lemon curd tart, which wins this week's main prize of £5, is quickly made because the filling is put into the uncooked pastry-case and both are cooked together.

The tart may be eaten hot or allowed to become cold and served with cream or ice-cream.

Send your most successful recipes to "Recipe Contest," Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

All spoon measurements are level.

LEMON CURD TART

Six ounces shortcrust pastry,

2 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 large apple, 1 scant teaspoon cinnamon.

Line 8in. tart-plate with pastry. Beat eggs, add shortening, sugar, and lemon juice. Fill into tart-case. Grate peeled apple over top, sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to very moderate. Cook further 45 to 50 minutes until lemon curd is set.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. L. Fisher, Box 88, Bordertown, S.A.

BACON OLIVES

Half-pound bacon rashers, 1 cup minced cold meat, 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 small finely chopped onion, pinch herbs, salt, pepper, 1 dessert-spoon chutney, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, milk.

Cut rind from bacon. Combine meat, breadcrumbs, onion, herbs, salt, pepper, mustard, and chutney. Mix well, adding a little milk if necessary to bind. Place mixture along bacon rashers, roll up, secure with cocktail sticks or cotton. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with or without white sauce flavored with chopped parsley, or with chopped mustard pickles.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Stone, 15 Learmonth St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

SAVORY FISH RISsoles

Two large potatoes, 2 or 3 shallots, 1 tin herrings in tomato sauce, 1 egg, milk, browned breadcrumbs, fat for frying, parsley.

Cook peeled potatoes with shallots until tender. Remove shallots, chop finely, drain and mash potatoes. Mash contents of tin of herrings, add to potatoes with shallots. Add half the beaten egg, mix well. Shape a spoonful at a time into rissoles or flat cakes, coat with balance of egg mixed with a little milk. Toss in breadcrumbs. Fry golden-brown in hot fat. Drain on kitchen paper. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss Richardson, Harwill St., Coorparoo, Qld.

CAPSICUM CHUTNEY

Green capsicums, water, sugar, vinegar, onion, salt, cayenne pepper.



BACON OLIVES are a quick and easy luncheon dish. Flavor may be improved by serving the rolls with mustard pickle or parsley sauce. See consolation prize-winning recipe on this page.

Wash capsicums, remove seeds with pith, chop finely. Cover with cold water, cook gently until tender. Strain, beat fruit to pulp. To every pint of pulp add 1 pint sugar, 1 pint vinegar, 1 small onion, finely chopped, 2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper. Stir over heat until sugar is dissolved, boil gently until clear and thickened (about 1 hour). Bottle while hot. Seal with wax when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss M. Taylor, 318 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

For the skin that isn't happy in a heavy make-up

A fluffy-light greaseless base

If your skin looks "made-up" . . . older under a heavy foundation — you'll thrill to the soft flattery of this different base! It's made to take powder flawlessly without "caking"! Before powder, smooth on a light touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This short, greaseless cream leaves only a transparent film that protects your skin . . . holds your powder!

Glamorizing 1-Minute Mask

Tonight — re-style your complexion with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Swathe your whole face — except eyes — with a lavish Mask of the snow-cool cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves off chapped flakiness. Leave Mask on 1 minute — then tissue off. Now — how soft and clear and springtime fresh your skin looks — and how divinely it takes and holds make-up!



Mrs. David Anthony Drexel

"I never dress for an important evening before first giving myself a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's the quickest, most delightful way I know to smooth and brighten my complexion."

PV25



LEMON CURD TART, which wins £5 in this week's readers' recipe contest, combines two popular and delicious flavors—lemon and apple. It is easy to make and good to eat.

Basic Recipe No. 14

KITCHEN CUT-OUTS

RICH FRUIT CAKE

(Suitable for a Christmas or a wedding cake.)

Two and a half pounds mixed fruit, 1lb. crystallised cherries, 1lb. shredded peel, 4 tablespoons rum or brandy, 1lb. butter, 1lb. brown sugar, grated rind of 1 small orange and 1 small lemon, few drops almond essence, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon marmalade or plum jam, 1 teaspoon caramel or Parisian essence, 4 eggs, 10oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon spice.

Place fruit, cherries, and peel in a basin. Add rum or brandy, mix well, stand overnight. Cream butter with sugar, fruit rinds, and essences.

Add marmalade and caramel. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add prepared fruit to mixture alternately with thoroughly sifted dry ingredients. Mix well. Turn into 8in. square or round tin lined with 2 layers of brown and 1 layer of white paper. Bake in very moderate oven for 4 to 4½ hours. Do not open oven door for at least 1 hour. Allow to cool in tin.

Variations: For a very rich cake add 1oz. melted dark chocolate, 2oz. ground almonds, 2oz. chopped walnuts or blanched almonds.

For a less rich cake which does not need to be kept for any length of time, substitute 4 tablespoons orange juice for rum or brandy.



EASY ON THE EYES!

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NEW
Argenta



Young eyes . . . older eyes . . . can read without strain in Argenta light. Philips Argenta lamps make "seeing" not only easier, but safer. They provide perfected illumination — glareless, non-dazzling, free from "spot brightness." With Philips Argenta lamps there are no harsh shadows or contrasts . . . and the light is perfectly diffused. Argenta light safeguards sight. Ask for Argenta at your nearest store.



PHILIPS ARGENTA

—bright as the sun
—soft as the moon
P47-52

BLANDINGS' WAY

BOOK TWO



THE STORY SO FAR: In their Dream Home at Lansdale the Blandings' had all sorts of exciting things happen. The vegetable garden produced a record crop, the fields caught fire, thirteen-year-old Joan became a prize-winning essayist, and Mr. Blandings was elected to the school board. NOW READ ON:

AS time wore on it was more and more apparent to Mr. Blandings that he had misconceived what a school board was for. Whatever it was for, it had nothing to do with education.

"The curriculum is not the concern of the board," Mr. Rockett had said at Mr. Blandings' first meeting, not in rebuke but in simple explanation. As Mr. Blandings studied the board he began to think that this might indeed be true.

"Why doesn't the 'Blade' print the school board meetings?" he had asked Mr. Nellus, thinking that publicity might liven things up. "Why don't you come to them as a reporter?"

"Norb Rockett would make it mighty uncomfortable," said Mr. Nellus.

"The meetings are supposed to be open," said Mr. Blandings. "It might help the deliberations quite a lot if there was a reporter listening."

"There's a tradition in this part of the country that the best way to conduct public business is in private," said Mr. Nellus.

Mr. Blandings made a noise of impatience.

"I only meant," said Mr. Blandings, "that maybe some feature of that general sort might brighten up the paper."

"Who'd want that?" Mr. Nellus demanded. "Anybody start brightening things up around here likely to get himself into a peck of trouble."

"Maybe," said Mr. Blandings, "the paper would look more interesting if you changed the typography."

Mr. Nellus dropped part of his defensive attitude. "I wouldn't object to some new type," he said, "except it costs money."

"Much money?" Mr. Blandings asked. "Depends," said Mr. Nellus. "Not worth doing anything unless I had a thousand dollars to put into some new linotype mats and a couple of shirt-tailfuls of new foundry type."

"It might make a lot of difference," said Mr. Blandings.

"It wouldn't make any difference at all," said Mr. Nellus. "Besides, it would be more like fifteen hundred before you got through. The 'Blade' makes a living for one man right the way it's running now, after I get through paying my help."

"Look," said Mr. Blandings, no longer able to contain himself: "if somebody were to offer you fifteen hundred with

the understanding it was all yours if you'd spend it on new type and such, would you accept it?"

Mr. Nellus looked puzzled. "Well, I don't know. I guess so," he said.

"Well, that's just what I'm going to offer," said Mr. Blandings.

Mr. Nellus looked at him; first at his face, then down to his toes and slowly back to his face again. He knocked the ash off his cigar.

"You're crazy," he said with finality.

"No, I'm not," said Mr. Blandings. "Maybe you don't understand how people like me feel. All my life I've been hipped on publishing. I don't mean big city stuff. I mean publishing right down at the grassroots, where you know the people you're writing about and you can feel the reaction to what you're printing."

"There hasn't anybody given me any reaction to anything I been printing for the last five years," said Mr. Nellus. "Good or bad."

"They would," said Mr. Blandings: "I just know that they would, if you went after them. The last thing I want to do is sound conceited, but, after all, my business is influencing people by the written word, and I've had some success at it. The trouble is there isn't much satisfaction in influencing people to buy laxatives and hair-restorers when the world is in such a state."

Please turn to page 52

By **ERIC HODGINS**

ILLUSTRATED BY
BOOTHROYD

BLANDINGS' WAY—Book 2

Continued from page 51

Mr. Nellus remained silent, so Mr. Blandings went on, "You wouldn't need to be afraid of my trying to interfere. If I could be of any help I'd be glad to, but otherwise—"

"I wouldn't be afraid of your interfering," said Mr. Nellus. "For all anybody knows I might welcome a little interference."

"Will you think it over?" asked Mr. Blandings, trying to keep the pleading note out of his voice.

Mr. Nellus snubbed out the remains of his cigar. "I guess so," he said. "I guess I don't commit myself to very much if I say I'll think it over."

Nothing under the pavements of New York was as complex as what was under the earth of his countryside, Mr. Blandings reflected.

The simple city, the complex country. In the city, all was indifference. But in the country the most delicate shifts of poise-counter-poise could be instantly felt, and wantonly misinterpreted. In country loam, hate could grow like a weed.

"Anse Dolliver," said Mr. Nellus, "has something against you out of all proportion."

Mr. Blandings shifted his weight on the one visitor's chair in Mr. Nellus' tropically disordered office. He had stopped by partly in the hope of getting an answer to his proposal of a fortnight ago, but Mr. Nellus seemed to be steering the conversation into other channels.

"I wouldn't borrow money from Anson Dolliver once," said Mr. Blandings. "I went to a bigger bank in a bigger place. Maybe that's it."

"That sort of thing certainly riles Anse," said Mr. Nellus, "but it's not that. I happen to know."

"How?" said Mr. Blandings. "You'd have to promise not to tell," said Mr. Nellus.

Mr. Blandings made his most solemn vow.

"A week before the election the 'Blade' ran an editorial about new blood on the school board," said Mr. Nellus.

"I know," said Mr. Blandings. "I've never thanked you enough."

"No thanks to me," said Mr. Nellus. "It was Anse Dolliver suggested it. Course I was glad enough to do it."

Mr. Blandings was thunder-struck.

"Don't ask me why," said Mr. Nellus. "When he called me up I just assumed he'd had another of his bone-cracking rows with Eph Hackett, but the fact is he was willing to have you on the school board."

Any remaining sense of triumph at being on the school board drained away from Mr. Blandings. He was there not out of merit after all, but because some small-town political deal had put him there. "If I'd known you'd take it so hard I wouldn't of told you," said Mr. Nellus. "Anyway, point I was making was: whatever's got Anse Dolliver so down on you must have happened after the election."

"Of course there was all that rumour about Joanie's piece," said Mr. Blandings.

"Yes," said Mr. Nellus, "but it died down mighty fast after Conant and Compton and Bush and Oppenheimer and all those high mucky-muck scientists testified for her."

"That's right," said Mr. Blandings. "They all certainly came through handsomely for my little girl." He sighed. "Poor Joanie," he said. "She can't figure out why there was such an outburst because she said something nice about a Frenchwoman who died in 1934 and a Russian who died in 1907. For that matter, neither can I. Just what is your friend Dolliver saying about me?"

"Don't call him any friend of mine," said Mr. Nellus. He lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper. "Obviously," he said, "I wouldn't be

telling you this if I believed it myself." He cleared his throat elaborately, while Mr. Blandings waited.

"Well," said Mr. Nellus, "you know about the Needlework Society, I guess."

Mr. Blandings did. The Needlework Society was a group of hard-riding Saturday-night poker players to which any man could belong if he played good enough poker; it had to be very good.

"Last Saturday night at the Needlework Society," said Mr. Nellus, "Anse Dolliver said he had it straight from a man who knows somebody high up in your office that you'd been acting as a transmission belt to the Kremlin, and that it was common knowledge."

Mr. Blandings' brow contracted until his memory, caught unawares, filled the gap. Then he deliberately took his time in framing an answer. "There's a certain amount of truth in that," he said.

Mr. Nellus' eyes grew enormous. "I wrote over thirty letters to Joseph Stalin," said Mr. Blandings, "but I did it as part of my job and on the orders of a client who is a member of the National Association of Manufacturers."

Mr. Nellus' eyes grew more enormous still. "Have the Russians got spies in there?" he asked in a trembling voice. "By golly, I've often thought—"

"No, no," said Mr. Blandings, and he told Mr. Nellus the straight story, complete with Mr. Dascomb, Royal Heffingwell, and Lorbet Neen.

"Well," said Mr. Nellus, "it just goes to show."

It certainly does, Mr. Blandings thought to himself afterwards as he walked down Commerce Street. But what? All over America, Americans were busy impugning the Americanism of other Americans. Mr. Dolliver was now, for some reason unknown to Mr. Blandings, impugning his. What used to be calumny confined to the last week of a nasty election campaign was now stock and stencil of everyday utterance.

Without realising what he was doing, Mr. Blandings began to vilify Mr. Dolliver. The stinking little black reactionary, he muttered, I'd like to meet him face to face and tell him just what I think of him. Just then he did meet him.

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Dolliver.

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Blandings.

ONE evening Mrs. Blandings said, "You never talk about the school board any more."

Her husband shrugged. "Not very interesting," he said. "Not very interesting, talking about push brooms and locker paint. I don't want to bore you."

"But surely the Board of Education discusses more important things," said Mrs. Blandings.

"Yes," said Mr. Blandings. "We talk about the furnace."

"You're in one of your moods," said Mrs. Blandings.

"No I'm not," said Mr. Blandings. "Last time we talked about the furnace and about the Integrated Child. The talk about the furnace made a lot more sense. Besides, there's something we can do about the furnace. We can replace it."

"But what about education?" said Mrs. Blandings.

"I've told you," said Mr. Blandings. "Education is the forbidden topic. Mr. Ormeroy is always bringing it up, and to tell you the truth, by now I'm relieved when Norb Rockett knocks her down."

"But this is ridiculous," said Mrs. Blandings.

"All right, it's ridiculous," said Mr. Blandings. "But it's the way things are. I've learned something. I've learned there's no hope for education in America. The whole plan and purpose is lost; it got lost nobody knows where or when. And if it's ever found again it won't be by a rural school board."

"Very well then," said Mrs. Blandings. "Forget education for the moment. How about an increase in teachers' pay?"

"Un-American agitation," said Mr. Blandings. "That's the board's majority view."

"Surely it's not yours," said Mrs. Blandings.

"No," said her husband, "no, I was in a minority of two, on that."

"Well then, what about the welfare of the child? What about the hot-lunch proposal?"

"Communist-inspired," said Mr. Blandings.

"Now you're joking," said Mrs. Blandings. "Now I know you're joking."

"But I'm not," said her husband. "Schools can get a federal subsidy for hot lunches, if they apply for it. And what's that? That's entering the wedge of Socialism, for undermining the home, for making children the wards of the State. Listen, Muriel; the reason I know these arguments is that I got them all thrown at me when I muttered something about your hot-lunch proposal, meeting before last, Norb Rockett pulled a clipping out of his pocket from a paper over in York State where some defender of democracy traced the hot lunch sprang back to the French Revolution. Let me tell you—this is a more dangerous issue than sex education. The hot lunch is part of the cold war."

Mrs. Blandings was silent.

"What I didn't know," said Mr. Blandings, "is that everything a school board could concern itself with has been fought over, in Lansdale and every place else in the country, since before I was a school-boy myself, and every cause is lost. The truth itself is lost. It's all too discouraging to talk about. The school board works for no pay and no thanks and one way or another they all mean well—I suppose—but the only thing that comes out of it is chaos. The strong, clear, unhampered man in the whole system is the janitor. He tends the furnace."

"Don't get yourself worked up just before bedtime," said Mrs. Blandings.

"What I need is a forum," said Mr. Blandings. "I'm tired of doing the listening; I'd like to do a little of the talking."

It was too late at night for the telephone to ring, but it rang.

The conversation which Mr. Blandings began in a burst of cordiality became full of jolly monosyllables. These in turn gave way to a series of explanations. In all of it Mrs. Blandings could find no clue to the person at the other end of the telephone.

Mr. Blandings resumed his chair. "That's a very awkward place for the telephone instrument," he said, looking harshly at his wife.

He took out a handkerchief and blew his nose.

"I think my cold is getting worse," he said.

"I didn't know you had a cold," said Mrs. Blandings.

Her husband replied that he had not wished to worry her. "It's getting into my joints," he said. "They ache."

"I'll get you a couple of tablets and a hot lemonade," said Mrs. Blandings, rising. "Who was on the phone?"

"Bill Cole," said Mr. Blandings. "It didn't sound like that," said Mrs. Blandings. "What did he want this time on a Sunday night?"

"He wanted me to have lunch with him to-morrow," said Mr. Blandings. "But he didn't put it that way. He said, 'I think we'd better have lunch to-morrow.' He can be very unmanly."

When Mrs. Blandings came back with the hot lemonade she asked: "Jim, have you done anything you haven't told Mummy about?"

"No," said Mr. Blandings. "At least."

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Blandings. She knew her husband was telling her the truth, but that it was not the whole truth, and that she could get the whole truth more quickly from someone other than him.

Seated in the Chestnut Room at the Hotel Marlbury next day, Mrs. Blandings remarked to Bill Cole,

"He said he felt just miserable this morning, so I said all right he could jolly well stay in bed. I didn't tell him I invited myself to have lunch with you in his place. I thought it might make him pettish."

Bill Cole smiled. "It's a break for me," he said. "You know how much I love you."

"I'm dying for a shrimp cocktail," said Mrs. Blandings. "I haven't had a shrimp cocktail since I don't know when."

"A shrimp cocktail and a cup of consommé," said Bill Cole to the waiter, then turning to Mrs. Blandings, he asked, "How do you like it in the country with another spring on the way?"

"Oh, wonderful," said Mrs. Blandings. Her face fell. "Sometimes I get so lonely I think I'll die."

"Does Jim have to stay in town a lot?" asked Bill Cole.

"Altogether too much," said Mrs. Blandings. "He's supposed to be on part-time at the office but I can't see that it makes much difference. First there's one crisis, then there's another."

BILL COLE made an involuntary half-gesture towards the briefcase on the chair beside him.

"What is it, Bill?" said Mrs. Blandings, quietly. "I'm sure Jim's in some sort of a jam again, but what's it about?"

"It isn't necessarily a jam," said Bill Cole. "Jim can punch his way out of it. It has to do with the Lansdale 'Blade' and your friend Mr. Nellus."

"I knew it," said Mrs. Blandings. "I've known it ever since last night."

"Just be easy," said Bill Cole.

"Bill," said Mrs. Blandings, "if Jim's been flimflammed again, that's one thing. He's been flimflammed by everything in the country—land, house, neighbors, school board. I don't know what I could stand his being flimflammed again. I suppose, but if he's been flimflammed by Mr. Nellus I think it would break his heart, and I think it would break mine too, because we've both got so fond of the old gentleman, and he's the one person who seemed so thoroughly—"

"Maybe it would be helpful if you told me what you know," said Bill Cole.

"All I know," said Mrs. Blandings, "is that one night Jim told me that he thought Mr. Nellus was going to give him an interest in the paper, and I wormed it out of him that he'd offered Mr. Nellus fifteen hundred dollars to buy some new type and whatever. Jim left it open to Mr. Nellus to decide what Jim should get in return. I was vexed, and I made a scene."

"Did Jim tell you he'd actually given this Nellus a cheque for fifteen hundred dollars?" asked Bill.

"No, he didn't," said Mrs. Blandings.

"Well he did," said Bill Cole. Mrs. Blandings set down her fork, and her eyes began to glitter with tears.

"And now I suppose Mr. Nellus has absconded," she said.

Bill Cole unrolled his briefcase and began pulling out some papers. "In the literal sense of the Latin abscondere," he said gently, "he has."

"However," Bill went on, "there isn't any question of fraud involved. Fraud isn't the point. It's rather more complex."

"Jim said," said Mrs. Blandings, "that he'd suggested to Mr. Nellus a sixteenth or an eighth interest in the paper in return for the fifteen hundred, but I suppose that's all spilt milk."

"Yes it is," said Bill Cole. "The cheque has gone through the banks. Look, Muriel, I think it's a splendid break that you came in to-day instead of Jim, because we've got to move fast, and you and I can decide the best course and put a united front up to Jim. The fact is that in return for the fifteen hundred dollars Nellus did not convey any fractional interest to Jim at all."

"No fractional interest," said Mrs. Blandings, tonelessly.

"No," said Bill Cole. "He conveyed the total property."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Blandings.

"I have here," said Bill Cole, "a bill of sale made out to Jim in return for one dollar and other considerations, a sworn statement from Nellus to whom it may concern that he is the sole owner of the property known as the Lansdale 'Blade' Printing and Publishing Company, that it is free of any mortgages, liens, or other encumbrances, also an audited balance sheet and money statement. Also—"

The dam burst, and the tears that Mrs. Blandings had been holding back came welling over her eyelids. She put her handkerchief up to her face, and her shoulders began to shake with laughter. "I'm having hysterics," she said. "Take my hand."

"Something for dessert?" said the waiter, captain. "Glean some shokolais, strawberries—"

"Not for years," said Mrs. Blandings, "have I had a glass of brandy after lunch. Will you take me to a matinee?"

"There aren't any matinees on Monday," said Bill Cole.

"A movie then."

"Let me call my office," said Bill Cole.

When he came back, Mrs. Blandings was pulling on her gloves. Before we go on our tear," said Bill Cole. "You should read the letter Nellus sent me with all this."

Mrs. Blandings shook her head. "Just give me the gist."

"By now," said Bill Cole, "I guess Mr. Nellus is in Santa Barbara, California, where he said he was going to join his married sister. He gave me a post-office box number and he said that if he had done anything actually illegal to write her there. He said that when he got Jim's cheque it was just too much for him; that Jim obviously wanted to be a country publisher as much as he wanted to stop being one, and that giving Jim the paper in return for the fifteen hundred dollars seemed the perfect way to make everybody happy. He said he'd do things so that the paper would run itself for three weeks, and that he could depend on Vern Booter, who is Vern Booter."

"The 'Blade' reporter," said Mrs. Blandings. "He's rather old and he wears a hearing aid and he calls see very well, but apparently he's a wonderful reporter, as they go."

"Anyway," said Bill Cole, "Nellus explained that he was willing to me instead of doubling them because he felt that this was his last chance in his lifetime—he'd have to get away from New England and he was afraid that if he stayed to talk it over the thing would stir a snag somewhere. He's right there. The snag would have been the things stand now, there's a sort of default, but in another sense there isn't. I don't know just where we find a statute that would apply, but if the old man wouldn't waive extradition from California—" he shrugged.

"At the beginning," said Mrs. Blandings, "you said Jim would punch his way out of it."

"Certainly," said Bill Cole. "he can resell the thing just as fast as he can find a buyer."

The Hotel Marlbury doorman swept them into a taxi. "You're wonderful," Mrs. Blandings said. "We always know what to do. Where are we going now?"


Nutmeg Day came on a Thursday that year; on such bank holidays Mr. Dolliver liked nothing better than to spend some time with his stamp collection, and that was what was now occupying him on an exceptionally rare afternoon.

It was getting close to time for drink when he heard the small thump on the front door that meant the delivery boy had rung on Mr. Dolliver's stoop the week's copy of the Lansdale 'Blade'.


When, after one sip of his drink, Mr. Dolliver opened the 'Blade', his casual glance turned into a stare of blank incomprehension. There was a two-column banner under the banner: In Old English type, Mr. Nellus' immortal signature for an announcement, it was headed To Our Readers.

8 Children and a barber husband-


RINSO's **thicker, richer suds** **a must !**



I COULDN'T
FACE WASH-DAYS WITHOUT
RINSO. IMAGINE THE PILE OF
COLOURED FOR 8 CHILDREN!
NOTHING CAN COMPARE WITH
RINSO FOR BRAND-NEW
BRIGHTNESS



MY CUSTOMERS ARE
AMAZED AT THE DAZZLING
WHITENESS OF THESE TOWELS.
15-DOZ. IN THE WASH EACH WEEK,
BUT MRS. MILLER SAYS IT'S
EASY WITH RINSO



WE LIKE WASHING
UP WITH LOVELY RINSO
SUDS. WE FINISH SO FAST
THERE'S PLENTY OF
TIME TO PLAY

The Millers of 5 Van Ness Ave.,
Glen Iris SE6, Victoria, are typical
of the thousands of Australian
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with the magic of Rinso's thicker,
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NOW IN 2 SIZES
Standard and Big Economy Size
Buy 2 Packets — one for the
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RINSO—A FINE LEVER PRODUCT—USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER WASHDAY PRODUCT IN THE WORLD

"In some way Jim is the most famous man I've ever known in all the lake," said Mrs. Blandings. "Adding meo are supposed to be so special and calculating. I just wish there was a little of those qualities in Jim. He thinks he has them, of course, but that oleomargarine editorial was all the proof anybody'd need to the contrary."

"I don't think you told me," Daisy said inquiringly.

"That's what just about wrecked the 'Blade,'" said Mrs. Blandings. "It did prove one thing. It proved that the 'Blade' got read by an awful lot of people who never admitted it before."

"What happened?" said Daisy.

"Well," said Mrs. Blandings, "Jim read an article that was just bursting with facts and figures about oleomargarine versus butter, so he sat down and wrote an editorial and headed it 'Let's Give Oleomargarine a Break.' And I never even saw it until it came out."

"Don't think," said Mrs. Blandings, "but vote rising. That editors are only threatened with shotguns down South or in the nineteenth century, because that's just what happened to Jim. It made him feel pretty brave at the time, but then a couple of days later when everybody snipped speaking to him the coward element went out of it. Imagine, Daisy, right in the middle of the dairy-farming country, Jim writes and publishes a hymn to oleomargarine."

"Why did he do it?" asked Daisy.

"Because he believed it," said Mrs. Blandings in an exhausted voice. "It's his economic creed—the Consumer, first, last, and always, what's best for him is best for all. It sounds so true and in-sincere, doesn't it? I know Jim thought it would make a very popular editorial. Of course he was having a bad reaction from cows when he wrote it—but so was I, the filthy, horrible, treacherous beast. Yet I could have told him not to publish such an absolutely incendiary thing."

"But here you are," said Daisy, "now working up material for him that maybe he'll use to blow off his other foot."

"No," said Mrs. Blandings; "I'm going to be of help to him in spite of himself. I've dug out a wonderful story about how this old Lake Shumalaug project got suppressed back in the thirties, and I'm sure I could hang all the town fathers with it—but I'm just not going to give it to Jim."

"Deceiving your husband?" said Daisy.

"Yes," said Mrs. Blandings. "And don't think I don't feel very uncomfortable about it, too. In one sense," she added, "in the broader sense I'm doing it to protect him. And it isn't as if I hadn't done something nice and constructive for him, because I have. I have a fine story about how the lake project was conceived, why it was a good idea then, and why it's an even better idea to-day. All I'm leaving out is the peasy part; Jim can have a nice pro bono publico crusade that ought to make him popular with everybody—everybody except the Dollivers and the Eldridges and the Alders."

"Heavens," said Daisy Fay, "those are all Founders' Names."

"How did you know?" said Mrs. Blandings.

"Why bless you, they all came from Hartford," said Daisy with a merry laugh. "There was another one, too; what was his name?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Blandings. "These three are the only ones you keep bumping into all the time, because the families are still right there in charge of Lansdale more than two hundred years later."

"Well," said Daisy, "their originals were riffraff, or so their contemporaries here used to think. What was the name of that fourth one? It was a minister or something; it'll come to me in a minute."

"I love to think Anson Dolliver is descended from riffraff," said Mrs. Blandings. "He's the whole show in Lansdale, you know. He's the one who incited the farmers to make such an issue with Jim over the oleomargarine editorial."

"Lendicks," said Daisy, interrupting, "that was his name. The Reverend Jonathan Benjamin Lendicks. You've never run across his name in Lansdale?"

Mrs. Blandings shook her head.

"Never," she said. "What's he to you?"

"Nothing," said Daisy Fay, "except that with Eldo being so wrapped up in old Connecticut names I hate to lose a thread, and there's something about this old Reverend Jonathan I can't bring out. It's funny the one man of property should vanish and the riffraff still be there. Or maybe it isn't at all. Maybe it's always been that way. Maybe conditions to-day are nothing new."

Mrs. Blandings could see a political speech rising in Daisy Fay's bosom, and sought to avoid it. "Let's talk about our children," she said brightly.

WITHOLDING

last page of the letter. Mr. Blandings tossed the remainder across the breakfast table. "Your mother says she'll be away another four or five days," he said.

Betsy and Joan read the letter over each other's shoulder. "What does she mean by 'on the track of something that might change the whole situation'?" said Joan.

"You know as much as I do," said Mr. Blandings. He hoped his fourth cup of coffee would have some helpful effect on him. "I haven't the remotest idea."

"Why don't you call her up?" said Betsy. "Hartford isn't so far away that we can't afford to, is it?"

"I've told you," said Mr. Blandings, "that until we can get a single-party line installed up here your mother and I don't think it's advisable to talk over the phone any more. We don't know who's listening in."

"Do you mean to say we're tapped?" said Joan.

"No," said Mr. Blandings. "Not as far as I know. It's just all the busybodies on a party line in the country. We were stupid not to think about it before."

He brushed himself free of toast fragments with a paper napkin and rose from the table. "Time I got down to the 'Blade,'" he said.

"How are you going to get along if we have to go to camp before Mother gets back from Hartford?" said Betsy. "You can't possibly take care of yourself alone in this house."

"I'll manage," said Mr. Blandings. He wasn't being much of a father these days, he realized. He wasn't being much of anything.

Betsy curled an arm through his and rested a glowing cheek and strands of golden hair on his shoulder. "I'll stay here and take care of you, and not go to camp, and Mother can stay away as long as she likes."

Joan surveyed her sister. "Freudian," she said. "That's what it is."

"Do the dishes, scullery maid," said Betsy. "And don't let Father's plate slip out of your baby hands."

"God help the man who marries you," said Joan with a glare of fury at her sister. "You're a beast."

"Children," said Mr. Blandings, "I absolutely forbid—"

"The man who marries me," said Betsy, unruffled, "will get a mighty fine cook." She cast her eyes for an instant heavenward. "And that ain't all," she added in a Mae West voice.

"The first thing an intelligent man would want would be loyalty," said Joan.

"Come back in two years and I'll tell you the first thing a man would want, intelligent or not," said Betsy.

"Listen to me," said Mr. Blandings. "I absolutely forbid—"

"Maybe at first," said Joan, "but then he'd begin to wonder. Look at you, just this year. First it was Vincent Spelly, then it was Alan Heps-worth, now it's Nadwell Neen. Same thing with all of them."

"That's enough, Joan," said Mr. Blandings.

"It ought to be enough," said Joan.

"Listen, children," he said, "you've been taking care of me very beautifully while Mother's been away, what with Betsy's wonderful cooking and Joanne doing the housework on scientific principles, but this squabbling is enough to drive a man out of his head, particularly with

constant vulgar reference to—"

"You can't dodge biological facts," said Joan.

"Who is this Nadwell Neen?" asked Mr. Blandings, his anxieties taking an abrupt new turn.

"A boy," said Betsy.

"We're lucky, Father," said Joan. "He could just as well be an orangutan."

"I mean what does his father do?" Mr. Blandings asked. "I'm not prying—I have a reason for asking."

"I really don't know," said Betsy. "He told me, but it's slipped my mind."

Mr. Blandings gave up trying to fathom the minds of human beings in the larval stage, and in the warm June morning drove the station wagon down Bald Mountain Road and through the mid traffic of Lansdale Town to the parking space behind the office of the Lansdale "Blade."

On his desk the day's mail usually deposited only the most inconsequential third-class matter. To-day was different; there were two envelopes having the name of Banton & Dascumb. Without opening the envelopes he knew from whom they came; the monarch-sized one, hand-addressed, could only be from George Stout; the long, fatish one, faultlessly typed by an electric machine, was out of Horace Dascumb's office. Mr. Blandings turned them over and wondered which to open first, and decided that George Stout's should have the first attention.

He had to read it twice before he felt he had mastered it, although it was no more than the sort of friend-to-friend document that was growing rarer and rarer in the United States as mass communication slowly strangled every other variety:

"I miss you sorely for reasons professional as well as personal. They have dumped a lot of your work on me, without easing up a whit on my own. The whole thing was vastly complicated last week by the sudden rupture of relations with Dward Wayburn, who—"

But Mr. Blandings knew nothing of this. It must be the subject of Mr. Dascumb's letter; he should have opened it first, after all.

"...who will be with us no more after this week. I wish I could give you the cold dope on this, but I haven't got it."

"When are you coming back? I hear all sorts of things about you, and I don't know what's true or what's rumor. That oleomargarine editorial of yours was a dilly, but wasn't it a little rash? I showed it to Mr. D. and it made him pensive enough to say there was a 'serious gap' in Top Creative" so long as you're away. Things always happen in bunches, you know; just a few days before your editorial came out we landed a handsome piece of new business from Soap-delo Producers, and Mr. D. made some noises about wishing you were here so we could have the benefit of your touch with the theme copy. Without you, I seem to be elected. My only other news—"

George Stout's only other news was that the Open Letter to Joseph Stalin idea had blown up again, this time into so many fragments that all seemed irrecoverable; the State Department would have to go it alone after all. Mr. Blandings scarcely bothered to read the details; he was thinking about "a serious gap in Top Creative" so long as he was away. It was nice to be missed. Sometimes a man got so lost and lonely that it was nice to be missed.

The telephone on Mr. Blandings' desk offered a weak tinkle. He put the receiver to his ear and heard Harry Silber's hoarse voice:

"I got something I need to talk to you about but I can't leave the store."

"If it's important I'll come right over," said Mr. Blandings. After all, Harry Silber was an advertiser; by now, with all the shrinkages elsewhere, his largest.

When Mr. Blandings entered Silber's Dry Goods he wondered why Mr. Silber could not leave the store, for there was Mrs. Silber, waiting on the only customer. She caught Mr. Blandings' eye and gestured with her head: "In back."

FOR YOUR FIRESIDE READING

Mr. Blandings, his heels making a loud noise on the bare floor, walked the depth of the store and found a little curtained hallway he had never seen before. It gave on to a small office in which Mr. Silber, a rolloff desk, an adding machine, and a set of ledgers produced an almost intolerable congestion.

Harry Silber swept the ledgers to the floor, motioned Mr. Blandings to a swivel chair, rose and closed the door. Then he said, almost inaudibly, "If you were to say I ever told you this I would have to call you a liar to your face."

"You can trust me," said Mr. Blandings. It was nice to be made a confidant, no matter of what.

"Listen," said Harry Silber, "I been waiting and waiting for you to catch on to what's happening to your paper, but you don't seem to, and now yesterday something happened I have to tell you against my wife's advice, even."

"There's no reason why we shouldn't be frank with one another," said Mr. Blandings. "Business is rotten."

"It'll get rotten," said Mr. Silber.

"Yesterday," he continued, "this fellow from the Merchants' Association, I can't use any real names, came to see me, and to make a long story short he wanted me to quit advertising in the 'Blade.' First he put it like that, crude, and then he began to pretty it up. Part of what he says is true: the Winbury paper trucks copies over here now from thirty miles away and sells almost as many right here in Lansdale as you do. It always was a good paper for advertising; that, anyone has to admit. What it comes down to is the Merchants' Association boys are aiming to take a page or maybe a double spread every week in the Winbury paper and, you know, divide the space and the cost among themselves—drugs, sundries, dry-goods, hardware, car dealers, all the rest, and they're telling me I can come in if I'll go pro rata with them. You know—not exactly take my space out of the 'Blade,' but fix it so I run out of money before I get to it."

"Well," said Mr. Blandings, "all I can do is urge you not to—as a salesman, that is."

"I know," said Harry Silber. "I don't want to, but I got another thing to consider. If you lose enough more advertising it wouldn't be good for either of us that the 'Blade' should start looking like a throw-away printed by Silber's Dry Goods, would it?"

"No," said Mr. Blandings; "it certainly wouldn't."

CONTINUING

Harry Silber said, "Of course I could always buy a page throwaway from you without any of the editorial stuff, but what I gather is you're interested in being a newspaper publisher, not a job printer, is that right?"

"That's right," said Mr. Blandings. "Even so, right now the job-printing business can scarcely keep the paper alive."

"You didn't go at things right if you'll pardon me for saying so," said Mr. Silber. "Take that oleomargarine editorial."

"No, Harry," said Mr. Blandings, "let's not take it. It was a mistake—it was the biggest mistake I could have made. I wrote it out of honest conviction, and the facts were right, but that didn't keep it from being pretty dumb."

Harry Silber shrugged. "It was a good piece of writing," he said. "I was for it. But live and let live is the only way."

"I've been pretty stupid with the 'Blade,'" said Mr. Blandings, "and it's cost me a lot of money. But now I think I have something that's really going to put the paper on its feet—something to make it really popular with all but the very smallest, snootiest group around here; the ones I can't possibly have on my side and wouldn't want to if I could."

Harry Silber assumed an air of interested attention.

Then Mr. Blandings, in full detail, told Harry Silber the idea for making a journalistic crusade out of the revival of the Shumalaug Lake State Park. It took him fifteen steady minutes; Harry Silber never uttered a word, and listened as though entranced. When Mr. Blandings finished there was a silence.

"You like it, then?" said Mr. Blandings in a modest way.

"Yes I like it," said Harry Silber. "If your idea is to cut your own throat from ear to ear and pour iodine on it, I like it fine."

"But what—why?" cried Mr. Blandings.

"I guess we got to have a fundamental conversation," said Harry Silber. "You are making a proposal for the common good. In this part of the country that is called Communism. I don't know why the insurance companies in this State are not called Communistic, but they are the only exceptions I know of."

"I told you in the beginning," said Mr. Blandings, "that Anson Dolliver and his bunch would be against this, but for everybody else it would be wonderful."

"For nobody else," said Harry Silber. "Nobody would look at it that way."

"Look what they'd get," said Mr. Blandings. "A beautiful—"

"Don't tell me again," said Harry Silber. "It is very pleasant in this part of the country and I have no personal complaints, but it is a political jungle, and you keep thinking it is a lawn party. I do not come from a long line of old New England families as we both know, but I know something about this part of the country that you don't know."

"Let me tell you," went on Harry Silber, before Mr. Blandings could draw his breath. "There is this big bunch of phony liberals living near you, is that right? In Art Hollow. You call them the Poet and Peasant party, which they do not like, but you are identified with them just the same. That is unfortunate. They are no more Communists than Mr. Dolliver, but they used to say nice sort of pretty words about Russia, not out of any conviction one way or another, but because it used to be the high-style thing to do, get what I mean? Now it isn't, so they've given it up, but the rest of the people are very slow to recognize this, so they keep on thinking this is a bunch of Communists. And this Poet and Peasant bunch are the only people who will say they are for your idea, and this will hang a millstone around your neck with everybody else, right away."

"That is not the worst of it. These people will only say they like your idea. If the State captures land by eminent domain to make the Tennessee Valley Authority, that's fine by them, because they don't live in Tennessee, see? Hundreds of farms inundated to build Grand Coulee? Good. That's on the Columbia River, not the Wintlock. Were you at that Town Meeting the time Mr. Auster Millow got up and yelled because the highway department was going to take five feet off one side of his twelve acre lot off that new blacktop road?"

Mr. Blandings had indeed been at that Town Meeting. He could recall, in a flash of unwelcome memory, the poet's peroration, parsed and punctuated to the last perfect point: "If the Police State is to cast its shadow over this hitherto gleaming land, let us at least have the courage, as our last gesture, so to recognise it, and so to label it."

Out of nowhere, a hiccupped racked Mr. Blandings.

Harry Silber did not seem to have any more to say.

"I can only hope you're wrong about this," said Mr. Blandings.

"I'll hope so too," said Harry Silber.

Turning to go, Mr. Blandings said, "Just tell me one thing. A bunch of merchants getting together to buy group space in the Winbury paper with the incidental idea of putting me out of business—why isn't that a collectivist, Communist idea and a conspiracy into the bargain?"

BLANDINGS' WAY—Book 2

Mr. Silber shrugged. "An idea depends on who has it," he said. He stood up. "I'm not going in with it," he said. "But maybe you should figure out what is the lowest price you could give me on three thousand throwaways, same general style as the ads I've been using in the paper."

"Much obliged, Harry," said Mr. Blandings. "I'll get the figure around to you."

After his long discouraging talk with Harry Silber, Mr. Blandings had gone home for lunch, lain down for a while, and then spent the afternoon looking over his checkbooks and bank statements, and the neat but depressing records his wife kept of the condition of the "Blade." It was becoming apparent to him that he was approaching the end of something or other; just what, he did not know because he kept a veil over it.

He opened his desk drawer, poured a swig of Old Supine into his dusty desk glass and downed it. Then he slit the envelope of Mr. Dascomb's letter.

"Dear Jim: It never occurred to me that we as an agency might be sending you as a publisher a space order on behalf of a client we both know so well, but a lot of strange things are happening these days, and so I hope you will accept the enclosed in the knowledge that my very best personal good wishes go with it. Cordially."

Methodically, Mr. Blandings unfolded the enclosures. The space purchase forms of the American Association of Advertising Agencies had been familiar to him all his business life, but always he had been the sender, never the recipient. He made out the bold, stolid signature of Lorbet Neen, Chief, Media Department at the bottom of the first sheet, then swiftly snapped on the light and stared.

It was an order for fifty-two pages in the Lansdale "Blade" on behalf of Old Supine Blenders, Inc., "full back page to be guaranteed at rates prevailing." Clipped to the general order was a specific order for the first insertion, and stapled to that was a large, handsome proof of the ad to be run. He had done the copy.

Mr. Blandings got up and crossed to the window, looking out at the arrival of the freight train.

That space order from his own agency to his own paper and for his own account—what could he say about it? It was, of course, a lifesaver, but it was also a host of other things. It was seductive, frightening, repellent, and irresistible. That one order for Old Supine would bring the "Blade" over five thousand dollars if the account really ran a full year.

Moreover, if anybody knew the account backward and forward it was Mr. Blandings himself, and very seldom did it even cancel a schedule. Not all publications would accept liquor advertising, and radio networks not at all. So Old Supine was sometimes hard put to it to find the space on which to spend its heavy appropriation.

It would be a lifesaver. The Church Guild would certainly hit the roof if such a torrent of whisky advertising ever started appearing in the local paper, but he could overcome that.

With this advertising windfall, he could stay in business. He had made his mistakes; he had paid for them dearly; he had done everything the hard way. But he knew better now, and with a fresh start . . .

Just a minute, Blandings. Do you really know better now? Have you really made your last mistake, your last major miscalculation about the way you live in this community—indeed, about the whole way you live your life?

If you're going to do that—take money for the "Blade" from your own dishonest capacity for writing advertising copy for a rotgut whisky—you might as well go the whole hog and go back to New York.

When he awoke from his reveries

Mr. Blandings knew what he must do. He went down to the "Blade" office and into the crazed typewriter that had belonged to Urnot Nellus he carefully inserted two pieces of copy paper and began to type. The machine made a sort of rattling noise that fluttered his ears uncomfortably.

"Dear Mr. Dascomb: It was typical of your generosity that you should find so pleasant and courteous a means of throwing a lifeline to this sinking raft. In fairness, however, I must tell you that the 'Blade's' days are numbered—at least under my management. I have made a good many mistakes up here and one result is that I shall soon have to get rid of this little publishing property for whatever I can get. I am sorry to have to acknowledge this, and I must obviously ask you to keep my news in complete confidence. I burden you with it only because the paper is beyond the aids of charity and under the circumstances it wouldn't be fair to take the client's ill-gotten funds. That is why I must turn down the order. I must tell you more about this when I next have the opportunity of seeing you."

"P.S. The copy absolutely stinks. I ought to know—I wrote it myself six months ago."

Mr. Blandings signed the letter and addressed the envelope.

He walked to the dark station and plunked his letter into the green box on the platform. Then he found his car and drove it slowly to the top of Bald Mountain.

The house was ablaze with lights, but empty. As always, the children had gone to bed without snapping off a single downstairs switch. Mr. Blandings could hear the telephone ringing in the middle of the house. He dived for the kitchen extension, but when he said hello, blankness greeted him. Then the line awoke and the operator said, "I had a call for you but now I have a disconnect. Wait a minute."

A switch opened somewhere, and Mr. Blandings could hear the voices of women arranging the world's communications in the night.

Mr. Blandings hung up and made his way to the living-room. As he passed the bar, three bottles of Old Supine stared at him. He turned each bottle so that its label faced the wall.

The telephone rang again and his wife's voice sounded in his ear. "Darling!" she said, and she sounded enraptured.

"Listen! I know we can't talk over the phone. I'm just calling to say I've made the most miraculous discovery, and everything from now on is going to be gorgeous. I can't wait to tell you, I'm so happy. And you'll be as happy as I am, or even happier. Believe me!"

"That's fine," said Mr. Blandings.

"Aren't you going to ask me when I'm coming home?"

"Yes," said Mr. Blandings; "that was the main thing on my mind."

"Well, I'm not quite sure," said Mrs. Blandings. "I'd leave to-morrow except it would be foolish to come back until the very last thing's done, so maybe I ought to stay another couple of days. I'll let you know."

He hung up. Mr. Blandings sought out a canvas chair on his screened porch, and slumped in it while he wondered what had gone dead in him that he could share so little of his wife's pleasure at some unknown turn of events.

Two days later he received a reply from Mr. Dascombe. Mr. Blandings could see he was peevish from the tremulousness of the signature. He was not offering charity to the "Blade" or its publisher, Mr. Dascomb explained. Since explanations seemed to be in order in this correspondence, he himself would burden Mr. Blandings with one.

It was a long letter for Mr. Das-

comb. When Mr. Blandings finished it his ears were pink and his face felt stiff.

"Have you seen Vascal?" Betsy asked as soon as she got off the train. Betsy and Joan had spent a day and a night in the city, shopping in readiness for the summer camp.

"I never read Vascal," said Mr. Blandings.

"Well you're in him," said Betsy. Mr. Blandings' stomach gave a lurch, but he drove impassively out of the traffic tangle at the Lansdale station platform.

"Betsy didn't get in until three this morning," said Joan. "She thought I was asleep."

"It was mighty sneaky to pretend you were asleep if you weren't," said Betsy.

"Don't start fighting the instant you get back," said Mr. Blandings. "What about me in Vascal's column?"

"Father," said Betsy. "I was perfectly chaperoned practically all the time. You know what? I found out the most fascinating thing about Nadwell Neen. His father is the head of the something-or-other department in Banton & Dascomb, so it was old school ties all round."

Oh great heavens, thought Mr. Blandings; oh great heavens!

"A bunch of us went to dinner at Nadwell's parents' apartment," said Betsy; "and then we went to the ice show, and then we broke off from the old folks and went to the Persian Room. I just adore Nadwell's manner with waiter captains. And his father is an old sweetie, and his mother's very nice too, and they're both the greatest admirers of yours, Father."

"I've never met Mrs. Neen," said Mr. Blandings, through feelingless rubber lips.

"Well anyway," said Betsy, "no-body could have said nicer things about you than Mr. Neen. He said you had genius. Then he went on to say all geniuses were crazy but of course he was joking all the way through."

"Where is that Vascal clipping?" Mr. Blandings called upstairs as his daughters were unpacking.

Joan came downstairs with a flutter of newspaper between a thumb and finger.

"Here it is," she said.

Mr. Blandings took the clipping, and ran head-on into further evidence of his decay. "One of you find me my new reading glasses like dear good girls, will you?" he asked in a senile voice.

Glasses adjusted, he stared at the small, amidey type.

What advertising biggie turned down the liquor copy he himself wrote when his own agency offered it to the country newspaper he publishes, not too successfully? Said it stank. Odd.

His life was becoming one long blush, thought Mr. Blandings, feeling himself turning pink again.

"What makes you think this has anything to do with me?" he demanded.

"I don't know," said Betsy; "something at lunch that Nadwell told me his father'd said, maybe." Obviously her principal interest was not in anything said in Homer Vascal's column; only that something had been said.

Mr. Blandings threw the clipping in the wastebasket. Then he pulled it out again. It was an embarrassment, a major embarrassment, but at least there was no catastrophe in it.

Mr. Blandings, like so many thousands before him, asked between his clenched teeth the choleric question: where did he get it?

It could only have been someone in the Banton & Dascomb offices. Mr. Blandings had kept no carbon of his letter, had seen practically no one in the forty-eight hours it had taken his letter to Mr. Dascomb to wing its way straight into Homer Vascal's type.

He thought of the enormous surge of anger he must have caused in the bosom of Lorbet Neen by declining the space order he had signed . . . and straightway he was sure he had his man.

Mr. Blandings cast an angry look at Betsy. "I don't know that I'm crazy about having any daughter of mine playing around with somebody like this Neen kid," he said.

Betsy gave him an incredulous look and her eyes filled with angry tears. "I'm not 'playing around' with him," she said. "I think that's a pretty nasty expression for a father to use to a daughter." Her anger kept rising faster than she could express it. "I think Nadwell Neen is the nicest boy I've met in a long time anywhere, and even if I didn't I'm at the age when it's my privilege to make my own friends without interference from the older generation, and you can get your own dinner and I hope it stinks."

The curtains made a graceful swoop as they tried to follow her boiling wake out of the room.

CONSIDERING everything, the rent in the domestic fabric revolved itself with surprising speed. Mr. Blandings toiled back to Lansdale Town and bought the best five-pound box of candy he could find and presented it to Betsy with his apologies.

When the telephone rang, Betsy rushed to answer it.

"Hello," said Betsy; "why hello. Oh I'm so glad you called. I had such a lovely time last night; truly, I did. I'd rather see an ice show than practically anything else I can think of."

After a moment the conversation took a different track.

"Yes, he's right here. Would you like to speak to him? No, it wouldn't disturb him the slightest little bit."

"For you, Father," Betsy called in a beautiful, scalloped voice. "Mr. Neen." As she passed him in the hall she said "Senior."

"Say Jim," said Lorbet Neen. "There's a good deal of hell breaking down here and Mr. Dascomb, who went home this afternoon not feeling very well and left word he didn't want to be disturbed; as I say Mr. Dascomb asked me if I wouldn't call you and see if you wouldn't drop whatever you were doing and be in the office to-morrow morning for consultation. It's because of that piece in—"

"We're on a party line up here, Lorbet," said Mr. Blandings loudly. "Let me guess: has the client left the rails?"

"That would be one way of putting it," said Lorbet Neen, his deep voice sinking deeper still.

"All right," said Mr. Blandings. "I'll be there."

When he arrived at his office next morning Mr. Blandings noticed that the elevator operators had on summer uniforms and seemed to be a different crew from any Mr. Blandings remembered. When he got out on the thirty-first floor he thought for a moment he must have mis-called his stop: He saw nothing familiar at all.

"They're waiting for you, Mr. Blandings," said Mr. Dascomb's secretary, "Go right in."

Mr. Dascomb was flanked by Lorbet Neen and George Stout. "Jim," he said in his quiet voice, "it's very good to see you. The handsome face seemed as imperturbable as ever, but Mr. Blandings noticed Mr. Dascomb's hands were trembling.

Mr. Dascomb cleared his throat and thrust two neat folders on to the back of his desk to indicate a clearing of the decks for action.

"Jim," he said, "there's some pretty bad trouble afoot, because of that Vascal piece yesterday. We're on a nasty spot, a really nasty spot." He sighed, and passed a hand over his forehead.

"It would all have blown over, Jim," said George Stout softly. "If the client himself hadn't put his foot in it. You know."

"Yes," said Mr. Dascomb. "I wish something could be done with retired army officers instead of making them board chairmen in American businesses. I forget whether General Slocum headed up Old Supine's board when you were active on the account, but in any event he made the considerable tactical error yesterday of having his office call Vascal direct and, uh, threaten him."

"Of course," he observed "nobody could have made Vascal happier; General's phone call was the complete admission that his story had struck home, and it gave him half a dozen more new stories, too. He let the General understand he'd run a piece a day on the whole business for a year if he felt like it, and he was beginning to like it. It was a little after that General called me."

There was a most uncomfortable pause.

"I suppose he threatened to take the business away from us," said Mr. Blandings.

"Naturally."

"Just the Old Supine Blandings the whole line of whiskies and wines?"

Mr. Dascomb said nothing and replied to George Stout, "The whole line," he said, "right down to the imported prune cocktail. There was another pause."

"I don't suppose, Jim," said Mr. Dascomb, "that you have any idea than the rest of us here as to how the substance of your letter got to Vascal so quickly and so accurately?" The trembling of his hands was now being communicated to his arms and shoulders.

"No," said Mr. Blandings, raised his eyes and looked very hard at Lorbet Neen, who winked hard back.

"I think you ought to lay your card face upward with Jim," said Mr. Dascomb, said Lorbet Neen. "Otherwise, we're beating around the bush."

"Perhaps Lorbet has a point there," said Mr. Dascomb. "I think what he is trying to say is that should report that among several very interperate things General Slocum said to me yesterday was that if we were to accept your suggestion he would consider the matter honorably closed."

"That was it, Mr. Blandings, I know that was it all along. Last night, when he read Vascal's piece when he talked to Lorbet Neen on the phone; all the while in the train this morning. That's why he had set himself to do it, so that now he did not stand over a single word."

"Mr. Dascomb, please don't be another minute of embarrassment or anxiety about anything. Consider my resignation is in this matter, and I'll go and find a job and get the first draft and copy, and I can go over it until we get the phraseology just the way you or Lorbet want it."

The trembling fit now came in on Mr. Dascomb.

"May I ask," he said, his voice shaking with the rest of him, "you mean to suggest that I sink to the point of permitting—"

His epiglottis did him in; he choked and had to swallow.

"Of permitting," he said doggedly on, "a client to dictate terms of my relationships with associates? Upon my soul—"

His breathing made a loud sound that drowned out the groan of the air-conditioning machine.

"The business Suggard Banton and I created out of nothing a quarter of a century ago," said Mr. Dascomb, "was not set up upon principles and has not grown to greatness without principles. The day should come when I must violate those principles. I will at the business die."

He stopped, and commanded his head to stand still. For an instant he was able to look full and steady at Mr. Blandings.

"I could wring your neck," he said in a strangled voice.

It was the most terrible thing he had ever said to anyone in his employment.

"Mr. Dascomb—" said Lorbet Neen.

"Excuse me, Lorbet, excuse me everyone," said Mr. Dascomb. "I have to leave you for a moment. He arose and pressed a section from floor to ceiling a section of bookcases a foot thick swung open on olive hinges, disclosing Mr. Dascomb's retiring-room. He entered it with dignity, and a lot of rare books, resuming the place of the wall, shut him away."

"Now I've heard everything," said Lorbet Neen. "That's the first time in all my experience I ever saw anybody insult Mr. Dascomb right to his face, right in his own office."

Mr. Blandings was shaken. "I wasn't insulting him," he said. "I was trying to make it easy for him." "It was a rotten thing to say," said Lorbet Neen. "People like you have no consideration for the feelings of others, is your trouble."

"It was the only honest and decent thing to say," said Mr. Blandings. "It was what he wanted, wasn't it? What you want—well, you've got it."

"Don't you know that when anybody comes to the old man with a proposition as 'fire Joe' makes or lose the account, there's only one thing he's going to tell them? If you hadn't butted in with your martyred resignation talk you'd have learned what the old man said to General Slocum," Neen said savagely.

"I'll tell you what he said," said Lorbet Neen. "After General Slocum had batted his ears back for fifteen minutes he said, 'Neither I see this agency ever permit ourselves to be intimidated by threats or pressure, so we will now resign from your account.' And you know as well as I do he'd stick to that the even if it meant the agency losing every penny of its business—unless somebody got him honorably and ethically off the hook."

Mr. Blandings sat silent.

"Slocum might crawl," said Lorbet Neen. "But if he doesn't, this agency will have to go out and scramble around for a new four-million-dollar account to make up for Old Slocum Blanders."

"Everything you say," said Mr. Blandings, "indicates more and more clearly that my usefulness to him and Dascomb is at an end."

"Oh no you don't!" said Lorbet Neen. "We're not going to have my more martyrs to the system around here as long as I'm Executive Vice-President." He leaned forward and shook a thick, well-groomed forefinger at Mr. Blandings. "You pull any fast stuff about resigning, and you'll have a lot more to answer for than losing this agency a four-million-dollar billings. What couldn't Vascal do to us with that?"

Lorbet Neen flung a paper clip into an empty wastebasket. "In fact," he said, "you'll have to come back to work, and we'll have to find some way or somebody to take over your newspaper. That's the only way I see to get the whole business straightened out. Then Vascal won't have any more story, then we can explain the whole situation to Slocum."

The door of precious volumes opened, and the three juniors rose to their feet as Mr. Dascomb walked quietly back to his chair.

"My apologies to everyone," said Mr. Dascomb. The smile was once more imperishable, and only the faintest tremor now disturbed the hands. With solicitude he turned to Mr. Blandings. "Jim," he said, "when I asked you to come in this morning it was merely to confer on some of the knottier aspects of our little problem. During the last few moments I have been wondering if perhaps the very best thing all of us could do would be to lunch together at the Cloud Club. Could you put aside any other plans and let us make it a foursome?"

"Certainly, Mr. Dascomb," said Mr. Blandings.

"Good," said Mr. Dascomb. His secretary entered silently in answer to some radar impulse. "Pour at the Cloud Club at twelve forty-five," he murmured. He turned again to Mr. Blandings. "General Slocum and two or three of his headquarters staff almost invariably lunch at the Cloud Club on Fridays. My thinking is that if they should see the four of us lunching amicably together it would show them that we were all standing shoulder to shoulder, impregnable to threats."

"And of course," he added, "if any of us, best of all you, managed to have an amicable little conversation in the lounge where the General usually smokes his after-lunch cigar we might find a few knots unravelling in an almost magical way. Eh, Jim?"

On the Catatonic Express to Lansdale (Fridays only) Mr. Blandings sat in the swaying club car

and tried to relax. He had seen the General. The General, in fact, had been seated in his luncheon chair when Mr. Dascomb and his three associates had entered the Cloud Club's lofty dining-room. He had got up, walked menacingly over to Mr. Dascomb, and then heartily clapped him on the back, uttering obscenities with a brigadier's grin.

Mr. Blandings was introduced to him, and the General had crushed his hand, roared a couple of hideous insults at him, and ordered the waiter captain to merge the two luncheon groups. Everyone except Mr. Dascomb had had three old-fashioned meals with Old Slocum and everything had straightened itself out completely even before the General's after-lunch cigar. "Have to talk that way sometimes, commanding troops," the General had said. It was his only reference to his yesterday's phone call to Mr. Dascomb.

OBVIOUSLY, the General's staff had worked hard the previous evening to regreave and re-channel his emotions, and find proper means of letting him know that a brigadier-general (ret.) was no match in this democracy for Homer Vascal.

"Who says there's anything the matter with the copy?" he had thundered when Mr. Blandings was trying to say that his criticisms of Old Slocum to Mr. Dascomb had gone no further than that.

"I couldn't be more grateful to you, Jim," said Mr. Dascomb as the two were parting at the end of the afternoon. "You played a major part in the restoration of harmonious relations."

The train flashed past Darien; soon it would leave the main line and set forth on its own. Mr. Blandings examined the horizon of his world, degree by degree over the full circle of the compass, and could nowhere find surcease. He was heartily glad to be leaving the city; his day there had been a perfect miniature of his professional life.

And so was he glad to be returning to the country? Alas, the thought of the country, where he never did anything right, made him think for a bewildered instant with pleasure of the city, where occasionally, as to-day—occasionally, by accident, at random, out of the blue, and in the category of events for which there is no cause—he did something right.

Mr. Blandings opened the evening paper and found himself through some hypnosis reading Happy Heideck, whose column offered a mild sort of postmeridian competition to Vascal's morning twitches.

Switcheroo of the week: That ad-man who threw the whole liquor industry into an uproar earlier is in a funny light again. His assistant, who wrote a lot of his copy, quit his agency last week to go to work for Consumers Militant, the outfit that believes and works for the abolition of national advertising. Heard on Ad Row: "An Army back should enrol in Notre Dame?" Dward Wayburn.

Mr. Blandings wondered for a minute whether this latest intelligence, which would obviously also be news to Mr. Dascomb and Lorbet Neen, would again unhinge General Slocum. It probably would, he thought—and then decided he did not care. In that moment he knew precisely how his letter to Mr. Dascomb had found its way to Vascal. Mr. Blandings framed a brief mental apology to Lorbet Neen for having momentarily confused him with the treacherous villain.

For a long time Mr. Blandings gazed out the window and watched the countryside fly darkly by. He could think of nothing so detestable as apostasy.

The club car rumbled over the bridge that brought the railroad right-of-way from one bank of the Wintlock River to the other; the signal to Mr. Blandings to prepare for the Lansdale stop, two minutes ahead.

Mrs. Blandings was on the platform, looking fair indeed in a yellow dress. Husband and wife put their

arms around each other as they walked up the platform to the station wagon. "I can see you're tired," said Mrs. Blandings, "but wait until I get you up the mountain and you hear what I have to tell you."

And when she got him up the mountain, she told him something incredible.

When Mr. Blandings awoke next morning he was sure it had been a dream. It certainly fitted in with dreamlike things more than with reality.

Mrs. Blandings said, "Hello, my darling native son. How does it feel to know that all by accident you wandered home?"

Mr. Blandings grinned. "Do you remember," he said, "how after that square dance at Henry Simms' barn last winter I had that unearthly sense that I'd been there before, a feeling of history about the whole business?"

Mrs. Blandings nodded. "I think it was that that gave me the idea of following up old Jonathan Benjamin Lendicks in the first place," she said. "The minute I heard Daisy Pay utter his name it rang some sort of bell in my mind, and I'm sure that's why."

"You've no idea how absolutely tedious genealogical research can be. And how absolutely confusing. If that archives man at the State Library hadn't checked over everything I wouldn't feel nearly so sure of myself."

"I wish you'd read me the one-page summary the archives man at the State Library wrote," said Mr. Blandings. "I was so flabbergasted last night I'm not sure I took it all in."

Mrs. Blandings rose from her bed and opened a bedside table. She picked up a piece of paper, and settled herself back comfortably on the bed, and began:

"Jonathan Benjamin Lendicks, Anglican clergyman, was born in the Hartford Colony, first seeing the light of day in the Connecticut River Valley in 1690. In 1711 he married Sarah Dolliver and—"

"It isn't possible," said Mr. Blandings.

"Just relax," said Mrs. Blandings, and continued.

"—married Sarah Dolliver and became one of the leaders of the party of some thirty souls, among them Jared Dolliver, Abel Alders, and Crideon Eldridge, which founded the town of Lansdale (originally Lendicksville, and taking its present name subsequent to the American Revolution) in 1719. Always outspoken, sometimes to the point of extreme tactlessness, the Reverend Mr. Lendicks and his family found themselves in the late 1770's occupying a situation of steadily increasing unpopularity. Preponderant sentiment in most of the western Connecticut towns was extremely conservative, but despite that a respect for the Cloth was also an outstanding characteristic. The position of the Lendicks family became such that in 1777 it was forced to take refuge in New York."

"The original Reverend Mr. Lendicks," Mrs. Blandings continued, "died two years later in advanced old age. Following the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, his eldest son, also Jonathan Benjamin Lendicks, petitioned for permission to return to his family's home, and for the restoration of the considerable property that had been confiscated at the time of his father's hasty departure. In one of the comparatively rare cases on record among the thousand-odd families that left Connecticut for divers reasons between 1775 and 1783, amnesty was consistently refused. In the face of this unusually harsh treatment, the fortunes of the once prosperous family steadily declined. Most of his branches died out but eventually off, its name corrupted by variant spellings and a fusion of the initial B (for Benjamin) with the surname, found its way to Ohio and settled on the Western Reserve lands, once regarded by Connecticut as a legitimate extension of its western arm. The appearance, in early Ohio land records, of a deed recorded in the name of the Reverend John P. Blandings, an Episcopalian clergyman, taken together with documents from the ecclesiastical records of the

FOR YOUR FIRESIDE READING

Diocese of Connecticut, New York, and Ohio, offers more than a conjectural proof that the names of the Blandings and (as corrupted) Blandicks families had their common origin in Jonathan Benjamin Lendicks, originally of Hartford, Connecticut, and a founder of the Lansdale colony."

That was all. Mr. and Mrs. Blandings said nothing for a little while, and the sun poured in the windows, and in the country silence they could hear the murmur of bees in the clover. Mr. Blandings spoke first. "If old Jonathan Benjamin married a Dolliver, in 1711, and she was a sister of the Founding Dolliver, what relation does that make me to our friend at the First National Bank?"

He answered his own question. "Still too close for comfort," he said; "too close for comfort on both sides."

"Was John P. Blandings of Cleveland your grandfather or your great-grandfather?" Mrs. Blandings asked. "I keep forgetting."

"Great-grandfather," said Mr. Blandings. "He was as far back as I ever knew anything about my family until last night." A transport of glee rocked him. "To think of it," he said. "To think that I have as much right to say I belong here as Anson Dolliver or any of his bunch. Of course there's the little matter of having been away on business for the greater part of two centuries, but that's a technicality."

"Purely a technicality," said Mrs. Blandings, happily. "Now you can really see what I meant when I told you I'd discovered something that changes our whole relationship up here. We aren't outsiders any more. We aren't strangers."

"You know," said Mr. Blandings, "I'm really proud of my progenitor. He sacrificed everything for what he believed in. The trouble with people to-day is that they confuse what's best for them with what's best for everybody. Old Jonathan Benjamin didn't make that mistake."

While Mrs. Blandings mused, her husband sprang out of bed and began doing setting-up exercises. "You know," he said, as he regained his breath, "the only trouble with that little account you read me is that it's too dry. It tells what happened without telling what really happened."

Mrs. Blandings laughed. "Well as to that," she said, "it wasn't hard for me to gather between the lines that Jonathan Benjamin and his family were practically tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail."

"Marvellous," said Mr. Blandings. "That's having the courage of your convictions, never mind the consequences. I can see the old boy standing up there in his pulpit and preaching the gospel of the American Revolution to his precious Tory congregation. What a bunch they must have been!"

MRS. BLANDINGS, about to say something, hesitated and looked troubled. "Jim," she said. "Wait a minute. You've got the point wrong."

"What point?" said Mr. Blandings.

"The whole point," said Mrs. Blandings. "You've got it exactly reversed. Jonathan Benjamin wasn't too radical for Lansdale; he was too conservative."

Mr. Blandings stopped his setting-up exercises and arched his eyebrows at his wife in an all-encompassing question mark.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Blandings. "What else would a well-to-do eighteenth-century Anglican clergyman be except a Tory?"

Mr. Blandings sat down on the edge of the bed, and for a moment he said nothing. It was disconcerting to have been discovered running towards the wrong goal post. A question was formed in his mind that he did not want to ask, but had to.

"And the Founding Dolliver, and his bunch?" he said. "I suppose they were—"

"They belonged to the Sons of Liberty," said Mrs. Blandings.

"Well," said Mr. Blandings after another pause. "That rather takes the fun out of it, doesn't it?"

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Blandings. "It all happened close to two centuries ago. It hasn't any bearing at all on to-day."

"I don't like having a Tory ancestor," said Mr. Blandings. "It makes me feel foolish."

"For heaven's sake," said Mrs. Blandings. "Why be upset over anything like that?"

A few days later Mrs. Blandings lunched in the city with Bill Cole.

"What do you hear from the children? Do they like going off to that god-forsaken camp summer after summer?" he asked her.

"How can you tell how your children feel about anything?" said Mrs. Blandings. "This is Betsy's last year at camp. She's almost eighteen, you know; after this year I've no idea what idea what about her. In fact, I've no idea what we'll do about anything."

"How's Jim?"

"I don't want to talk about Jim," said Mrs. Blandings. "Yes, I do, too."

"Just what is up?" said Bill Cole.

"I am in a terrifying situation," said Mrs. Blandings.

Bill Cole waited patiently.

"Entirely for Jim's benefit," said Mrs. Blandings. "I did something that now I simply cannot tell him about."

"As soon as you give me something to go on I'll try to make a comment," said Bill Cole.

"Well," said Mrs. Blandings, "you know about Jim and the farmers. You know that not one of them will ever forgive or forget that oleomargarine editorial."

Bill Cole nodded.

"And you know about the State Park idea and how that was messed up and betrayed, and you know about—"

"Muriel," said Bill Cole. "Indeed I do know about all those things. When Jim and I had lunch together in this same hotel back whenever it was, I gave him a solemn warning. I told him to keep out of anything to do with dairying; I told him never to sponsor a zoning ordinance—and I told him never to try to be the country-gentleman publisher of a small newspaper. Those seemed to me the three most infallible ways of getting into the deepest trouble in the country. But one by one Jim has done precisely those things I must confess that when I talked about a zoning ordinance I never thought about anything quite so fancy as a State Park."

"I know," said Mrs. Blandings. "So now it isn't surprising," said Bill Cole. "If Jim is pretty completely boxed in, I don't wonder that there isn't any place for him to go from here."

"Oh, but there is some place for him to go," said Mrs. Blandings. "That brings me right to my point. There's some place for him to go, but I know he won't go there, and he'll kill me when he finds out that I arranged it."

"You?" said Bill Cole. "You've got an out for him?"

"I have an out for him," said Mrs. Blandings. "Mr. Anson Dolliver is now claiming him as a long-lost brother."

Bill Cole replaced in the dish the peanut he had been about to eat.

"This is why I asked you to invite me to lunch," said Mrs. Blandings. "You're going to have to tell me what to do now."

"First of all," said Bill Cole, "you're going to have to tell me what you've done so far."

"Well," said Mrs. Blandings, "just sit back and imagine that you're Mr. Dolliver, and this is your office, and I've just come in to see you..."

Mrs. Blandings re-enacted the scene.

"This is quite a surprise," said Mr. Dolliver. He rose conscientiously, and arranged a chair for Mrs. Blandings.

"Mr. Dolliver," said Mrs. Blandings, "things are getting a little too ridiculous, and that's why I thought I'd pay a call on you. I am taking advantage of my husband's absence to-day in New York to visit you in your office."

"Very pleased to see you," Mr. Dolliver said.

"I thought you ought to know," said Mrs. Blandings, "that I have just come back from Hartford, where I heard you called a Communist."

The cigar Mr. Dolliver was lighting fell to the floor, and he went after it in a hard scramble.

"Ordinarily," said Mrs. Blandings, smoothing her white gloves with womanly calm, "I would not have cared what names I heard you called, whether I thought them true or ridiculous. But in this particular case I felt I had a reason for pausing to inquire further."

Mr. Dolliver's attempts to relight his cigar were not meeting with success.

"By whom you were called a Communist I shall naturally not reveal," said Mrs. Blandings, "but I am violating no confidence when I tell you that this epithet was applied to you in the hearing of Mr. Eldo Fay, whom it affected most adversely."

Mr. Dolliver's cigar leaped afresh from his grasp.

"You know Mr. Fay?" he asked. "Frankly," said Mrs. Blandings, "I had never met him until last week, and I was unaware that he was so powerful in the councils of your political party in this State. But his wife and I have been friends since girlhood."

"It would not be necessary to answer such a preposterous charge," said Mr. Dolliver.

"Oh yes it would, Mr. Dolliver," said Mrs. Blandings. "In fact it was. And I answered it on your behalf—or caused it to be answered. I hope I did right."

Mr. Dolliver stared.

"I thought it was generous of me," said Mrs. Blandings, "particularly since I know you have applied the same label to my own husband."

"Now my dear lady—" said Mr. Dolliver.

"Never mind that," said Mrs. Blandings. "It's getting to be a deep-rooted American custom to call anyone with whom one disagrees by some abhorrent political name. I just happened to know at first hand the circumstances that had you branded as a Communist, since they were entangled with my younger daughter's essay on the atom, so I thought simple fairness demanded that I speak out."

"Mrs. Blandings," said Mr. Dolliver, hoarsely.

"If you really believe my husband is a Communist," said Mrs. Blandings, "then you will be wondering right now whether my assurances that you were not could have any persuasiveness with Mr. and Mrs. Fay."

"But they did, Mr. Dolliver," went on Mrs. Blandings. "Isn't it curious? Mrs. Fay and I had a third roommate at college whose name was Shabby Smith. I had utterly lost track of her, but from Mrs. Fay I discovered that she is the third and present wife of Andros Poonce. Isn't that ridiculous, Mr. Dolliver. Do you know him?"

Mr. Dolliver shook his head.

"Good," said Mrs. Blandings. "That checks. But you know who he is of course?"

Mr. Dolliver nodded.

"Well," said Mrs. Blandings, "as one of the country's most authoritative ex-Communists and as the author, successively, of 'Russia Is Right' and 'Gird Republicans!' it is not surprising that Andros Poonce is at present Mr. Fay's most trusted political adviser and is in charge of the loyalty check on Republican Party members now going on in this State. The question of your Com-

munist had never been verified with Mr. Poonce, and it was my simple suggestion that he should be specifically asked if your name was in his files."

Mr. Dolliver waited.

"After a little delay," said Mrs. Blandings, "Mr. Poonce was able to give Mr. Fay an A-I-A clearance on you. He really went to a lot of trouble. He went through his alias cards three times. There was nothing."

"May I ask—" said Mr. Dolliver.

"I wouldn't say all the danger is past," said Mrs. Blandings, "because unless a man can claim actual friendship with an ex-Communist he never knows what may happen to him next. But at least Mr. Fay is now straightened out on your case, and I think your standing as a delegate to the next Republican National Convention is markedly improved."

"My dear lady—" said Mr. Dolliver.

"There is one more thing, Mr. Dolliver," said Mrs. Blandings. "Since you are not a Communist, I want you to cease promoting a cabal against my husband. Since you are not a collectivist I want you to cease directing a silent conspiracy against the newspaper my husband is trying to publish here. The reasons for your ill-will seem to hinge on your feeling that my husband is an outsider in this community of which you feel yourself the proprietor. I have one more bit of news for you. My husband has as much claim on being a native of this community as you have, and if you are surprised at this assertion, I have the documents to back it up. Mr. Fay's wife was instrumental in their coming into my hands."

Then she told Mr. Dolliver about Jonathan Benjamin Lendicks and how, through further interests of Daisy Fay, she had discovered him and his posterity.

Bill Cole had sat silent during Mrs. Blandings' fifteen-minute monologue. "You certainly gave old man Dolliver a lot to think about," he said. "How did you leave it with him?"

"I said to him," said Mrs. Blandings, "There are two ways, Mr. Dolliver, in which you can take this turn of affairs. You can either decide that you and my husband are the authentic proprietors of a sort of New England McCoy-Hatfield feud all the way back to Lansdale's founding—or you can think that you are intertwined by something more important."

"And what did he say?" Bill Cole asked.

"He said, after he'd thought for a moment. 'The latter is the only view I'd be disposed to hold.'"

"You sort of clubbed the old boy," said Bill Cole.

"I thought I was being very smart at the time."

"Weren't you?" said Bill Cole.

"Apparently not," said Mrs. Blandings. "I didn't count on Jim's reaction."

"You've told him about Dolliver?"

"Yes."

"What will happen," said Bill Cole, "when Jim discovers that Mr. Dolliver is electing him to membership in the present-day Tories?"

"I just don't know," said Mrs. Blandings. "The way things are going I think it will be the last straw."

"Then let it be," said Bill Cole.

He looked Mrs. Blandings square in the eye.

SHAKING her head,

Mrs. Blandings replied, "Certainly not. I told you in the beginning—I haven't dared. Because he's spoiled everything. He was all happy and delighted about Jonathan Benjamin Lendicks until he found out the old gentleman was a Tory. He seemed to think it was a blot on his own personal record as a—as whatever he thinks he is politically. He spoiled it utterly, and I can scarcely remember when I've been so hurt and disappointed. I put all my love and devotion into bringing him this incredible fact, thinking it would make a difference in his whole tortured tangled life up there in the country."

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"Listen, Muriel," said Bill, "there isn't any use trying to salvage Jim's life in the country. He's not the type for Lansdale County. Jim could be happy in the country if he had a professional interest he could practise there—like architecture or veterinary medicine or counterpoint or sculpture—like Henry Simms and his friends. They're all fine people, but they don't care very much what happens to anything outside their own spheres of interest. They've learned to be indifferent to stupidity, to get along just as well with a knave as with an honest man. They're all for the right as they see the right, but if wrong triumphs, they're very relaxed about it. They were born to a different tempo than Jim or than you. They're quite willing to wait ten or twenty years, or for ever, for something good to happen, and if it doesn't, they shrug their shoulders."

"I wish you'd say all this to Jim directly," said Mrs. Blandings.

"The difference between the country and the city," Bill Cole went on, "is that in the city everything's blurred, and in the country it's so terribly sharp. Jim can be neutral in the city because it costs him no effort. But because the country was new to Jim he saw all its faults with a fresh, sensitive new eye, and he thought to himself he had to fix them. But he was wrong. In the country the human defects are so terribly evident: the stupid are stupid and the brilliant are liars. Jim is neither. He has no place there. Let him come back to New York."

"And advertising?" said Mrs. Blandings.

"Certainly," said Bill Cole. "To what else? What else is he good at?"

"Now, Bill," said Mrs. Blandings.

"All right," said Bill Cole; "that was blunter than I meant. All I really mean is that he's got a particular talent for a curious type of creation, and the economic world in which he lives seems willing to pay him a lot of money for it, so that his wife can wear clothes of expensive simplicity, and his two daughters can have the best of everything. What is wrong with that?"

"The only thing wrong with it," said Mrs. Blandings, "is that Jim doesn't like it."

"He should have decided that twenty years ago," said Bill Cole. "When he was at the age of that what's-his-name assistant of his."

"Edward Wayburn," said Mrs. Blandings.

"Yes," said Bill Cole. "Youth is the time for martyrdom. Middle-aged martyrs simply cannot stand the gaff. Can you sell your house?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Blandings.

"Would you like to come back to the city?"

Mrs. Blandings gazed blissfully heavenwards as she finished the last of her Martini.

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"Lunch is ready," said Mrs. Blandings. "What are you doing reading the Bible?"

"Looking for something," said Mr. Blandings. "I don't think I want any lunch."

"The last time you had that Bible out was when Joanie was born," said Mrs. Blandings. "Come on; I've made a corn soufflé, and I don't want it to collapse."

Mr. Blandings brought himself slowly to the lunch table and sat down at it with an air of suffering concealed.

"Those are our own beans," said Mrs. Blandings. "If you don't want them just leave them alone and don't push them around on your plate."

Mr. Blandings gazed out the window. "I met Mr. Dolliver in front of the bank when I was on my way to the drugstore," he said.

"Oh?" said Mrs. Blandings.

"It really is the last straw," said Mr. Blandings. "He told me he was completely in favor of the park project. He told me he thought we'd done a very constructive thing."

"That's certainly news," said Mrs. Blandings.

"He ended up by offering to lend me some money for the 'Blade'," said Mr. Blandings. "When I told him I didn't want to put the paper in back, do you know what he did? He said, 'In that case take some money from me personally, and issue a few shares of stock.'"

"That certainly makes it seem you've won your battle," said Mrs. Blandings. "I think you ought to be very gratified."

"Gratified?" said Mr. Blandings. "Gratified that in some incredible way I've gone all out for a project that has Anson Dolliver's endorsement? All I want to know is how I ever got on to the same side with him about anything. There's something in the Bible about 'What have I done that my enemies should praise me,' and I want to find who said it."

"I never heard it," said Mrs. Blandings. "Maybe you're just an unconscious conservative."

Mr. Blandings put his fork down heavily. "I am not," he said.

Mrs. Blandings also put down her fork. "Look, Jim," she said. "You're being very disagreeable to everybody. Don't you want Anson Dolliver's goodwill? If you don't, what else could you ever have had in mind by asking to be accepted in this town? What other terms of acceptance are there? Was it your idea that you would some day depose Mr. Dolliver?"

"I don't know how he would take it," said Mrs. Blandings. "I ran that chance. I said to him, 'Mr. Dolliver, there are two ways you can take this. You can either decide that you and my husband are the McCoy-Hatfield feud of New England, or else you can think that you're intertwined by something more important.'"

"What did he say?" said Mr. Blandings, weakly.

"For a few moments he said nothing, at all," said Mrs. Blandings. "But I had previously mentioned something else to him that I'm not going to discuss with you, and he was obviously weighing things in his mind. And finally he began to laugh, and at last he said, 'Well, I'm not sure who the joke's on, but tell your husband I'll buy him a drink any time.'"

Mr. Blandings found the energy for a long, shuddering sigh.

"All of this," said Mrs. Blandings. "I was quite prepared to tell you the very day after it happened, but you got so impossible when you found out your stiff-necked ancestor wasn't a starchy-eyed Whig that since that moment there hasn't been a pleasant occasion on which to say anything to you at all."

"Muriel," said Mr. Blandings, "don't you see—"

"I know what I see," said Mrs. Blandings. "I see a man who's determined not to get along with other people on any rational basis."

"Don't you see," said Mr. Blandings, "that the one basis on which I can't possibly let myself be accepted by this town is the basis that's being offered to me right now? That you helped arrange?"

"I'd like to know why not," said Mrs. Blandings.

"If there was one thing I wanted to do," said her husband. "It was work out some of the frustrations in my own life in terms of doing something for this community. That's where I wanted some acceptance. I wanted some sort of triumph—guess it didn't matter very much what—that people would have liked up with me and said, 'Well, we have to thank Jim Blandings for that; it hadn't been for him we'd still be doing whatever it was in the same old way.' Well, I can see that nothing like that's going to happen; I'm not so stupid but that I've seen that for some time. But this—this business of all of a sudden getting teamed up with the wrong side—it's just too much to take."

He got up from the lunch table. His wife sat still. He paused and put an arm around her shoulder. "Please don't think I'm ungrateful. I can see perfectly well why you do what you did, and why you thought it was the right thing to do."

"All right," said Mrs. Blandings. "You go back to your study while I do the dishes."

In the kitchen, while all the modern appliances of modern house-keeping splashed and ran, Mrs. Blandings reflected upon men, the male sex, the masculine characteristics.

In his study Mr. Blandings was conceived with an entirely different complex of ideas. He had resumed a determined search of the Bible. After an hour or more he bent closer over this fine type. He had not found what he was looking for, but his eye had chanced upon the thirty-seventh verse of the tenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew:

"A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

He got up and went looking for his wife.

"It feels to me," said Bill Cole, "as if I'd arrived here at the tag end of a family brawl."

"How ridiculous," said Mr. Blandings.

"What would give you that idea?" said Mr. Blandings.

"First you forgot your briefcase," said Bill Cole, "and I had to telephone you from the Lansdale station—"

"I just couldn't be more embarrassed," said Mrs. Blandings.

"And now it's way past the bedtime hour, but nobody's doing anything but sitting around and moping."

Mr. Blandings rose forthwith.

"As soon as we've had a drink I'll bring up something interesting," Bill Cole said. "I've had a letter from an old friend."

Mr. Blandings made the drink with an apothecary's precision.

"You know," said Bill Cole, "you can still sell the 'Blade' to the Fawcett people. And I'll tell you something remarkable: despite all it's been through, you can still get the same three thousand for it that you could have had in the beginning."

"Who's the old friend you had the letter from?" said Mrs. Blandings.

Bill Cole drew from an inner pocket a long white envelope. "Tama Nellus," he said.

Inwardly Mr. Blandings said a prayer. It was that Mr. Nellus had written to say that he was coming back to Lansdale, would resume all charge and control of the "Blade," put it back on its sing-song track and let it go on that way until the type wore out. That would be it; that was about the only reason the old man would be writing to Bill Cole.

"We've seen our last of him all right," said Bill Cole. "He says he wouldn't come back to this part of the country again if they gave him the New York 'Times' on the same terms he gave you the 'Blade.'"

All right; that's the way prayers were answered. "What's he got to say for himself?" said Mr. Blandings.

"Dear Mr. Cole," said Bill, "moping. 'I hope this finds you in good shape, and everything progressing well for our friends in Lansdale and on Bald Mountain.'"

He interrupted himself. "It's plain the old man wanted to write to you," said Bill. "but I guess some point of conscience wouldn't quite let him."

He returned: "The climate here in Santa Barbara could not be more pleasant, and we have day after day of unbroken sunshine."

"What's the weather report?" said Mr. Blandings. "What's on his mind?"

Bill Cole turned a page over and looked for a new paragraph. "The Blade looks a whole lot handsomer with its new type and make-up than ever did in my day," he read, "which is all the more reason why I'm sorry to see it go thin. The decline in advertising has certainly been heavy, and there does not seem to have been the usual seasonal pick-up. That oleomargarine editorial was a wonderful piece of work and got the nail on the head, but when I read it and thought of what would happen I was glad I was safe on the safe side of the continental divide. Sure in Santa Barbara the temperature rarely—"

"That all?" said Mr. Blandings. "Keep your shirt on," said Bill Cole. "He has a couple of paragraphs here about his orange grove, but he gets back to the 'Blade' in a minute. Here it is:

"I suppose it was an attempt to go back on the right side of the fence that made my good friend Blandings throw in that series on the Shamalaug State Park. Well, it will certainly be a pleasure to Anson Dilliver. Personally, I was always able to hold him off when he tried to make me go to bat for it, but I guess I knew he was bound to get his way some time. It first came up in the Roosevelt days as a W.P.A. proposal, so all the town bigshots were against it, and got it all comfortably dead and buried. But it must have given them an idea, for here and his pals began buying up all the land around the lake they could get their hands on, and last I heard they had quite a few hundred acres between them. With a Republican Legislature like they have now they would certainly get more for the land from State condemnation than they would from selling it off piecemeal to individuals. It's mighty funny how an idea depends so much more on who has it than what it is. In a general way—"

Mrs. Blandings interrupted. "Don't read any more just now, Bill," she said. "This all gives Jim and me quite a lot to take in."

"We are rounding out a good row," said Mr. Dascomb. "Some disappointments, some good luck that I hope was not wholly undeserved, but above everything a very steady and competent performance by the men and women of this agency by all indications, next year will be better still."

"That's splendid, Mr. Dascomb," said Mr. Blandings. He had come to the city in answer to an extremely polite note from the head of the agency. The appointment had been for four o'clock, but Mr. Dascomb had been delayed, and now the autumn shadows grew and lent a still darker cast to the smoke-furrowed New York sky. In a few minutes the Knapp Lavative sign would spring alight. Mr. Blandings sat poised, ready to wince.

"It's none too early to be thinking about next spring's schedules," said Mr. Dascomb. "The Art people are getting ready to spend some really important money on Catchow next year, and Old Supine is pretty nearly deciding his schedules."

Mr. Blandings listened with a ringing counterfeiter of eagerness.

"We have a new account that is going to bear some nursing along," said Mr. Dascomb. "The American Society of Exterminators is getting ready to go national."

"That sounds logical," said Mr. Blandings.

"It is logical," said Mr. Dascomb. "There are going to be a few changes, too," continued Mr. Dascomb in a gentle voice. "Suggested Boston came east for the last director meeting and made the definite decision that he wanted to sell his stock and retire from the agency to devote himself entirely to his pottery business."

"That raised the question as to who was in a position to buy him out, and to make a long story short

Lorbet seemed to be in the best position of anyone outside myself."

Mr. Blandings listened carefully. "I should not have any more stock than I do have," said Mr. Dascomb. "So the upshot was that we're returning about half of Suggers' stock to the treasury to be made gradually available to a few members of Top Creative—and Lorbet is taking the other half. This is confidential, Jim."

"I understand," said Mr. Blandings.

"And so," said Mr. Dascomb, "around the first of the year, the name of the agency is going to change to Dascomb and Neen, to give a truer reflection of the actual situation."

"That's splendid," said Mr. Blandings.

"So I'd say we were in a very constructive situation," said Mr. Dascomb.

VERY politely, Mr. Blandings replied, "Indeed, it would seem so."

"Frankly, however," said Mr. Dascomb, "one thing troubles me."

Here comes something, thought Mr. Blandings.

"Our laxative situation is not good," said Mr. Dascomb.

On cue, the enormous Knapp sign flashed alive, and lighted up all midtown.

"I'll confess it's beyond me to explain," said Mr. Dascomb. "George Stout has been handling the account, and I hope I don't hurt your feelings when I say that I really can't myself see any difference in the copy. But sales are off. There's the test. It's all the more serious because we know that Knapp's percentage of the total field is declining. And last week the client said very frankly that unless we could guarantee you back on the account in pretty short order, he would have to think what other arrangements he might make. Now I could scarcely be franker than that, could I, Jim?"

"No, Mr. Dascomb," said Mr. Blandings. "I don't see how you could."

"And now that you've sold your newspaper," said Mr. Dascomb, "there really isn't very much to keep you up there in the country, is there? Particularly with a cold, hard winter coming on."

Shortly after this talk Mr. Blandings seated himself in the smoker of the train for Lansdale and stared fixedly at the pillar that helped support the Grand Central Station.

It had been a month ago that Bill Cole had completed the transactions whereby the Fassetts, Newspaper Enterprises had paid three thousand dollars to Mr. Blandings and acquired the Lansdale Printing and Publishing Company intact. Whatever sadness Mr. Blandings felt at the time he felt no longer. "We live in an era of consolidations," the Fassetts' announcement of purchase had said on the "Blade's" page one. "Economics of centralized purchase and production will enable us to offer an improved service to this community."

Nothing was said about editorial practices or policies and indeed as Mr. Blandings looked at the changed paper he realized there were none; the Fassetts' "package" made them unnecessary. Six comic strips had instantly made their appearance; they were incomprehensible to Mr. Blandings but they seemed to be exactly what Lansdale wanted. It was as simple as that. If you knew how Journalism? Crusades? How silly of me, Mr. Blandings thought; how old-fashioned.

"This seat taken?"

Mr. Blandings jumped, and began to make way beside him for an unwelcome stranger. Then he looked up and saw it was Henry Simms, a long tube of tracing paper clutched in one hand. "I thought that looked like the back of your head," said Henry Simms.

The train got under way. Mr. Blandings could not find much to discuss, but Henry Simms did not seem to mind. "Going to the ceremonies on Saturday?" he said.

"Ceremonies?" said Mr. Blandings. "For what?"

"Why the steam shovel is taking the first bite of earth for the park

project," said Henry Simms. "It's just a sort of token ceremony, of course; they can't really get going for a year, but I hear the Lieutenant-Governor is showing up to make a speech. You'd better be there."

"I don't think I can make it," said Mr. Blandings.

"Anse Dilliver will be there," said Henry Simms, "with bells on. You ought at least to make a showing, seeing you started it."

Mr. Blandings looked at his companion. "I didn't start it, Henry," he said. "You started it. You started it the day you told Muriel and me about how you ran the survey for it back in the Depression."

"No, I didn't start it," said Henry Simms. "Must have been Harry Hopkins, or F.D.R. or somebody. And look who's running with it now."

"Yes, look," said Mr. Blandings. "There was a moment of silence."

"Henry," said Mr. Blandings, "when you told us about the project that day, you must have known that in the intervening years Anse Dilliver had bought up an awful lot of the land that the State's taking off his hands now at a very good figure. You get around a lot; you must have known that."

"Why yes," said Henry Simms. "I knew that. Why?"

So Henry Simms wanted to know why. He was a good man, and an honorable man, but he wanted to know why.

"It just seems to me," said Mr. Blandings slowly, "that you might have let me know."

"Well I would have if I'd thought of it," said Henry Simms, "but great Scott, what difference does it make? The park's a good project, isn't it? What else matters?"

Mr. Blandings had once used that argument himself; he could not very well attack it now.

"It's just that I found myself in a very peculiar position," he said. "I can't say I liked being the accidental means of stirring up a lot of enthusiasm that anybody could make a profit out of public funds, at the same time going around damning all governments and demanding more freedom of enterprise and less restraint by the State."

Henry Simms offered a mild chuckle. "I can't answer for anybody's inconsistencies except my own," he said, "but you're not suggesting there was anything wrong there, are you?"

The train came to such a palsied stop that Mr. Blandings' answer was lost.

"Certainly not wrong," said Henry Simms. "Just smart. If I'd had that sort of sense, and some money, I'd probably have done the very same thing."

"No you wouldn't," said Mr. Blandings.

"I probably would," said Henry Simms. "You can't prove I wouldn't."

Nothing was in the open. What people said and what people did were two independent phenomena. And nobody cared much. That was the point: nobody cared. Learn that Blandings.

The conversation became desultory, then lapsed.

Mr. Blandings broke the silence. "I'm putting my house on the market," he said. "Did you know?"

Mr. Simms turned to look at him in amazement. "No!" he said. It was disbelief.

Mr. Blandings nodded.

"But I saw Muriel no later than yesterday, and she never said a word about it," said Henry Simms. "On the market just the same," said Mr. Blandings.

"But I'm shocked," said Henry Simms. "I built that house for you and your kids to live in for—well, for a quarter of a century anyway."

Mr. Blandings smiled. He was getting a faintly malicious pleasure out of shocking Henry Simms; he felt he almost knew why he liked doing it, and that if he dared to pry at his mind for a minute the true reason would come clear. He did not think he wanted to know it, because it would be petty, and inconsistent with goodness of heart and generosity. So he did not probe himself, but instead made a small ceremony of lighting a cigarette.

FOR YOUR FIRESIDE READING

"Yes," he said. "I think it's back to the city for Muriel and the kids and me."

He offered no elaborations, and Henry Simms, feeling a certain fall between himself and his companion, ceased in a moment his efforts to brush it aside.

It is not a lie I have told, Mr. Blandings said to himself; it is merely a premature truth. Having said what I have said I must now discuss with Muriel the matter of selling the house and see how she feels.

It was one thing to offer a house for sale; it was another thing to sell it. Whereas in the years the Blandings had not wanted to sell their house, scarcely a week went by without a brusque offer, now no one came to look at the house at all, no one could be persuaded near it; it was shunned. Mr. Blandings had listed it with all the local brokers; the same genies that had brought him the prospects he had not wanted earlier. Until the moment he had listed the house the market had been very active, yes, very active indeed. I don't know when I seen it so active.

It began to seem to Mr. Blandings that Lansdale was now to inflict upon him the living death; he was free to leave it, he was indeed silently urged to leave it, but no one would show his house to anyone who might relieve him of it and thus make it possible for him to go.

This was bad.

This was not Mr. Blandings' only shock. The other one was the instantaneous unanimity with which his first proposal to sell the house and return to the city was greeted by the three women of his family. There was no argument, no discussion.

Within five minutes it was apparent to him that his wife and daughters had, for more time than they would even faintly confess, been yearning with all their hearts to return to the city. It was all very well to have the family so quickly and perfectly agreed on a point so important, but something about the agreement haunted Mr. Blandings. He had always regarded himself as a father-in-the-cartoons: the unappreciated, hard-working provider that kept rapacious American womanhood beminked and bejewelled, and was made the butt of every family joke for his pains.

Something very different from this was now emerging: a conspiracy among his wife and daughters, formed to keep him happy; a pact between them that no matter how hard things went for them they would not reveal to him one scintilla of their troubles. But on one word from him that he was ready to bring the experiment of country living to an end, the dam had burst: living joy surrounded and drenched him.

"But Muriel," said Mr. Blandings that evening, "Muriel, darling: why haven't you ever said anything? If you're this eager to go back to New York that means that you've been unhappy here for a long, long time. You should have told me."

LOOKING at him in fond surprise, Mrs. Blandings said, "After all these years, don't you know anything about what makes a woman want to be a wife? Don't you know I'd do anything to make you happy? Anything, always!"

"How do you think this reads?" Mr. Blandings asked the next morning at breakfast. "Country dwelling, four modern bathrooms, completely electric kitchen, superb view, oak grove, apple orchard, fruit trees, trout stream, hayfields, barns, seclusion, 31 acres, paved highways, commuting distance."

"That's wonderful," said Mrs. Blandings. "You do write so well."

"I'm going to put it in the Sunday Times," said Mr. Blandings. "I'm

tired of waiting for these local pirates to dig up a prospect."

"Do you think you ought to add 'Will sacrifice'?" said Mrs. Blandings. "It seems usual."

"Definitely not," said Mr. Blandings. On his way into the city on the train he added "Will sacrifice," and Miss Willersley immediately phoned his composition to the classified ad department of the "Times." When it appeared it produced an instantaneous reaction.

"Mr. Blandings," said Harry Silber over the telephone on Sunday, before Mr. Blandings himself had seen the New York papers, "it was news to me you're going to sell your house until now I look at the 'Times' classified under Lansdale."

"Why, Harry," said Mr. Blandings, "it's been listed with every broker in town for I don't know how long. I put the ad in myself because I'm getting tired of waiting."

"You won't have to wait long now," said Harry Silber. "Listen; I just sent a husband and wife name of Kirker to your place two minutes ago. They were looking for it and got lost practically in my back yard. Don't let them get away."

"Prospect?" said Mr. Blandings.

"Hot," said Harry Silber. "I made up a price. I said I'd heard you might let it go for sixty-five thousand, but I didn't know."

"But Harry," said Mr. Blandings. "I wasn't going to ask—"

"Don't tell me," said Harry Silber. "They ought to be there now if they don't blow all their tyres long. I told them I thought they might be too late."

"But I haven't—"

"Yes you have," said Harry Silber. "I have an uncle would buy your place if you'd sell to him."

When Mr. and Mrs. Kirker arrived at the top of Bald Mountain they were poised, casual, and controlled. Mr. Blandings had tried to act that way once himself, under the selfsame maple trees . . . It seemed so long ago.

Mrs. Kirker was well stocked with sensible questions about the efficiency of the town snowploughs in winter, and how often the electric current failed. Then she began to approach more intimate topics. Mrs. Blandings gave her husband the signal for silence and took on the inquiries herself.

"How about the neighbors?" said Mrs. Kirker.

Mrs. Blandings smiled gently. "Typically lovable Nutmeg Yankees," she said. "Of course, you've got to know them."

"Naturally, naturally," said Mr. Kirker with an impatient glance at his wife.

"We have two daughters," said Mrs. Kirker, beginning again. "How—"

"How interesting, so have we," said Mrs. Blandings.

"How would you describe the schools?" said Mrs. Kirker.

"Solidly rooted," said Mrs. Blandings. "My husband is too modest to say so, but he has been a member of the Board of Education."

"Is that so," said Mr. Kirker. "Must have been a thankless job."

Mr. Blandings smiled strongly.

"No nonsense about progressive education, I take it," said Mr. Kirker.

Mr. Blandings felt that his wife would entrust him with one word. "None," he said.

"In these small towns," said Mrs. Kirker, whose voice struck Mr. Blandings as pleasant but a little insistent, "there's sometimes a certain amount of feeling against new people."

Mrs. Blandings' eyes took on a faraway look. "I think," she said, "the word 'tolerant' describes Lansdale remarkably well."

I got something out of Bryn Mawr, said Mrs. Blandings to herself, even if it was only knowing that the Latin tolerare means to endure, to put up with, to suffer, to bear.

"Yes," she repeated, "tolerant is a very fair description."

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Mr. Kirker cut politely through these feminine delicacies with a man's question.

"Any mortgage, may I ask?" Mr. Blandings repeated his previous success. "None," he said.

"But I'm sure," said Mrs. Blandings, "that Mr. Dolliver at the First National Bank would be more than eager to extend an accommodation to any new purchaser up here."

Mrs. Kirker returned to a topic from which she had been deflected. "I'm not too crazy about living in the midst of a lot of hicks," she said.

"There is quite an art colony up here," said Mrs. Blandings deprecatingly. "You can see why."

She had been leading her prospects up, up the hill; to the orchard and the upland beyond. When she reached her strategic point, where she knew the flaming glory of the Indian summer foliage was made almost insupportable by contrast with a tiny silver thread of river, she whirled about. With her right arm she made a Grecian gesture she had once admired in a film star.

Mr. Kirker stared. His compressed lips were trembling. He had tears in his eyes.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Kirker; "why are you people giving up this place?"

Mr. Blandings cleared his throat. "To be perfectly frank," he said, "it is somewhat more than our needs dictate now that our daughters—"

"I see," said Mr. Kirker.

Mrs. Blandings gave her husband a covert glance of admiration before she turned back to Mr. Kirker. "Would you commute?" she asked him deferentially.

"Yes he would," said Mrs. Kirker. "And I'm not at all sure it isn't too far out. He has to be in the office every day. He's a hard-working advertising man."

There was a tiny pause which Mrs. Blandings broke. "How interesting," she said. "Jim, I think we should be absolutely frank with Mr. and Mrs. Kirker. If they're interested I don't think it would be fair to let them get their hopes up too high."

As if bolted on platforms geared together, Mr. and Mrs. Kirker turned to Mrs. Blandings.

"I don't know anything about the ethics or etiquette of these situations," said Mrs. Blandings, "but the fact is we're considering a prior offer."

The house brought a good price; a very good price indeed. Even after Mr. Blandings paid off every country debt there would still be quite a lot left over. But of course there was one problem that was difficult.

One day Mrs. Blandings came home radiant from a trip to the city.

"What do you suppose," she said, "Emily and Alex are going to get a divorce?"

"Your cousin Emily?" said Mr. Blandings. "What's such good news about that? I thought you were crazy about her. I thought she and Alex were supposed to be the perfect love match."

"I am," said Mrs. Blandings. "They were. But it's all gone to smash and there's no use crying over spilt milk, and don't you see? Emily says we can have their apartment."

Mr. Blandings perked up. "It's as if it had been built for us," said Mrs. Blandings. "It's on East 83rd Street, and it's on the eleventh floor, and just think—out of a side bedroom window you can catch a little glimpse of Central Park."

"Say," said Mr. Blandings, "that sounds mighty attractive. It would be wonderful to have a little greenery to look at."

He rose, and kissed his wife with warm affection. "Gee," he said, "you're adroit at finding things. You've got a knack."

When Mr. Blandings got to the office one morning he found Miss

Willersley in a state of high emotion. "Oh Mr. Blandings," she said. "Wait till you look on your desk. I'm so happy." Miss Willersley went on. "I'm so thrilled and happy I just don't know what to do." Her eyes, Mr. Blandings noticed, were filled with tears.

He struggled to get off his rubbers, covered with snow that was already beginning to make a pool on the carpet. The windows were plastered with wet, hard-driven flakes, and although it was ten in the morning the lights were on all over.

"Don't be so slow," said Miss Willersley in an agony. "I can't bear it. Mr. Blandings, you've won the Mahoffey Award."

Everybody knew about the Mahoffey Awards. Mr. Blandings felt some unidentifiable emotion which was perhaps curiosity. "Judith," he said, "you know there isn't a Mahoffey Award; there are thirty or thirty-five at least, every year."

"Yes I do know," said Miss Willersley, her words coming fast and excited. "I just spoke that way. Actually, Mr. Blandings, you've won three. A gold medal, a bronze medal, and an honorable mention. Look—why won't you look?"

She snatched the top letter from his desk and thrust it in front of him: "Class Seventeen: Weekly Newspapers of 2500 Circulation or Under: Series of Articles Deemed Most in the Public Service; Gold Medal. Editorial Best Exemplifying Independence of Thought; Bronze Medal. Excellence of Typographic Design; Honorable Mention."

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Blandings. "Let me get this sorted out."

"The Gold Medal is for the Shmalauug State Park series," said Miss Willersley.

"That belongs to my wife," said Mr. Blandings.

"The Bronze Medal is for the oleomargarine editorial," said Miss Willersley.

"I wrote that when I was a little tight," said Mr. Blandings.

"And the Honorable Mention for Typography—well, that explains itself," said Miss Willersley. "The Award Dinner's at the Waldorf three weeks from Thursday. Mr. Blandings, it'll all be in the papers, won't it? Could I go? It says you have eight tickets."

Here was this girl, thought Mr. Blandings, who had been his secretary now for almost seven years, if you left out the time he himself had been away. She thought he was somebody. He was quite sure that she had already found some pretext for telling every secretary on the floor that morning that her employer was a thrice-crowned Mahoffey Medallist, and a man of substance and distinction, far above the other bosses of less fortunate girls.

TURNING to her he said, "Well, Judith, that's gratifying. Yes, it really is. Particularly the typography one; I've always fancied myself as a typographer."

"I should think you'd be so proud," said Miss Willersley. "I am. You're always winning something or other; you and the whole family."

Yes, thought Mr. Blandings, that is so. Before these bestowals this morning there had been Joanie's spectacular award from "Nubile Girlhood Magazine," so long ago. Years before that there was, too, the Gold Medal from the Harvard Advertising Awards that had first crowned Mr. Blandings as a young copywriter and said that no one in the world had written more beautiful and powerful words than he in the service of a chocolate-covered laxative.

And some time before that, he now reflected, oh, a long time before that, he had been an occasional gold and silver badge winner from that dear, dear dead giver of gifts, St. Nicholas. There was no ques-

tion, the Blandings family could win prizes.

"Yes," said Mr. Blandings, answering Miss Willersley, "both the children seem to have the same sort of ability, too. There was Joanie's prize from 'Nubile Girlhood'; very gratifying. And now Betsy—"

"Betsy?" said Miss Willersley; "how wonderful; what's Betsy done?"

"Just the other evening," said Mr. Blandings, "Betsy came home with a blue ribbon she'd won at cooking school."

"Cooking school," said Miss Willersley. "How wonderful. I didn't know she was going to cooking school. That sounds as if—don't let me ask a fresh question, but is there going to be some good news about Betsy soon?"

Mr. Blandings looked startled. "Why I don't think so," he said. "She's always loved to cook; she's an extremely feminine type, you know, and she's just been using her spare time to take some lessons."

"Still," said Miss Willersley, "I suppose a father is often the last to learn."

"I suppose he is," said Mr. Blandings.

He sat down at his typewriter. What was he going to do about the Mahoffey Awards, he wondered. Decline them, on the grounds that he wasn't the paper's proprietor any longer? No, he couldn't exactly do that. But he didn't see how he could accept them either, without making himself a part of a conspiracy for which he had no stomach at all. Well, fortunately or unfortunately, he couldn't even acknowledge them to-day; he had a couple of pieces of copy to bang out that he should have had finished two days ago.

He typed out his name at the top of the copy paper and fell into a bemused staring. Just for experiment he tapped out two lines of lambs with a spondlet at the end. Then, without even crossing out the words he tore the whole sheet from his machine. He'd have to do a thousand times better than that, but one thing was immutable: the words had to fit the theme of the Bach Passacaglia.

Hank Rivnuld had been a long time gone from the radio department of Dascomb & Neen and whether he would ever again be a well man was unhappily doubtful. His discovery of the theme's adaptability to the uses of the American Tobacco Company—which had been what his peribulbaritis had called the "precipitating factor" in his unfortunate illness—had never got any place, but it had found its uses just the same: rewritten into triplets and rescored for flutes, brass, and percussion it made a tune that had taken the fancy of The Makers of Cheese. It was up to Mr. Blandings to provide something that would go appropriately with Bach.

The buzzer sounded under Mr. Blandings' desk. "Mr. Neen's office is on the line," said Miss Willersley. "He wants to drop in for a minute." It was being a delightful day for Miss Willersley: that Mr. Neen should come to Mr. Blandings' office was the way things should be appointed.

"Jim," said Lorbet Neen, closing the door on Miss Willersley, "this is about my boy Nadwell."

Mr. Blandings' last notions of how to collaborate with Johann Sebastian Bach left him.

"He doesn't want to go back to college," said Lorbet Neen. "You try to plan so your children will have the advantages you missed, but it doesn't work out the way you plan."

The thought of Lorbet Neen as the victim of a frustration gave momentary balm to Mr. Blandings.

"He wants to start earning his own living right away," said Lorbet Neen. "He wants to learn something practical. So he wants to go into the agency business."

"Not surprising," said Mr. Blandings.

"I told him," said Lorbet Neen, "that I wouldn't lift a finger to help him get a job in this agency. If he could sell himself to Mr. Dascomb,

I told him, that would be another matter. But I told him he couldn't work in my department no matter what happened. I don't believe in favoritism."

Mr. Blandings sat in deathly quiet.

"Well," said Lorbet Neen, "to make a long story short he sold himself to Mr. Dascomb."

There was some hitch in the talk; Mr. Blandings felt impelled against his will to help it out.

"What sort of work does he want to do?" he asked.

"He wants to write," said Lorbet Neen, heavily. "He takes after his mother."

Could there be coming what Mr. Blandings thought was coming? "Mr. Dascomb," said Lorbet Neen, "has had an idea that he thinks is a very good one."

"What's that?" said Mr. Blandings.

"Since you need a new assistant," said Lorbet Neen, "Mr. Dascomb thinks that it would be just the thing if you would take Nadwell on and sort of break him in to the copy end of the business."

IT was important not to say the wrong thing. Mr. Blandings made a lightning search among a wide assortment of responses.

"What does anybody else think about this idea?" he said. "Nadwell, for instance?"

Lorbet Neen cleared his throat. "He's all for it," he said, throwing his cigar violently out the window.

"Lorbet," said Mr. Blandings, "we should all remember that my last assistant didn't turn out to reflect much credit on me, or the agency or anybody."

"If you don't like the idea of taking Nadwell over just say so," said Lorbet Neen.

"It isn't that," said Mr. Blandings.

"I'll tell you how I feel about it," said Lorbet Neen. "I feel that if you would teach him how to write good copy, it would be a very good thing. And I'll go a step further, and say I think you have something here in the nature of a responsibility."

"A responsibility?" said Mr. Blandings.

"A responsibility," said Lorbet Neen. "Why in the devil should the kid want to quit college and start supporting himself if he weren't so crazy about your daughter?"

It was in the wind, it would happen, the time was coming, it would not be put aside. Mrs. Blandings confirmed these fears when her husband faced her in the bedroom that night.

"But she's too young," said Mr. Blandings in despair.

"She won't be in six months," said Mrs. Blandings.

"Why didn't you tell me something?" said Mr. Blandings.

"I didn't want to add to your worries," said Mrs. Blandings. "And there really isn't very much to tell. They just see each other all the time, that's all, and there's no question they have what used to be called an understanding. I don't know what they call it now. If Nadwell does well in the agency I imagine it will be sooner rather than later that—"

Fathers were the last to know after all, just as Miss Willersley had said. Mr. Blandings' shoulders bowed in the knowledge that as he taught young Nadwell Neen the rudiments of copywriting, so he prepared a marriage bed for his daughter.

Mr. Blandings sat in the chair-room and on the large yellow pad in front of him doodled with a soft pencil. "We need," he heard Mr. Dascomb saying to the Plans Board, "a new approach."

Ah, another new approach. To what? Mr. Dascomb had been talking for fifteen minutes; Mr. Blandings had heard the sounds without taking in any of the substance.

Mr. Dascomb diligently continued. "I'm satisfied, and yet I'm not. It's too bad we have to go to the client so quickly, because to be wholly frank I don't believe our own thinking has yielded. The copy's good, but

to me it has a quality of, well, I don't know quite how to put it, that lacks a sort of—"

For Mr. Dascomb, this was unusually precise criticism.

George Stout, who had been wrestling with the copy, looked troubled. "There are so many of these effervescent hangers-on on the market," Mr. Dascomb said, "that trying to find a new approach—"

This recalled to Mr. Blandings the topic now before the Plans Board.

"Very true, George," said Mr. Dascomb. "But on more than one occasion this agency has taken a product into what seemed like a hopelessly crowded competitive situation and forced it into a commanding position. I don't want to think we've done that for the last time. And forgive me for saying I didn't like the phrase 'hangers-on' very much, either; I don't think we should let it creep into our thinking."

Like a child's chant, these rhyming words came into Mr. Blandings' head.

One of them was the product name. The three words made up a sentence that could be punctuated in three different ways. Before he knew what he was doing he had uttered them aloud in a trance-like voice.

Silence fell. Great heaven, thought Mr. Blandings, why can I not keep my more vacuous thoughts to myself? Is it asking too much of me to be given the power of discrimination whereby I should see the merely preposterous and be able to suppress the abysmal?

The pause lengthened until Mr. Blandings wished he were dead.

Mr. Dascomb was silently seated upon his yellow pad, following the point of his pencil very closely with his eyes, a tiny tip of his tongue thrust between his beautifully thin teeth. He was trying to draw a rectangle.

"Lorbet," he said, "will you sit the Art Department and sit in to step around for just a moment?"

The silence became even more portentous. The silence continued until a haggard, collarless man in face green with fatigue, opened his chair-room door, and made a pathetic attempt to come to attention in the presence of the full brass of the Dascomb & Neen agency. "Yes, Mr. Dascomb," he said.

"Joe," said Mr. Dascomb with his quiet deference, he reserved particularly for speaking to the uncommissioned personnel, "are the Klink layouts finished?"

"In another hour, Mr. Dascomb," said Joe. "In another hour or maybe an hour and a quarter at the outside."

"I didn't call to hurry you," said Mr. Dascomb, in gentle reproach. "They'd be finished now except I'm alone," said Joe. "I kept most of the crew until around there this morning, so I told them to take their time about coming back to me."

"What time did you get home, Joe?" asked Mr. Dascomb.

"I haven't been home," said Joe, "but that's all right, Mr. Dascomb."

"You're too conscientious," said Mr. Dascomb. "We can't afford to let you have another breakdown. Relax on those layouts right now. I don't think we're going to use them, so there's no more cause for hurry."

Joe swayed slightly. "Not use them," he said, quoting his words oddly, not even making a question of them.

"I'm afraid they've become obsolete," said Mr. Dascomb. "Mr. Blandings has just come up with an idea that I believe revolutionizes our entire approach to this type of account. The layouts will need complete rethinking."

In wild alarm, his heart pounding, Mr. Blandings stared first at Mr. Dascomb, then at Joe. He had done something again. In three months there would be a new electric spectacular on Broadway. In four months someone from the Columbia faculty would be called in to render his chant into Arabic. But until this instant he had not known so help him God, he had not known

FOOD TAKES A JOURNEY

The food you swallow takes an amazing journey occupying 2 or 3 days, and covering a distance of 30 or 40 feet! Unless this traffic is kept moving smoothly, your digestion becomes disorganised. Then you feel out-of-sorts, tired, irritable, all symptoms of constipation. But there's nothing like a sparkling glass of Andrews Liver Salt to prevent sluggishness! A small daily dose of Andrews, the gentle laxative, helps the wonderful mechanism of your body to function easily and regularly.



15 hairsets for 4/4
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do.
Get a tube of concentrated Curlpet—squeeze Curlpet into a put milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickest lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlpet for 4/4 from your chemist or store. QUICKSET WITH CURLPET CN.3

NEW RELEASE!

April Snow

Lillian Budd

A refreshingly different story of a woman's courageous fight against adversity.

The background is a snow-bound farm in Sweden. The story in which Sigrid handles her eleven children and her desperate husband, and the description of Swedish customs and foods make most entertaining reading.

16/-

From all Booksellers
A SHAKESPEARE HEAD PUBLICATION

Mr. Dascombe was saying to Joe, "Could you in the hour that now need not be spent on finishing the old layouts, make us half-a-dozen tissue roughs along this line?" He thrust the empty, unsquare rectangle at Joe, and repeated to him, in a voice of deep Eastern mysticism, Mr. Blandings' three words.

Joe, with eyes like underexposed film, moved towards Mr. Dascombe. His gaze was circling the table, hunting for Mr. Blandings. It was obvious that his brain and retina were by now all but disconnected, and Mr. Blandings had plenty of time to make of his hands a tent over his face before the gaze should rest on him. He waited, and when he felt a sensation as of a heavy photoflash lamp roasting his exposed forehead for an instant, he knew the gaze had found him out.

"Jim," said George Stout, "you're a wonder. You're a master of the advertising form."

There was nothing ungenerous about George Stout. He sat on a window-sill in Mr. Blandings' office, his face aglow with pleasure. "Here I've batted my head against the wall for six weeks on that copy and then you come along, never having heard about it before, and take the ball on the first play. And with just three words. It's a good thing I haven't got a jealous disposition."

Mr. Blandings stared out the window. Once Mr. Dascombe had announced that Mr. Blandings, who had only thought that he had mumbled a singsong aloud, had, in fact, contributed a revolutionary idea to the marketing of hazing pick-me-ups, a new appreciation of his talents had swept the chart room like a flash fire. But a man who does something without knowing he has done it seldom finds in his inner soul that calm sense of achievement often credited to him by those not in on his secret.

"Come out to lunch," said George Stout; "it'll be like old times."

"I wish I could, George," said Mr. Blandings, "but I have a date."

It was a lie; he had no date. George Stout looked disappointed. "I had something I wanted to talk over with you," he said. "Could we take a minute now?"

Mr. Blandings nodded. "I have a piece of news," he said. "It's very gratifying, and yet at the same time its kind of exasperating, too."

He paused.

"Mr. Dascombe really ought to be telling you this," he said, "but you know how he manages to slide out of things he doesn't want to do. I can't help admiring—"

"What's up?" said Mr. Blandings.

"Well," said George Stout, "do you remember that 50,000-dollar contest the Hair Removal Institute was getting?"

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FOR YOUR FIRESIDE READING

under way about the time you went away?"

"Yes," said Mr. Blandings. "It was after I'd gone, but I followed it, sort of."

"Nobody can say we didn't have the most illustrious set of judges, from the medical world and the literary world, that anybody could have picked," said George Stout. "Well, they finished their work, and night before last they opened the sealed envelopes with the code numbers corresponding to the code numbers on the entries. And you could have knocked me over with a crowbar when I saw who'd written the winner."

Mr. Blandings' mouth had gone dry, but his lips were able, just able, to form the conventional questioning word.

"Yes," said George Stout, "your daughter Joan."

"Fifty thousand dollars?" said Mr. Blandings in a whisper.

George Stout nodded. "Now the exasperating part is this," he went on, speaking quickly. "Either Joan wasn't interested in the money, or else she didn't read the small type, but in either event, of course, she can't compete, because naturally any employee of the Institute, or of its agency, or any member of the family of any such employee, is disqualified under Rule XIV."

"Naturally," said Mr. Blandings.

GEORGE said earnestly, "But entirely apart from the money, what amazes me is the gift of expression that child has. If she can do that well at fifteen, what won't she be able to do when she has a little more maturity? Did you?" George Stout found a moment's difficulty in going on. "You didn't know about this in any shape or way, obviously, did you, Jim?"

Mr. Blandings shook his head. "If I did," he said, "do you think I'd have disqualified her by coming back to work here?"

George Stout laughed; a hearty, healthy, good-natured laugh. "Well look," he said. "Even though the first prize will have to go to somebody from South Bend, we've got to do something handsome for Joan. And Mrs. Dascombe, if you please, has sold her husband on what my turn out to be a whale of a powerful idea. She makes the very good point that since advertising is appealing to people with younger and younger minds, so to speak, an alert agency ought to have what she calls a Junior Advisory Executive Committee, to examine all copy and express their opinions. She got the idea from the radio, but it's still a good idea. She wants Joan to be on it—for a real cash retainer. She thinks Joan is the sort of girl who could have a big future in advertising, really big."

"No," said Mr. Blandings.

"My kid doesn't want that sort of thing. My kid wants to be a scientist; she wants to be a second Madame Curie." He did not think he had ever called Joanie "my kid" before in his life; a sort of encircling, protective instinct made him do it now.

George Stout smiled. "I know," he said. "When my daughter was Joanie's age, and even before, she played the piano like a streak; really brilliant. And do you know who her heroine was? MYRA HESS. Yes, sir, MYRA HESS' pictures were all over our house when we were living on that campus up at Ollens. And then one summer when she needed some money she got a job in a department store, and that's the last we've heard of MYRA HESS. She's a perfume demonstrator now."

"MYRA HESS?" said Mr. Blandings. He felt numb.

"My daughter," said George Stout. "And if she isn't on her way straight to the top in department-store merchandising, I miss my guess. You can't stand in your children's way, Jim," he said as he went out.

Left alone, Mr. Blandings realised he must have some lunch. He had said he had a date, when he had none. Now he must be careful not to be seen lunching by himself. The crowded elevator brought him to the lobby. He walked slowly from Madison Avenue to Lexington and went into a hamburger counter.

When his hamburger came Mr. Blandings munched on it, and drank the coffee he had not ordered and had a piece of shrivelled pie for dessert.

Perhaps, he reflected, perhaps I should take a hint. The hints are indeed rather broad that there is one particular world in which my instincts least often lead me astray. I prosper best. Not only that, but one of my daughters seems to have committed herself to this world, and of the other it has been said just this morning that she is showing talents for it.

I do believe that every man has his destiny, but perhaps in asking that my destiny should give me pleasure I have asked too much. Perhaps, then, if I narrow my focus to include only that for which I have a demonstrated capacity I may find my existence more easily endured.

If I spent the rest of my days devoted to what I do best; if I eschew, from now on, any distraction of ideas or activities that are not in this ken, there is every good likelihood that I shall be able to scale my peak, three words at a time, three words at a time, until at last I achieve my summit; and looking about me I discover there is no longer anything visible at all.

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AN EXPRESSION OF YOURSELF?



THE FURNISHING of your bedroom reveals your taste. So let a lovely Vantona Bedcover give the right atmosphere to your bedroom—an expression of yourself. Vantona blends thrilling designs and colours with a soft, fine texture. And because it is woven entirely in one piece, your Vantona Bedcover will drape perfectly. They are easily laundered, too!

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VA.19A.W.82



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The famous phials of genuine luxury Goya perfume.

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Cologne

7/5

Gloriously light for day and evening, in all the famous Goya fragrances.

Bath

Essence

4/9

Utter luxury for the bath. A few drops perfume the water. In each of the Goya fragrances.

Goya
PARIS
LONDON
NEW YORK

MADE IN ENGLAND

Sole Distributors: James Hare & Co. Pty. Ltd., 409 Collins St., Melb.

Next Week's Special Fiction Attraction GYPSY SIXPENCE By EDISON MARSHALL

Although the series of special fireside issues has been completed, these proved so popular that it has been decided to add a novel in three parts as additional fiction in our next three issues.
This is "Gypsy Sixpence," by the well-known American author Edison Marshall.

A story of high adventure and romance, set in India in the days of Queen Victoria, and centred on the daring, half-gypsy swashbuckler Romulus Brook, the book will be completed in three long, engrossing parts, first of which will appear next week.



Eye catching
color that
STAYS on your lips



A beautiful creamy lipstick that smooths on like a dream and gives a satin sheen that stays fresh and brilliant, without drying. Wear L'Oréal lipstick, in any of ten enchanting shades, to give you lasting lip loveliness.

APPLY FOR LASTING LOVELINESS: Apply lipstick to upper lip after drying with a tissue. Compress lips to blend the colour evenly on the lower lip, then blot with a tissue.



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CREAMY
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L'Oréal Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia. Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading Department Stores.

LL52/1

ALL-WEATHER SAILOR



Tug life is tough. Out in all weathers — on call any time of the day or night.

"We get pretty cold and wet at times," says Captain A. M. Dale, veteran skipper of the Port Adelaide tug, "Yelta". "But with the safety of a big liner on our hands, we have to stay alert. That's why a cup of hot Bonox always goes down well with the boys. Keeps out the chills — helps us dodge 'flu'."

Whether you work indoors or out — get the Bonox habit this winter. A steam-

ing cup of delicious Bonox pours new strength straight into your bloodstream — helps keep your head above the 'flu line. Bonox is the concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef — plus peptones to pep up your appetite. Cafeterias serve hot Bonox — so at home, and at work, enjoy cheery, beneficial Bonox for a 1-1-1! Made by Kraft in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz., 16 oz., and 28 oz. bottles.

KB23

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA are on their way back to their yacht, the "Argos." Despite warnings, they decide to take the short route along Peril Road. Encountering the first

of seven perils, a ferocious hermit with a shotgun, Mandrake saves them with his hypnotic powers. Protected by Lothar, they also safely traverse the second peril, a cave which shelters a swarm of giant vampire bats. NOW READ ON:



THEN, AS THEY WALK ON, ANOTHER OF THE GRIM, MOONING SIGNS. — WHAT NOW? GASPS NARDA. — "SOUNDS LIKE DOUBLE TROUBLE, WHATEVER IT IS," SAYS MANDRAKE. THEY AREN'T LONG IN FINDING OUT...



TWIN PERILS AHEAD. TURN BACK, FOOLS!

"LET ME FIX!" BEGS LOTHAR. "THEM JUST MEN, NOT SPOOKY STUFF. ME CAN BEAT," HE URGES—



DOUBLE TROUBLE, INDEED! TWIN GIANTS BLOCK PERIL ROAD, GRINNING IN ANTICIPATION AND SWINGING THEIR MIGHTY WAR CLUBS AS THEY SPOT THE THREE TRAVELLERS.



LOTHAR STRIDES UP TO THEM. THEY LAUGH DOWN AT HIM. "HOHO, LITTLE MAN, TIRED OF LIVING?" THEY SAY, SPEAKING TOGETHER, WORD FOR WORD! THEIR JAWS ARE TOO HIGH TO REACH. LOTHAR STAMPS HARD ON ONE OF THE HUGE FEET—



—AND AS THE GIANT BENDS IN SURPRISE, LOTHAR PUNCHES HIM!



AS THE OTHER GIANT ANGRILY RAISES HIS MASSIVE CLUB, LOTHAR DIVES HEADFIRST, BUTTING HIM IN THE STOMACH.



"LOTHAR'S DOING ALL RIGHT— FOR A 'LITTLE FELLOW,'" SAYS MANDRAKE. "BUT THE GIANTS AREN'T WHIPPED YET. HE MAY NEED HELP—"



MANDRAKE IS RIGHT. THE FIRST GIANT HOARS TO HIS FEET, PICKS UP LOTHAR AS IF HE WERE A BABY, AS THE SECOND GIANT REACHES FOR HIS CLUB. LOTHAR NEEDS HELP QUICKLY—



TO BE CONTINUED

FOR
**DISHPAN
HANDS**

Pure — Safe...
the one and ONLY



LOOK FOR THIS
NEW
LABEL



**Magic
with
Mustard!**

SPARK UP YOUR SANDWICHES
For satisfying sandwiches, try minced cold meat, celery, and olives with Mustard; also mashed hard-boiled eggs, mixed with Mustard, vinegar and a dash of paprika to taste.

'SAUCY' DOES IT
When making creamy sauces or hot brown, gravy add Mustard, just a pinch! Mustard for piquancy!

**KEEN'S
MUSTARD
.. of course**

TOAST TASTER

**GOOD
WITH**

Meadow-Lark

TABLE MARGARINE

Keep Fresher!

Feel Smoother!

Stay Daintier!

First, Bathe. Then use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over your body. How fresh it leaves you! And how lovely it feels!

Next, Bathe. Then use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over your body. How fresh it leaves you! And how lovely it feels!

Finally, Bathe. Then use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over your body. How fresh it leaves you! And how lovely it feels!



Cashmere Bouquet Talcum

With the fragrance men love

Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetics include: Face Powder, Face Base, Lipstick, Cream, Eye Make-up & Beauty Creams

RHEUMATISM PAIN ENDED

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, you should try the modern scientific method of eradicating the germs which cause the rheumatic inflammation. Ask your Chemist for the new vaccine called "Lantigen 'C'". It acts directly on the germs, kills them, and reinforces the body's natural healing powers. To kill the rheumatic germs, it is necessary to penetrate the joints which have involved through the inflammation. This is done by the use of Lantigen 'C'. It is a powerful, painless, and non-toxic remedy. Relief often comes in a few days. Costs only a few pence daily. Proved successful when all else failed.

Ask your Chemist for Lantigen 'C'

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

PERRY MASON

Famous lawyer Perry Mason and his secretary, Della, are on the threshold of a new adventure—The Case of the Desperate Dupe. Next door to Mason's office are the rooms of Experiments Incorporated, a company owned and operated by a well-known scientist, Dr. Francis Early. Roy Adger, manager of Experiments, phones powerful racketeer Alan Biscoe for an appointment.



Joy Turpin dynamic, lovely star of J. C. Williamson's Smash-Hit Musical "KISS ME, KATE", says:

"Small's Club Chocolate

is as snappy as the bright songs in 'Kiss Me, Kate'"



"For men only? Fiddlesticks. I'll bet girls love the not-so-sweet flavor of Small's Club Chocolate, too!" says this golden-voiced star. Remember you can enjoy four types of Small's Club Chocolate . . .

- (1) Plain (2) With Almonds (3) Raisin and nut (4) Fruit and nut



Small's —the gourmet's chocolate

Sold Everywhere

RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS & ACIDS

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, and Cold, Dizziness, Cries Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles with Cytex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 3 hours. Get Cytex from your chemist or store today. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

SKIN ITCH STOPS IN 7 MINUTES

Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.



*Often
buttered
never
bettered*

*But-try
them by
themselves*

only
Arnotts
make
Sao (REGD.)* Biscuits

* The name "SAO," registered by William Arnott Pty. Ltd. in 1906, is now a household word for crisp cream cracker biscuits throughout Australia and beyond.
There is no Substitute for Quality